General
Reference

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE, ART AND LITERATURE

VOL. XLV

MAY, 1915 TO OCTOBER, 1915, INCLUSIVE

TORONTO

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

1915

297928

DEC 21 1917

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THE JADE BRACELET

The first or six etchings made specially for The Canadian Magazine by Dorothy Stevens

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLV TORONTO, MAY, 1915 No. 1

OUR NATIONAL BENEFACTION

A REVIEW OF THE CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND

BY HERBERT B. AMES, M.P.

HONOURARY SECRETARY

THE supreme test which in future years will be applied to nations and individuals, when the events of to-day come under review, will be summed up in the question as to how they rose to the occasion at the time of the Great War. In calling to the colours, arming, equipping, and training upwards of 100,000 men within the eight months that elapsed after the declaration of war, Canada demonstrated her loyalty and ability to support the allied cause. Nor was this all, for in her generous financial response to the many claims presented to her people, on behalf of those requiring assistance in consequence of war-time conditions, she performed her further duty with equal wholeheartedness.

Hardly had hostilities commenced before the British, French, and Belgian reservists resident in Canada, whatever their station or employment, hastened to join their regiments. Many of these left their homes almost on a moment's notice. A fortnight later the mobilization of the first Canadian contingent began, and a force of 33,000 men was soon assembled at Valcartier. Returns show that fully forty per cent. of these men had wives and dependents relying upon them for support. Without hesitation they answered the call, feeling confident that if they risked their lives for the common defence those who remained behind would see to it that their dependents suffered no lack.

Nor was the confidence of these brave men misplaced. During August and September, at many points throughout Canada, there sprang into activity groups and committees designed to care for the families of those who had gone to the front. At first there was between these organizations no bond of union, nor in their methods any degree of uniformity. Each committee, face to face with its own local problems, endeavoured to deal with the immediate needs of the situation in the manner that seemed effective. It soon became apparent, however, that if no attempt were made to co-ordinate these activities

there would be danger of overlapping in some areas and of neglect in others. Hence, towards the end of August, his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught summoned to Ottawa representative men from all parts of the Dominion, and after a prolonged conference a national committee was formed.

This organization took the name of the Canadian Patriotic Fund, with headquarters at the capital, and his Royal Highness issued a general appeal inviting communities throughout Canada to co-operate with this central association. The appeal met with a ready response. A strong executive was created, of which his Royal Highness has been the indefatigable chairman, and the Honourable W. T. White, M.P., the treasurer. Under the supervision of this body legislation was passed by the War Parliament incorporating the Canadian Patriotic Fund and empowering this association by means of branches to extend its work throughout the Dominion.

It was early found, when the general appeal went forth, that different communities varied greatly in their ability to contribute. It was felt that it were better to say to each district, "Raise what you can and draw what you need" than to stipulate that every community should locally spend what it secured within its own territory. Had this latter method been adopted it would have been equivalent to penalizing patriotism, for on the shoulders of those whose loyalty had led them to furnish large contingents of enlisted men would have been placed the added burden of supporting a proportionately large number of soldiers' families; while the district which furnished few men would require to make, for the assistance of their families, but trifling sacrifices. Hence the plan adopted by the Canadian Patriotic Fund is to ask that all moneys raised be put into a common purse. Every branch contributes according to its ability and draws from the combined fund according to the proved need. The idea that it is the duty of the strong to bear the burden of the weak has been the underlying principle of this undertaking since its inception. To-day there are branches of the Fund in every part of the Dominion, from Sydney to Prince Rupert, from Rainy River to Fort Churchill. A few communities, mainly owing to the conditions attached to local subscriptions obtained prior to the organization of the national Fund, have been unable as yet to come in as branches of the larger endeavour, but fully ninety per cent. of the work carried on throughout the Dominion for the assistance of the soldiers' dependents is now under the direction of duly constituted branches of the national Canadian Patriotic Fund.

There have been some notable campaigns prosecuted on behalf of this Fund. Five of the larger eastern cities secured subscriptions aggregating $3,250,000, while many smaller towns raised sums representing as to population all the way from one dollar to seven dollars a head. County and municipal councils have made generous grants, usually payable in monthly instalments during the continuance of the war, and raised by a special tax levied on real estate. Up to the end of March cash contributions amounting to nearly $3,500,000 had been transmitted to or placed under the control of the treasurer of the central Fund, while $1,100,000 had been paid out, leaving on April 1st a cash reserve in hand amounting to about $2,400,000. As many of the pledged contributions are payable in monthly or quarterly instalments, covering the remainder of this year and even extending into 1916, the sum already received will doubtless be increased by another $1,500,000 before the end of the current year. The efforts of the executive of the Fund at present are not directed towards securing additional subscriptions in communities that have already once

generously responded, but rather towards reaching the few remaining parts of the Dominion that as yet have assumed no portion of the burden.

The central organization is the repository of all moneys collected in the name of the Canadian Patriotic Fund. Before the beginning of each month the local Relief Committee makes a calculation in round figures of the amount which will probably be required to enable it to prosecute its work during the coming month. This amount is drawn from the central treasury by requisition signed by the local chairman or treasurer. At the end of the month, a detailed statement is prepared on a standardized form and sent to the central office. This "disbursement sheet," as it is called, is carefully reviewed by an accountant under the supervision of the Auditor-General of Canada. The names of the soldiers are checked to make certain that they are still on active service. The amounts are rigidly inspected to satisfy the head office that the local committee is neither lavish nor niggardly in its expenditure. The cost of administration is investigated and kept down to a reasonable level. For the information of any who may imagine that large expenditure is entailed in the handling of the Fund, let it be stated that the combined administration expenses of the head office and branches does not at the present time exceed the amount received as interest from the sums lying in the banks to the credit of the Fund. Hence each subscriber may feel that every dollar he contributes reaches without impairment the dependent of a soldier. Where a family has been left in an outlying district, far away from a centre of population, it becomes the duty of the head office to discover some responsible person who will act on its behalf in investigating the case and in handling the assistance sent on its behalf. What would have been "No Man's Land" with a large number of independent associations becomes the special care of an all-inclusive Dominion-wide Fund.

The head office dictates to no local branch. It is generally sufficient to indicate how a difficulty has been elsewhere overcome. During March there was held in Ottawa a conference attended by the working secretaries of the branch funds from Vancouver to Halifax. All the larger organizations, with one or two exceptions, were represented. Several days were spent in helpful discussion. It was remarkable to find how similar had been the experience of these men dealing at close range with many difficult problems and how completely they were in agreement over the general policy when questions came up for discussion and determination. To-day, if a soldier's family moves from one city to another where there is a branch of the Canadian Patriotic Fund, it can be practically certain that the treatment afforded in both would be identical and that they will not suffer because of the change.

The Act governing the Fund does not permit of sending money to the dependents of soldiers where these families reside outside the Dominion, yet quite a few British subjects from other lands have enlisted in Canadian regiments. Their dependents naturally deserve consideration. To meet this need there has been created a system of exchanges with kindred associations. The family of a Canadian soldier left behind in England will be assisted by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Association, in case the Canadian separation allowance be insufficient for their support. Soldiers' families resident in the Eastern United States are cared for by the British Imperial Relief Association of New England, and if in the Central or Western States, by the Canadian Society of New York. A movement is now on foot to form similar committees at Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, and San Francisco. By special amendment to the Act of In-

corporation, the families of Newfoundlanders enlisted in the Canadian naval and military forces are assisted from Canadian sources.

The Act further describes who may be helped from the Fund. The dependents of men engaged on active service with the military and naval forces of Great Britain or of her allies are all, from the standpoint of the Fund, upon the same footing. British army and naval reservists; members of the Canadian Overseas Force; French, Belgian, Servian, and Russian reservists are regarded as possessing an equal claim for consideration. The Canadian organization works in harmony with the Imperial Pensions Office at Ottawa, the French and Belgian Consuls in Canada, and the Paymaster-General of the Canadian Militia. During the recent session of Parliament, the powers of the Fund were enlarged so as to permit of temporary assistance being extended to widows during the period between death of the soldier and the commencement of regular payments by the Dominion Pension Board, and also to families where the convalescent soldier had returned, but was for the time being unable to work.

The local committee of each branch of the Canadian Patriotic Fund exercises, within reasonable limits, full authority in determining how much assistance a family may receive. Its first duty is to study local conditions and formulate a subsistence scale which represents the amount judged sufficient to enable an average household to be maintained at the level of decent living. It is taken for granted that every family, whatever its previous experience, is, during the absence of the soldier on service, entitled to reach this grade of comfort. In most of our eastern cities the typical family—a woman with three children, aged respectively twelve, eight, and four—is considered as requiring for herself one dollar a day, and for the children, according to age, twenty-five cents, fifteen cents, and ten cents, a total of $1.50 a day, or $45.00 a month. Keeping this scale in view, the local Relief Committee proceeds to determine what amount each separate family requires to bring it up to this level.

The first question always asked is whether the soldier's family is *in need;* that is to say, whether, if there were no Patriotic Fund, the family would fall below the scale set by the committee. If the income of the family, notwithstanding the absence of the soldier, still equals or exceeds the determined scale, then that family would not be regarded as in need, and, consequently, would have no valid claim on the Fund. Were inquiry to bring out the fact, however, that in the absence of the soldier the revenues of the family fell below forty-five dollars a month, the Patriotic Fund would then be expected to make up the deficiency.

The separation allowance granted by the Canadian Government amounts to twenty dollars a month. This is sent directly from Ottawa to the wife of each enlisted soldier and to the widowed mother where her absent son has been her sole support. When reckoning what a family should receive from the Fund this separation allowance is deducted from the living scale, together with any other revenues that the family in the soldier's absence continues to receive. What the soldier may send home, saved from his daily pay, is not by the Fund taken into consideration. Nor is it deemed advisable for a woman with children to go out to work, leaving the little ones to be cared for by others. It were better that she should remain at home, even though the payment from the Fund might otherwise be reduced to the extent of her earnings.

Sometimes it is stated that a soldier's family is being better provided for during his absence than when the husband was at home. Such instances doubtless occur, but they are not numerous. Even where the allegation

is true, it does not necessarily create just ground for criticism. "Bill Smith's wife" and her children may have had a trying time for several winters, and her husband may not have been regarded as one of the foremost citizens of the town in which they live; but when he enlists and becomes a member of the Canadian Expeditionary Force and does his duty faithfully by King and country, Mrs. William Smith's position in life advances accordingly, and she is entitled to live in reasonable comfort.

The average amount granted a soldier's family varies according to the class to which he belongs and to the locality where his family resides. It is taken for granted that all soldiers' families within a given district are entitled to adopt a like scale of living. The amount, therefore, that they may receive from the Fund will be larger or smaller according to the deductions made on account of revenues from other sources. A Belgian household as a rule draws more from the Fund than that of any other class. Their monthly stipend runs from thirty to forty dollars, for there are practically no deductions from the scale, since the Belgian Government can pay no separation allowance. The families of French reservists rank next in amount. Their Government allows them about two-fifths of what is required according to our scale. The British reservist receives from the Imperial Pension Office from fifteen to twenty dollars a month according to the size of his family, and these families usually come upon the Fund as well to the extent of twenty or twenty-five dollars a month. The families of Canadian volunteers, who, of course, constitute by far the greater part of the beneficiaries of the Fund, ordinarily receive in Eastern Canada from sixteen to eighteen dollars a month. This comparatively small amount is due to the fact that the families are not large, as most of the men who have enlisted in Canadian regiments are comparatively young. In the western provinces the rates allowed are about twenty per cent, higher than in the eastern, since the cost of living, especially in winter, is greater on the prairies and in the mountains than in the older settled parts of Canada. During February $218,043.72 was drawn out by 11,093 families, or an average of $19.75 to each family.

The Patriotic Fund is not a charity and ought not to be regarded as such. Every loyal Canadian to-day should ask himself, "Shall I fight or pay?" If he cannot do the former, he should try to do the latter to the extent of his ability. Let it be remembered that the soldier's wife must give her consent before her husband may go to the front. She knowingly agrees to take the risk of becoming a widow or having an invalid husband to look after for the rest of her life. True, the Canadian Government will, if she becomes a widow, grant her a pension or, if her husband becomes disabled, he will receive an allowance according to the extent of his disability; but the maximum in either case will furnish but a bare subsistence. The men may be the heroes, but the women are likely to be the martyrs of this war, and their sacrifice should be valued accordingly. In a few cases where local committees have undertaken to spend "their own funds in their own way" there has been a tendency to treat the soldier's wife in the same way as the down-and-outs of the town, giving them clothes, groceries, or coal in small amounts and making them feel that they are objects of charity. Against this attitude on the part of these organizations, happily few in number, the Canadian Patriotic Fund has always strongly protested. The national organization insists that local relief of the unemployed be kept wholly separate from supplementary assistance rendered the soldiers' wives; those of the former class may be the recipients of charity, the latter are but permitting the man who stays

at home to take the place financially of the one who fights.

In some of our cities, notably Montreal and St. John, the work of a Women's Auxiliary has been one of the finest features of the service. In the former city six hundred ladies, under the skilful generalship of Miss Helen R. Y. Reid, have undertaken to visit periodically the 3,000 families receiving aid from the Patriotic Fund. Each ward has its ward-head, with as many assistant visitors as may be required, allowing usually five families to every visitor. Cheques are sent out by the local treasurer every fortnight, and shortly after that date the lady visitor calls to ascertain whether "the dividend" has arrived and whether all is well in the soldier's home. Bonds of sympathy and friendship have been formed between visitor and visited to the lasting benefit of both. Indeed, it is difficult to determine which has been helped to the greater extent by this mutual contact.

At this time we have no means of knowing how long the war may continue. It may require many months of frightful slaughter before final victory is achieved. Canada will probably be called upon to send "men, more men, and yet more men" to the front. At the outset of the war the proportion of married men among those who enlisted was but as one to four. With heavier calls on the Canadian-born, this percentage is certain to increase in later contingents. The monthly drain upon the Fund has already nearly reached $250,000. True, there has been formed a considerable reserve, but such a precaution is but common prudence. The work of organization on the part of the Canadian Patriotic Fund must continue until there remains not a city, town, or village in Canada that has failed to contribute to the extent of its ability for the soldier's dependents, while he risks all in defence of our common heritage.

ENGLAND

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

WILL the sea-girt Island blossom this spring-time?
(England! Our England!)
God made posies before He made people!
Even before you had one church-steeple
Primroses strewed you with pale-hued gold,
Springing up from the ancient mould;
King-cups glowed in your lush green meadows;
Bluebells gleamed in your dusky woods.
Ay! Old battlefields bloom in an English Maytime.
(England! Our England!)

Primroses, cowslips,
Violets, bluebells,
Hawthorn, heather, and broom.
Send the word to the reeking trenches
(Into the horror and smoke and stenches)
Of England's posies abloom!

EDDY'S WAR

AN UNFAMILIAR CHAPTER IN CANADIAN HISTORY

BY R. F. DIXON

EDDY'S invasion of Acadia, as the region now embracing the Maritime Provinces was then rather vaguely named, was a very formidable affair and might easily have resulted in detaching Nova Scotia, which then included the present Province of New Brunswick, from the British Crown. This raid, which I do not remember to have seen even mentioned in any of the standard histories of the American Revolution, is still remembered in the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, which, as in the mother country, adjoin each other, though in different Provinces, as "Eddy's War."

Jonathan Eddy—*nomen clarum* if scarcely *venerabile*—was a resident and landed proprietor of Cumberland county, and had been a member of the Legislature of the Province. A native of one of the New England Provinces, probably Maine, he had been settled in Acadia for about twenty years. He was evidently one of those "brisk, bustling" individuals who delight to fish in troubled waters, one of that great company of revolutionary under-strappers who are always conveniently on hand to undertake a small, doubtful job, such as to the Revolutionary Congress then sitting at Philadelphia, and "thinking continentally" the conquest of Acadia probably appeared. Captain (or Colonel) Eddy, as he is indifferently called in the records, was killed some years later in the Revolutionary War.

Conditions in Acadia in that memorable year of 1775 were highly critical, and undoubtedly propitious for a sudden, well-concerted attack from the south. According to Beamish Murdock, the Nova Scotian historian, whose book, though of no particular literary merit, is a perfect mine of well-arranged information and enjoys a high and unchallenged reputation for accuracy, there were at this time only 1,330 regular troops in the Province. Of these, 350 were stationed at Halifax, and the remainder were distributed hundreds of miles apart as garrisons at Annapolis Royal, the ancient French capital; Fort Edward at Windsor; Fort Cumberland, near the modern town of Amherst (called by the French Beau Séjour) at the head of one of the arms of the Basin of Minas, and probably at Lunenburg, on the Atlantic coast, and at Canso on the straits of the same name, which separate Cape Breton Island from the mainland of Nova Scotia.

The Indians, who had warmly espoused the cause of the French in their long-drawn conflict with the English for the possession of Acadia, were known to be hostile and in a state of ominous unrest, and there was good reason to suppose that they were preparing to take the war-path. They were well armed and could muster several hundred warriors. Such French as remained in the Province were naturally, to say the least, lukewarm in their allegiance to the Bri-

tish Crown, and could not be relied on to render any active assistance in repelling an invasion. The very best that could be expected from them was a doubtful neutrality. But it was the attitude of the English-speaking portion of the inhabitants that caused the gravest anxiety and rendered the situation so exceedingly critical.

Nova Scotia and a portion of what is now the Province of New Brunswick had, after the deportation of the French Acadians in 1755, been extensively settled by immigrants from the New England provinces and other Northern American colonies, and in the counties of Annapolis, Kings, Hants, Colchester, and Cumberland, they were in a large majority. These new settlers, it was evident, as a body were in strong sympathy with the revolutionary party in the thirteen colonies. "From Cumberland to Onslow, and from Falmouth to Yarmouth," that is throughout the entire length of the Annapolis Valley, says, Mr. W. C. Milner, of Halifax, in a paper read last year before the Nova Scotia Historical Society, and to which I would here acknowledge my indebtedness for much valuable information, "the sympathizers with the war against the mother country formed the overwhelming majority." This, I have reason to believe, from the testimony of the descendants of these settlers, and from Beamish Murdock, is an over-statement as far as King's and Hants counties are concerned. As will be seen, these two counties, when the necessity arose, rendered valuable assistance to the Government. But of the other counties, and especially of Cumberland, it was undoubtedly true. Fourteen inhabitants of Cumberland, it is said, went to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, with a petition signed by six hundred residents of the country, asking for assistance to capture Fort Cumberland, or Beau Séjour, which commanded the Isthmus of Chignecto. At this time Quebec was closely invested by Montgomery, fresh from his victory at St. John, and all Canada, outside the walls of a few fortified places, was in the possession of the Continental troops. The English dominion in British North America had been reduced to a thing of shreds and patches and the outlook for its restoration or continuance was as gloomy and uncertain as could well be imagined.

Eddy's declared plan of campaign was to seize Fort Cumberland and then to immediately move on Halifax, raising the country on his way. Halifax at that time was unfortified on the land side. It contained large stores of war material, very inadequately defended by a feeble garrison, every man that could be spared having been despatched to reinforce the royal forces in the rebellious provinces to the south. The malcontents in Cumberland and Colchester counties made no secret of their disaffection, and the oath of allegiance tendered to the settlers by Colonel Goreham, commandant at Fort Cumberland, was everywhere flatly refused, only five out of the entire county of Colchester accepting it. Meanwhile, more than two hundred Indian warriors had assembled at Mirimichi, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and were evidently getting ready to take the field against the English.

Fortunately, or, as a Canadian loyalist of the old school, let me say "providentially," there was one man in the Province who by his counsel, personal influence and example was well able to cope with the situation, almost desperate as it must have appeared to many. Michael Franklin had just completed his ten years' term of service as Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. An Englishman and native of Devonshire, he had come out to Halifax in his early manhood, where he had made a large fortune in business, and had risen, apparently by sheer force and ability and unaided by any family influence, to be the representative of the Crown. He owned at this time large estates

in Cumberland, on which he had settled a number of English farmers, nearly all Yorkshiremen. These people were known to be loyal, but were overawed by the American settlers who surrounded and greatly outnumbered them. Franklin's estate was then and for many years afterwards known as Franklin Manor." In his early life he had been taken prisoner by the Indians and kept for some time in captivity. While with them he learned their language and gained their affection, which he ever afterwards retained to a remarkable degree, as was dramatically demonstrated by the immense concourse of Indians at his funeral in Halifax some years later. He subsequently was appointed Indian agent, and, as will be seen, did splendid service in pacifying the St. John River tribes.

In the month of August, 1775, certain information was received at Halifax that a large party of Revolutionists, nearly all of them residents of the Province of Maine, were clearing a road through the forest from St. John River to Shepody (a corruption of the French words *chapeau dieu*) for the passage of the troops for an attack on Fort Cumberland.

Franklin, who held a colonel's commission, and who appears to have been in supreme command of the militia of the Province, with characteristic promptitude immediately embodied the militia in the counties of Hants and King's on the south side of the Basin of Minas, to the number of 450 men. Lieutenant-Governor Arbuthnot, Franklin's successor, and a son, by the way, of Queen Anne's celebrated physician, reports as follows concerning this force:

"I have taken an opportunity to visit the greater part of the townships of this Province, by Windsor, Horton, and Cornwallis, and reviewed the volunteer militia under the command of Colonel Franklin. They have bound themselves by oath to defend the Province against all invaders to the amount of 450 men. In the whole, your Lordship will conclude, I embraced these opportunities of being acquainted with the magistrates and bettermost people by dining together."

Further on he describes his visit to the townships of Onslow and Truro, beyond the Basin of Minas and situate in the county of Colchester, which he says are "inhabited by a strong, robust people, bigotted dissenters and, of course, great levellers." In Annapolis country to the west of Kings, no attempt was made to embody the militia, as the people generally refused to serve. Meanwhile the preparations for the invasion of Nova Scotia and the capture of Fort Cumberland were rapidly maturing. Further information was received that 800 Indians had assembled at Shepody to assist Eddy in his operations against Fort Cumberland, which was to be demolished. A move would then be made on Halifax and the naval yard destroyed.

Additional measures for the defence of the Province were at once taken. Vessels were despatched from Halifax down the Atlantic coast to guard against the depredations of the American privateers, which were very numerous and kept the coast settlements from the Basin of Minas to the vicinity of Halifax in a constant state of alarm, and in many cases inflicting severe damage. A nightly patrol was established at Halifax, and all persons coming into the town were ordered to report themselves at the secretary's office. A reward of £100 was offered for the apprehension of Jonathan Eddy and his two lieutenants, both Cumberland men. It was also decided to garrison the seaport towns of Liverpool and Yarmouth, both of which had already been attacked by American privateers, and a force of regulars was despatched to the relief of Fort Cumberland, now in daily expectation of Eddy's attack.

Early in November, 1775, Colonel (or Captain) Eddy, with his rebel force numbering about 180, and chiefly recruits at Machias, in Maine, and at Maugerville, on the St. John River, appeared before Fort Cumberland

and closely invested it. The garrison is said to have numbered 260. Eddy's band, reinforced by his Indian allies and white sympathizers resident in the country, must have reached a total of at least one thousand. They made two unsuccessful night attacks on the fort, but succeeded, however, in capturing a vessel loaded with stores and about forty prisoners, among whom was "Parson Eagleson," the resident Anglican clergyman, a noted loyalist, at that time in the employment of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

Colonel Franklin, across the bay, had meanwhile called out the militia and garrisoned Fort Edward, at that town, thus releasing the regular garrison for service elsewhere. Fort Edward, with its blockhouse and officers' quarters and earthen ramparts and moat, is still to be seen at Windsor. It occupied a commanding position overlooking the River Avon, one of the great tidal rivers of Nova Scotia.

Major Batt, commanding the relieving expedition, arrived by sea at Fort Cumberland in four small vessels on November 26th, and immediately attacked Eddy's besieging force, which speedily dispersed. The Americans sustained some trifling losses, and one Indian was killed. They fled through the forest to the St. John River, then the only highway in that part of the Province, and suffered terrible privations by the way.

Among the prisoners captured by Major Batt was Richard John Uniacke, who afterwards became famous as a lawyer and politician, and the founder of an illustrious Nova Scotian family which last century gave a number of eminent men to the Province. Uniacke, at this time, was under age, and was subsequently pardoned on account of his youth. In later years he became Attorney-General of Nova Scotia.

Many of Eddy's supporters resident in the county of Cumberland, after the relief of the fort, refused the oath of allegiance, and were in consequence obliged to leave the Province. Most of them appear to have settled in the State of Maine, where they received grants of land from Congress, as a compensation for their sacrifices in the Revolutionary cause, as the British loyalists in their turn and on a much larger scale were compensated by the home Government with grants of land in the Canadas and the Maritime Provinces.

In the following year a final attempt was made by the Americans to obtain a foothold in Acadia. A flotilla of whale boats from Machias, Maine, Eddy's starting point in the previous year, entered the St. John River, but were beaten off by a joint force of regulars and militia from Halifax and Windsor, under the combined command of Major Studholme and the indefatigable Colonel Franklin. Nova Scotia suffered severely during the Revolutionary War, and though never again invaded in force, was kept in continual alarm by the attacks of American privateers, of whose outrages many stories and traditions survive to this day among the older inhabitants of our coast towns and settlements.

During this troublous and critical period the Indians along the St. John River and on the northern shores of New Brunswick (though with the exception of the attack on Fort Cumberland they do not seem to have actually or overtly taken part in the military operations) occasioned much anxiety. For some time after Eddy's defeat they remained in a state of dangerous unrest, and were well known to be in close communication with the Americans. Colonel Franklin accordingly undertook the task of pacifying them, for which, by his knowledge of their language and character, he was eminently fitted. Treaties were made with the St. John River Indians, known as the Malecites, and also with the Mickmacs of Nova Scotia. Money presents amounting to several thousands of dollars were given and certain lands granted.

After this the Indian scare died out, and we hear of no more trouble on that score.

As the employment of Indians by the British in the Revolutionary War has always been one of the stock charges against the mother country by American writers, the following statement, written by Colonel Franklin to Lord George Germaine, on June 6th, 1778, is interesting:

"The several tribes of the Passamaquoddie, St. John's, and Mickmac Indians are not less than 500 fighting men. Part of those of Passamaquoddie and St. John's River, prior to my appointment, were in arms against the King, and with the rebels at the investment of Fort Cumberland, having been influenced thereto by letters from Mr. Washington and by very considerable presents from the Massachussetts government, and there are now emissaries in the western boundaries of this Province to detach them."

Colonel Franklin's statement as to Washington's personal complicity in stirring up the Indians is confirmed by another letter written by Lieutenant-Governor Hughes to the English Secretary of State on October 12th, 1778. After relating the ratification of a solemn treaty of peace with the Malecites, Mickmacs, and Mirimichi Indians, who took the oath of allegiance on their knees and gave a belt of wampum to the superintendent (Colonel Franklin), he concludes:

"We were really fortunate in this business, for these savages had actually sent in a formal declaration of war to Major Studholme, and returned the British flag to him at Fort Howe. He (Major S.) speaks of the talents, zeal, and diligence of Honourable Mr. Franklin, our superintendent for Indian affairs, to whose discreet conduct and steady perseverance, assisted by Major Studholme and M. Bourg, the priest, we owe the success of the treaty. He says the Indian chiefs returned into the hands of our superintendent the presents which they had received from the rebel, General Washington."

The British were no doubt occasionally assisted in their military operations by loyal Indians, who were under strict military discipline, but Washington seems to have incited the Indians to a general attack upon the settlements, which is an entirely different matter.

During the war of 1812-14, while no attempt was made by the Americans to invade Nova Scotia, its coasts were again harried by privateers. This time, however, the Nova Scotians were in a position to retaliate, and privateering became a most lucrative business, and the foundations of more than one large fortune were laid during this period.

LAW PRESUPPOSES UNIFORMITY

BY S. T. WOOD

WAILS, protests, and even jibes of ridcule are heard from time to time because every application for divorce in Ontario and Quebec is decided on its own merits and not on the merits of other cases declared in the abstract form of statutory enactments. There is no divorce law in these Provinces. Every divorce is a Dominion statute—a private bill similar to an Act incorporating a company. Parliament decides each case on its merits, instead of enacting a law and having each case decided by a court. Looked at without inherited prejudice, the present system gives little ground for complaint. An application by a man or woman desiring release from a life undertaking is submitted to a committee, selected by the most complete and comprehensive process imaginable. The people choose by vote their wisest men for rulers. These rulers meet and select supervisors of their work, men so much wiser than themselves that they are accorded supervisory powers for life. And these wiser than the wise select from among themselves a special committee, free from all restraints of precedent and misconceptions of statutory pre-judgment. This committee hears each case and decides whether or not the applicant shall be released from a bond that has come to be regarded as intolerable. The decision can be reversed or rendered nugatory by a full concourse of the chosen of the people or by the chosen of the chosen, but this seldom or never occurs.

That a system so perfect should be challenged, criticized, condemned, and assailed with demands for a radical change shows how easily the vision may be perverted by long familiarity with the indefensible. Those who contend that it is not the duty of collective authority or the state to make people live together or remain legally tied when they do not so desire, or prevent them from living together if they do, need not be considered. Nor it is necessary to consider those who object to the requirement of airing scandals when someone wants to untie the matrimonial knot. The objection to be considered is that of the thoroughly orthodox, who think if both want release it is collusion, and their wish should not be granted—that release is permissible only when one party wants it and the other does not, and when the one who does is able and willing to expose a scandal involving the other. These think it a serious mistake for the selected wise to meet and decide a case on its merits. They hold that the decision of a case from that standpoint is contrary to all precedent and subversive of law and order. The duty of elected representatives, according to what must be regarded as the orthodox view, is not to decide a concrete case, but an abstract case—that is, to make a decision applicable to all cases. Of course, that is impossible, but the fact has never deterred elected or selected representatives from making the attempt.

There are no abstract cases. A law

is merely a decision governing the necessarily few concrete cases the legislators happen to call to mind when they are framing it. They expect the judge to make it fit cases they do not foresee. Of course, he cannot do so, although sometimes he tries earnestly. He is forced continually to decide each case according to an abstract interpretation of some other issue more or less dissimilar. And so accustomed are we to this that we not only think it right and proper, but are prepared to denounce the deciding of each case independently as un-British, subversive of public order, and a defect, calling for a remedial change. Such is the criticism and condemnation to which the practice of deciding each application for divorce on its merits is exposed. The orthodox-minded think a court should decide each case according to a law which must necessarily be a decision of some other case real or imaginary.

So deeply rooted is popular belief in not only the possibility but the advisability and necessity of laws for guidance, that the Senatorial Committee is always inclined to imagine the existence of one or more. A persistent product of this imagination is the rule that if both parties want release they should be kept together. Another imagined law runs to the effect that the applicant must bring evidence of misconduct on the part of his or her life partner. Parliament is supreme, and can grant a divorce on any ground or on no ground, but so strong is the idea of applying a past decision to a present case that members cannot resist the impulse to tie themselves up to imaginary laws. This tendency is not generally satisfying, so every year produces a demand for the establishing of a court that would be obliged to decide each application according to findings on the real and imaginary situations in the minds of the legislators when in the act of framing divorce laws.

If Parliament were to fill a library with divorce laws they would not cover all the issues arising in deciding the possibility of two persons living together, amicably or advantageously, in the marital relationship. The lawmakers would require prophetic vision with insight and imagination beyond human capacity. But the fact that such legislation is impossible does not explain the reluctance of legislators towards making the attempt. An American humourist says that only one man in a hundred can whistle, but that does not prevent the other ninety-nine from trying. Multitudes of yearly amendments in other fields of legislation show the impossibility of devising formulæ that can be applied to all human relationship, but the attempt to do so is made with perfect confidence again and again. The sound system of dealing with each case, instead of trying to make general decisions to fit all cases, has been adopted with regard to divorce in Ontario and Quebec, not because of any special wisdom regarding the impossibility of legislation, but because churches holding the belief that divorce is a sin have sufficient influence to warn off legislators. It is not because our politicians see the futility of attempt to legislate. Were they so discerning they would also see the futility of attempts at putting other human relationships into formulæ. They see that recognition given to divorce by general legislation would give offence to the religious convictions of a large part of the community and would be in consequence politically dangerous. An occasional demand is heard for a divorce law and a divorce court that would bring the marriage tie under the same jurisdiction as other subjects of which organized society takes cognizance. It would be much more wise to profit by the lessons of the situation and bring other personal and corporate issues under the same supervision as is now exercised in regard to the mar-

riage tie. Instead of trying to institute two authorities over divorce, the one to make laws and the other to apply them, we should seek to establish for other matters requiring authoritative decisions a system with but one tribunal dealing specifically with each case. The more such a system is contemplated in the light of the present continuous and unconscious failure confessed in a multitude of yearly amendments, the less startling it appears. To decide every case, civil and criminal, not on its own merits, but on the merits of other cases, necessarily dissimilar, is not a public moral obligation—only a long-established custom.

PASTOURELLE

By FRANCIS HAFFKINA SNOW

WHEN that the sweet May-time was i-comen in,
With reddening bud and shimmer of green and blue,
When all the feathered phratries made sweet din,
From tree to tree, the whole green boscage through,
I took my steed, gold-saddled (tira-li),
And rode to pluck the roses of the lea.
(Tantanterai!)

My head bowed down in thought, amidst the glad,
Soft lyric raptures of the trembling Spring,
I rode along, and all my soul was sad,
Thinking of Love, when Love shall have its fling:
High on my steed, gold-saddled (tira-li),
I rode to pluck the roses of the lea.
(Tantanterai!)

I heard a rippling trill of silvery carm,
Just as I turned a by-way—all my soul
Leaped up to meet the sweet harmonic charm:
My rapture was a weft of pleasure and dole;
Tranced, on my gold-trapped steed (tir-tira-li),
I did forget the roses on the lea.
(Tantanterai!)

The song did cease. I spurred my milky steed,
And rode beneath the lilac blossoms' sweet;
The voice had drunken me like rich old mead,
My heart was thrilled with yearning visions fleet;
Spurring my steed, gold-saddled (tira-li),
I rode at last out o'er the rose-strewn lea.
(Tantanterai!)

There sat a shepherd maid (O witchery!);
Her hair was blonde as yellow wheat; her face
Fairer than Helen's; her eyes, now turned on me,
Were blue as young anenomes; I could trace
On dewy lips, half-opened (tira-li),
A sweeter rose than any on the lea.
(Tantanterai!)

No word she spake; but just a pearly gleam
  Of inward laughter broke the scarlet glow.
I sat entranced as Man held fast in dream;
  Until at last my soul did overflow.
"O maiden sweet!" I murmured (tira-li),
"Thou art more fair than all the flow'r-gemmed lea!
    (Tantanterai!)

"Thou art the vision which my soul hath seen;
  I love thee more than all the vaunted store
Of the world's wisdom; blind sure have I been,
  Conning my musty vella o'er and o'er!
O maiden, thou art symbol (tira-li)
Of blisses sweeter than the rose-flamed lea!"
    (Tantanterai!)

Still the maid smiled, and strangely, silent gazed.
  At last: "Fair Knight, thou know'st me yet not well.
I am to thee eke heaven and eke hell,
  Inseparable. My eyes, to thine up-raised,
Are elixirs and poisons (tira-li).
Safer for thee are roses of the lea!"
    (Tantanterai!)

I flung me down from off my gold-trapped steed.
  "'*Safe*' is no word for me and thee!" I cried:
"Fain would I drink, like heady draughts of mead,
  The fragrance of thy mouth so long denied."
She raised her hand, and turned her (tira-li)
Toward the jewelled lustre of the lea.
    (Tantanterai!)

"Well may'st thou drink, like heady draughts of mead,
  The fragrance of my mouth so long denied:
Yet it shall come to envy of thy steed,
  That crops the grasses of the meadow wide;
But such as he shall gain Peace (tira-li)
Upon the sweet enamel of this lea!"
    (Tantanterai!)

Reckless I seized her head of yellow gold,
  And raised the drooping flower of her face
Upward to mine; her eyes' lids did unfold,
  Like two wan, fluttering curtains of thin lace,
Upon the scarlet curvings (tira-li)
Of her sweet mouth, within that shimmering lea—
    (Tantanterai!)

Upon the scarlet curve of her sweet mouth
  I pressed my fringéd lips; and drank like rain
Her breath within my soul, deep-seared with drouth:
  In silence there we clung, enchained, we twain,
By lightest pressure of warm flesh (tira-li)
Upon the fragrant censers of the lea.
    (Tantanterai!)

Then she drew back. My heart was filled with ruth,
Brimmed with strange, bitter pain. "Farewell!" she cried,
With mocking laughter: "All my passionate youth
Hath now coursed through thee: better thou hadst died!"
She did arise, and, laughing (tira-li)
She fled across the roses of the lea.
(Tantanterai!)

When that the sweet May-time was i-comen in,
With reddening burgeon; shimmer of green and blue;
When all the feathered phratries made sweet din,
From tree to tree, the whole lush verdure through,
I mounted steed, gold-saddled (tira-li),
And left the roses blooming on the lea.
(Tantanterai!)

And ever from that gladsome morn of May,
My heart was gnawn with anguish, sorrow-swept;
Peace spread white wings and left me; Vella slept,
Grown o'er with spidery laces; from that day
I sought the poisoned sweetness (tira-li)
Of scarlet lips upon a rose-strewn lea.
(Tantanterai!)

But all the lips that since were pressed on mine,
Quenched not my thirst insatiable. I did ride
North, east, south, west, beyond horizon line;
No solace found I; men did me deride;
Gone now all comfort; vanished (tira-li),
Within the haunting sweetness of that lea.
(Tantanterai!)

TRILLIUMS

From the water-colour drawing by Robert Holmes. Contributed to the Canadian National Patriotic Fund

THE RACE WITH A STAMPEDE

BY W. McD. TAIT

IT was dark and no mistake. The round-up was on the foot-hills of the Canadian Rockies, and the prairie as far east as Stand Off and Slide Out had been thoroughly ridden and the beef gathered. We were holding a big herd of steers for a week, getting ready to ship at Peigan Siding, and it was a lazy enough life, except the night-work. We were camped at Long Bottom, on the Kootenai, where there was plenty of grass to graze the bunch in the daytime and water where two thousand head could drink at once and never one bog or give any trouble. Two men on "day herd" at a time could handle them easily enough, and as there were nine of us, or enough for three guards of three men each, we had nothing much to complain of.

Old Morton was on the "chuck wagon," and, as the Cochrane Ranch Company was putting up the "grub stake," there was nothing lacking in stuff to eat. Morton built pies and puddings that were never excelled anywhere, and occasionally he had a plum duff for supper that simply exhausted the culinary art.

The steers were mud fat, as the boys say, and were easily satisfied with grass and water long before time for bedding-down. Most every night they would take a little run, and it usually took all hands an hour or so to get them back to the bed-ground and quieted down, which didn't tend to make us any better natured when the cook yelled, "Roll out! Roll out!" at four o'clock next morning.

It was the month of October, and the weather had been fine ever since we started in, but this morning it clouded over and in the west, toward sunset, great black clouds crept down the peaks of the Rockies, and overhead little detached patches had gone scudding across the sky, although below on the prairie not a breath of air was stirring. The roar of thunder seemed to be tearing the forest from its native roots, and occasionally a flame of lightning would dart down the mountainside through the rapidly-darkening sky.

At eight o'clock, when the first night-herd went out to take the bunch for the first three hours' watch, it was almost black dark. "Alkali Pete," the boss of the outfit, came out with them and asked us how the cattle acted and told the boys to be careful, and if it rained and the herd drifted to try and keep them pointed toward the bottom, if possible, for fear of some of them beating back to the Stand Off range and losing themselves.

As we rode back to camp we both agreed that the very first clap of thunder near at hand would send the whole herd flying, and that if it rained it would be very hard to hold them. He told all hands not to picket their night horses, but to tie them up to the "chuck wagon" all ready for instant use.

Perhaps I should explain a little about this business, so that my readers may understand what a "bed-ground" is and how the boys stand guard. At sunset the day herders work the herd up toward camp slow-

ly, and as the leaders feed along to about three or four yards from camp, one of the boys rides out in front and stops them until the whole herd gradually draws together in a compact body. If they have been well grazed and watered that day they will soon begin to lie down, and in an hour probably nine-tenths of them will be quietly lying and chewing their cuds. All this time the cowboys are slowly riding round them, each man riding alone, and in an opposite direction from the other, so that they meet twice in each circuit. If any adventurous steer should attempt to graze off, he is sure to be seen and driven back into the herd.

The place where the cattle are held at night is called the "bed-ground," and it is the duty of the day herders, who have cared for them all day, to have them on the bed-ground and bedded before dark, when the first guard comes out and takes them off their hands.

Well, as I said at the beginning, it was dark, and although it was not raining when they left camp, the boys had put on their oil-skin coats, well knowing that they would have no time to do it when the rain began to fall.

The three men on first guard were typical Texas boys, raised in the saddle, insensible to hardship and exposure and the hardiest and most reckless riders in the outfit. One of them named "Shorty" Holder was a great singer; he usually sang all the time he was on guard. It is always a good thing, especially on a dark night, to sing, for somehow it seems to reassure and quiet cattle to hear the human voice at night, and it is well, too, that they are not critical, for some of the musical efforts are extremely crude. Most cow-punchers confine themselves to hymns picked up, probably, when they were children.

I lost no time in rolling out my bed and turning in, only removing my boots, heavy leather chaps and hat, and two minutes later I was sound asleep. How long I slept I cannot say, but I was awakened by a row among the night-horses tied to the "chuck-wagon."

It is hard to find words to describe a stampede of two thousand head of long-horned range steers. It is a scene never to be forgotten. They crowd together in their mad fright, hoofs crack and rattle, horns clash, and a low moan goes through the herd as if they were suffering pain. Nothing stands in their way; small trees and bushes are torn down as if by a tornado; and no fence was ever built that would turn them. Woe betide the luckless rider who, racing recklessly in front of them, waving his slicker or big hat, or shooting in their faces to turn them, has his pony stumble or step into a badger-hole or fall, for he is sure to be trampled to death by their hoofs. And yet they will suddenly stop, throw up their heads, look at one another as if to say, "What on earth were we running for?" and in fifteen minutes every last one of them will be lying as quietly as any old pet milk-cow in an east country farm-yard.

About half the time you can tell what stampedes cattle, and half the time you can't. Sometimes a herd will be lying fast asleep on a quiet night, and suddenly a steer jumps up, sends a great snorting puff from his nostrils and races off into the darkness. And behind him may race two thousand of his companions, all going for dear life, and apparently scared out of their wits.

One night I saw a herd stampeded by the lighting of a cigarette. The cattle were sleeping peacefully, when one of the Mexican herders, riding slowly on his pony around the outskirts of the herd, rolled himself a cigarette, took out the flint and steel, an ancient way of striking a light which we ranchers have, and proceeded to light up. At the very first sharp click of the steel against the flint a big steer jumped to his feet with a snort, and before you could say Jack Robinson, every other one of those two thousand head of cattle

was careering wildly over the plain and rushing with frantic, blind terror and a great thunder of hoofs, which fairly shook the ground, into the dark night. Men could no more have stopped that stampede than a man could hold a steam engine with one hand. It took ten days to get the herd together again.

Another time I saw a herd stampeded by a man removing a slicker from his saddle. The night was intensely dark, and it had begun to sprinkle. A cowboy started to put on his slicker—such a coat as fishermen and sailors call an oil-coat. It stuck to the saddle where he had it strapped, and as he pulled it free it made a crackling sound. In an instant the sleeping herd was awake and off like the wind over the plains.

I happened to be on my horse right in the path, and there was nothing for it but to ride for life. Away we went across the midnight plains, my horse straining every nerve and sinew, and I urging him forward with the certain knowledge that if he stumbled the terrified animals behind me would trample us into the mud. The only thing to do under such circumstances is to keep going and try to keep out of the way if you can. Suddenly in the darkness my horse struck a barbed wire. I heard the wire snap like pistol-shots as my horse plunged through the obstruction. "It's all up with me; this is my last herd," thought I to myself. I supposed the wire would have so cut my horse that the animal would die from loss of blood—then the end come. But he kept straight on, and for an hour I rode at terrific speed. Then I knew by the sound of the trampling feet of the herd that it had swerved to one side; at any rate, I knew that I was no longer in its path. I was safe, but badly used up, and when I drew reign my poor horse was nearly dead, not from wounds, but sheer exhaustion.

Don't believe anyone who tells you that a herd of stampeded cattle can be stopped when once it has got fairly going. It can't be done. Before it is under way—at the very first, before the animals have got really going—a stampede can be stopped or rather prevented, by a skilful cowboy; but not after the panic has seized the steers in its grip.

Sometimes it doesn't even take the striking of steel against flint, or even the crackling of a slicker, to cause a stampede. The animals break out apparently from sheer nervous hysteria. Cattle are queer creatures, and even we who live all the time amongst them do not understand them thoroughly. But I am to tell of another race with a stampede.

I turned lazily in my bed and saw that a huge black cloud had come up rapidly from the west and bid fair soon to shut out the moon. I snuggled down in my blankets and was wondering if we would have to turn out to hold the steers if it rained, when the silence of the night was broken by a peal of thunder that fairly split the skies. It brought every man in camp to his feet, for high above the reverberation of the thunder was the roar and rattle of a stampede.

The cattle broke right down on the camp, and we all ran to the "chuck wagon" for safety; but they swung off about a hundred feet from the camp and raced by us like the wind, horns clashing, hoofs rattling, and the earth fairly shaking with the mighty tread.

Riding well in front of the herd was "Shorty," trying to turn the leaders. As he flew by he shouted in his dare-devil way, "Here's trouble, fellows," and was lost in the darkness and dust. Of course, all this took but a moment. We quickly recovered ourselves, pulled on boots, flung ourselves into our saddles, and tore out into the dark, with Alkali Pete in the lead. I was neck and neck with him as we caught up with the end of the herd, and called to him, "Pete, they're headed for the cut-bank; if we go over some of us will get hurt." Just then, "Bang!

Bang! Bang!" went a revolver ahead of us, and we knew that "Shorty" had realized where he was going, and was trying to turn the leaders by shooting in their faces.

These cutbanks are curious phenomena and very dangerous. The Kootenai in freshet time becomes turbulent and often carries away tons and tons of gravel and earth, only to pile it up farther down the stream. At Long Bottom the swift rushing water had dug into a bend in the shore just below our camp and left a straight cut of fifty feet. From this cut and running back from it some hundreds of feet are a series of ditches or cracks made by the bench water on its way to the river. Some of them are ten feet wide and twenty-five feet deep; others are only a few feet deep and run back for miles on the top land. In the narrow ditches long grass hides the depth so a horse does not see them till he is fairly into them, and every cowboy dreaded that part of the Kootenai range.

Alkali and I soon came to what, in the dust and darkness, we took to be the leaders, and, drawing our revolvers, we began to fire in front of them, and quickly turned them to the right, and by pressing down from that side we crowded them round more and more until we soon had the whole herd running round and round in a circle, or "milling," as we call it, and in the course of fifteen minutes we got them quieted down enough to be left again in charge of the regular guard.

Alkali sent me round the herd to tell the second guardsmen to take charge, as it was their time, and for the rest of us to go to the camp, which was nearby, a mile distant, and visible only because Morton, the cook, had got up and built a fire, well knowing we could not get down the cut without it.

Before we got there the rain began, and we were all wet to the skin; but we tied up our ponies again, and five seconds after I lay down I was sound asleep and heard nothing till the cook started his unearthly yell of "Roll out! Roll out! Chuck away!" I pulled off the heavy canvas I had pulled over me to keep the rain out of my face, and got up. The storm was over, and in the east the morning star was just beginning to fade, and the sky was taking that peculiar gray look that precedes the dawn and sunrise. The night horse-wrangler was working his horses up towards camp, and the three or four bells in the bunch jingled merrily and musically in the cool fresh air.

We all were sleepy and cold, and as we sat around the fire to eat, someone said: "Where's Holder?" The foreman glanced round the circle of men, set down his plate and cup, and strode over to where "Shorty" had rolled out his bed the evening before. It was empty and, what was more, had not been slept in at all. A hasty questioning developed the fact that none of us had noticed him after we had come in from the stampede.

"Well," said Alkali, "it's one of two things: either he has run into one of those blamed cracks and is hurt or else he has got a bunch of steers that got cut off from the herd in the rain and has had to stay with 'em all night, because he got so far from camp he couldn't work 'em back alone." As this was not an unusual thing, we all felt sure it was the case, and, after a hasty breakfast, all of us but the men just off guard struck out to look for him.

Somehow I felt a premonition of trouble as I rode out into the prairie, and leaving the rest to scatter out in different directions, I rode straight for the cracks. It was an easy matter to trail up the herd, and as I looked along I could not get "Shorty's" hymns out of my head. As I drew near the crack country I saw by the trail that we had not been at the leaders when we thought we were, but had cut in between them and the main herd. I could see our tracks where we had swung them round, leaving probably one hundred head out.

I hurried along their trail, and as the daylight got stronger and the sun began to peep over the hills, I could make out, about a couple of miles from me, a bunch of cattle feeding. I knew this was the bunch I was trailing, and already some of the other boys had seen them also and were hurrying towards them. But between me and the cattle was, I knew, a dangerous crack. It was some six feet wide and ten deep, and probably half a mile long. If "Shorty" had ridden into that he was either dead or badly hurt. As I neared the cracks, my heart sank, for I saw the trail would strike it fairly about the widest place, and my worst fears were realized when I reached it, for there lying under a dozen head of dead and dying steers was poor "Shorty." The trail told the whole story. He had almost turned them when they reached the crack, and he had ridden into it sideways or diagonally, and some twenty steers had followed, crushing him and his horse to death, and killing about a dozen of them. The balance were wandering around in the bottom of the crack, following it to the river in an attempt to get out.

Drawing my six-shooter I fired two shots, which in cowboy and frontier sign language means, "Come to me." The punchers quickly rode over to where I was, and we managed to get "Shorty" out from under his horse and up on top. Tenderly we laid his body across the saddle and lashed it with a rope, and, taking the man thus dismounted up behind me, we led the horse with its sad burden back to camp.

I think death, when it strikes among them, always affects rough men more than it does men of finer sensibilities and breeding. They get over it more quickly, but for the time the former seem to be fairly overwhelmed with the mystery of death, and seem dazed and helpless and often lose their heads.

But "Alkali Pete" quickly pulled himself together. It was thirty miles to Fort Macleod, and with our heavy chuck wagon it would take more than a day to get the body there. Packing it on a horse was out of the question, so we decided to bury him near the camp.

"Shorty" had no relatives in Alberta, nor any closer friends than ourselves, so we thought no wrong would be done anyone by burying him there. We laid his crushed body under a little shady poplar, and Alkali and I went to find a place to dig a grave. About half a mile from Long Bottom was a big rock which in the glacier age had been deposited with others in a string running southeast and northwest in the foothills. The cattle-men of the south had christened it "Lone Rock," and some years later a ranch nearby took its name. It was a landmark for miles round, and as Alkali remarked, "It was a blamed sight better headstone than they'd give him in the little yard at the Fort."

So we dug his grave, and then wrapped him in a gorgeous Indian blanket, which poor "Shorty" had carried with him to all the outfits he had worked for in late years, and laid him away as carefully and tenderly as in our rough way we knew how.

The day herders had grazed the herd up close to the rock, so they could be at the burial; the cattle were scattered around us, and the cook had taken out the chuck box and used the chuck wagon in which to bring the body over.

When the last sods were placed on the mound, Alkali, with tears, which he vainly tried to wipe away, running down his sunburned face, slowly and brokenly repeated the Lord's Prayer, and with broken hearts and bowed heads we joined in the "Amen," and went back to our beef drive to Peigan Siding.

FATHER AND SON

BY M. B. PHIPPS

THERE are but few men who, after the trying ordeal of a hot, dusty, all-night journey in the stuffy confines of a day coach, are able to preserve a dignified bearing. The Honourable John Heston was one of the exceptions; and now, as he dismissed the bell-boy with the Canadian dime which he had saved for such an occasion, his features did not relax from their expression of stern, unyielding determination.

As the bell-boy closed the door with an expressive bang, Mr. Heston seated himself and extracted from an inside pocket a crumpled sheet of yellow paper. He knew the wording of that telegram by heart, but he carefully perused it once more. It ran as follows:

> Don't believe all the rot in the papers, I was not drunk. The man we hit deliberately jumped in front of us. It wasn't our fault; anyhow, he isn't much hurt. It is just a shyster hold-up. It's an awful mess though, and if you will come on and straighten things out I'll be eternally grateful. Mr. Cohen, of Black, Cohen, McCarthy and Knight, in the Century Building, is my attorney. Do come to the rescue, Dad, just this once more. I am going to cut it all out in the future.
>
> JACK.

The cheerful disregard for expense (it had not been sent as a night message) was not lost upon Mr. Heston, for the telegram had been marked "collect." The hard line about his mouth tightened as he crossed to the telephone and proceeded to look up the number of Messrs. Black, Cohen, McCarthy and Knight.

"This is Mr. John Heston speaking," he announced. "I am given to understand that my son, Mr. John Heston, Jr., has retained you as counsel."

Mr. Cohen, at the other end of the wire, suavely replied that Mr. Heston, Sr., had not been deceived.

"Then," Mr. Heston, Sr., continued, "I want you distinctly to understand that you must look to your client for your fee. He is of age, and I refuse absolutely to have anything to do with him. I left home immediately upon the receipt of his telegram, prepared once more to come to his assistance, but after reading on the train the newspaper accounts of the disgraceful affair, I have decided to wash my hands of the whole matter, and nothing which you or my son may say can alter my determination. Good-bye."

And before the first words of protest from Mr. Cohen could reach his ears, Mr. Heston had hung up the receiver. Thus passing upon the predicament of his only son, who, for aught he knew, was still languishing in jail, Mr. Heston turned his attention to his own affairs. A bath and sleep, he decided, would not be amiss, especially as the first train back did not leave the city for several hours.

And right here is where Fate took a hand in the affairs of the Heston family; or, possibly, Fate had already

intervened when Mr. Heston, contrary to his usual carefulness, had neglected to lock the door after the disgruntled bell-boy's departure. Or, perhaps, what is more likely, Fate loomed up on the horizon when a Canadian dime was transferred to a boy's expectant palm. Had the coin been the quarter which, according to our best hotel etiquette, the occasion demanded, the door would not have been slammed so hard as to rebound beyond the spring lock.

Be that as it may, while Mr. Heston lay motionless in the bath-tub, his tired spirit lulled to semi-consciousness by the tepid water, a gentleman of prepossessing appearance tripped lightly down the hotel corridor. The fact that the door of Mr. Heston's apartment stood ajar did not escape his attention; the prepossessing gentleman made his living, and, from his appearance it seemed a fairly good living, by not allowing any such details to escape his attention. Pausing long enough to make sure that no one was in sight, he pushed open the door, and, with the key to his own room held in plain view of anyone who might be within, entered, and closed the door behind him.

Mr. Heston remained blissfully unconscious of what was taking place in his bedroom, until, rousing himself at last from his doze, his glance happened to wander through the half-open door and rest upon the mirror. For an instant he sat paralyzed, watching with fascinated interest the reflection of a debonair gentleman who seemed to be occupied in closing a bulging travelling bag. Mr. Heston gasped, and as he gasped he sprang from the tub and rushed into the bedroom. Apparently he was unexpected, for the gentleman with the travelling bag, Mr. Heston's travelling bag, seemed somewhat startled, but the catapult-like entrance of a person of cadaverous appearance, clad in the costume prescribed for the most informal hours at a Turkish bath, is enough to startle anyone.

Unfortunately for Mr. Heston, the bed lay between him and the object of his interest, and when he had managed to skid around the foot of the bed, both object and bag were disappearing through the door. The flying leap which he made for the escaping coat tails would have filled John Heston, Jr., with admiration, had he been there to witness the exhibition; but sad to relate, the attempted tackle failed. That it was a game attempt to bring down a runner from behind, seemed to bring no consolation to Mr. Heston's sorely tried soul, for, even as he stumbled through the open doorway and crashed into the opposite wall, he set up a cry of "Stop thief!" Down the corridor, which now reverberated with Mr. Heston's cries, the thief, instead of stopping as by request, flew with an amazing burst of speed, and disappeared around a corner.

The slam of a door close at hand, the distant sound of hurrying footsteps, and a sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach seemed to reach Mr. Heston simultaneously, although, in reality, the sinking sensation was the direct result of the slamming door and the hurrying steps. The door in question was none other than the one leading to Mr. Heston's apartment, and, upon this occasion, as the unfortunate gentleman immediately discovered, the spring lock had done its duty.

The east wind had been responsible for much mischief, but never, from Mr. Heston's viewpoint, had it played such a diabolical prank as this.

The footsteps were rapidly approaching when Mr. Heston, abandoning his futile efforts to force the door, fled in panic-stricken terror in search of some haven of refuge. A scandalized feminine shriek and the slam of yet another door, gave him the pleasant information that he had not been unobserved and, in wild-eyed frenzy, he sought something, anything, which might serve to shield his nakedness from a jeering world. A cocoa-fibre mat outside the door of some favoured guest caught his attention, and, as it

was the one and only thing movable in sight (one might think that the hotel management expected the arrival of a college football team) he made a dash for it.

Now, a cocoa-fibre door mat has its uses in the world, and it probably fulfills its destiny just as successfully as do many other things with a higher mission in life, but as a substitute for wearing apparel it is a dismal failure; nor can it be said that it meets with much success as an understudy for a piece of garden shrubbery, behind which unfortunate naked gentlemen may hide. Mr. Heston had added but little to his personal adornment when frantically he seized upon the coca-fibre door-mat.

"This is a nightmare," he moaned, "and I'll wake up in a minute, I know, but it's awful, awful!"

And the distracted man kept repeating, "I'll wake up in a minute; I'll wake up in a minute," as he dashed back and forth.

The words "Service Room," painted on a door past which Mr. Heston had several times hurtled in unseeing terror, at last forced themselves upon his notice. He made for that room like a homing pigeon, and fell into its sheltering darkness just too late to be unseen by the person of the heavy tread, who at that instant, made his appearance.

The title "Service Room" was a misnomer, for the room was merely a closet, but its musty odour of old brooms, damp mops, and yellow soap was, to Mr. Heston's quivering nostrils, as a spice-laden breeze from Araby the Blest. He was not destined, however, long to enjoy the privacy of his wildly sought refuge.

When the heavy footstep halted outside his closet door, Mr. Heston's ears were assailed by a shrill feminine voice. "He's in there," the voice said, "in that service room."

"It's all right, now, ma'am," a masculine voice assured her, "I'll have him outer there in a jiffy." And then the voice was drowned in a perfect bedlam of semi-hysterical conversation, which, to Mr. Heston's tortured mind, seemed to emanate from every door along the corridor. It was quite evident that his cry of "Stop thief" had reached other ears than those of the despoiler of his wardrobe and the owner of the heavy footsteps.

In the struggle which ensued, Mr. Heston was clearly at a disadvantage, for one hand was employed in the obvious necessity of adjusting the intricate folds of his cocoa-fibre mat draperies. Presently the door was yanked open, and with the door, same Mr. Heston, clinging tenaciously to the handle.

"For the love o' Mike," gasped the heavy footsteps person, a house detective, "where'd you come from?"

The redoubled chorus of female shrieks would have drowned any answer which the unhappy man might have made even had he been in a condition for coherent speech, which, most decidedly, he was not. Mr. Heston was a man of great natural dignity, but even Mr. Heston, his son's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, was human, and—well, even an ex-vice-president of any more or less important railway could scarcely, under similar circumstances, be expected to retain that dignity of bearing for which he is noted. No, a gentleman whose entire visible wardrobe consists of a hastily-devised toga, a toga which but an instant before had appeared to the world as a door-mat and nothing else, cannot fairly be held to account if his dignity, for the nonce, seems to have disappeared into thin air.

"Say," announced the detective somewhat belligerently, and with less tact than a hotel employee is supposed to use toward paying guests, "if you women is so horrified at seeing a naked man there ain't no law compellin' you to stand peekin' out o' your doors, you know."

The response to this observation was the instant and indignant slamming of many doors, but, by the time Mr. Heston had been soothed to a

condition in which he was able to inform the detective whence he had come, they were all again open, and twenty pairs of sensation-seeking eyes followed the line of march to Mr. Heston's room. No gauntlet ever contrived by blood-thirsty redskins could have held the terror for its unfortunate victim as did that double row of eyes for the cringing wretch with the door-mat.

With the aid of his pass-key the detective opened the door to Mr. Heston's room and glanced about. The one thing noticeable was the entire lack of anything not the property of the hotel. The visitor had made a clean sweep, not even scorning to take Mr. Heston's soft coal-smoked collar.

"Why," his captor exclaimed, "this ain't your room; this room's empty." And the unfortunate part of it was, that by this time the only thing of which Mr. Heston was absolutely sure, was that he was in the midst of the most unpleasant nightmare he had ever experienced. No, he wasn't sure, the detective probably was right; undoubtedly, this was not his room. He didn't know where it was; he thought he remembered the number was 816, but he wasn't sure; if this was 816, and it was not his room, as the detective assured him it was not, then he didn't know where it was. He had reached the state of mind that when his inquisitor asked if he had taken it with him when he went to give his Salome act in the corridor, he could not be certain about it.

"It's the nut fact'ry for yours, all right," the detective cheerfully informed him. "You come along with me."

With his door-mat replaced by a blanket stripped from the bed in room 816, Mr. Heston meekly followed his captor to the service elevator, and presently found himself in the trunk-room surrounded by a group of grinning porters.

"Now," the detective whom the porters addressed as Mr. Clancy, reasoned aloud, "it ain't likely you was dressed in that there door-mat when you come in, so your clothes must be somewheres around. You can't seem to remember the number of your room, so I guess I'll try and locate it for you before I telephone for the wagon."

"My clothes were stolen," Mr. Heston exclaimed, convinced at last that he was not enjoying a most realistic nightmare; "they were stolen while I was in the bath-tub."

"Stolen, eh?" Mr. Clancy, with a wink at the porters, commented sympathetically, "now, that's too bad, ain't it."

The detective, not unnaturally, had jumped to the conclusion that Mr. Heston was demented, and, detective-like, it was extremely difficult for him to adjust his point of view; infact, he did not try.

"I'll just call up the office," he resumed, "and get the right number of your room. What's your name?"

Mr. Heston supplied the desired information, and sat huddled up on a trunk while Mr. Clancy carried on a low-toned conversation at the telephone in the corner.

"Call the wagon," he comamnded one of the porters, when at last he hung up the receiver.

Mr. Clancy regarded the blanket-wrapped figure with narrow-eyed suspicion. "So," he said, after a long scrutiny, "you poor boob, you don't even know what your name is, eh?"

"Don't know what my name is!" Mr. Heston echoed. "what do you mean? Of course, I know what my name is!"

"Well," Mr. Clancy returned, "there ain't no John Heston registered in this hotel."

And then Mr. Heston remembered! To avoid being interviewed upon the unpleasant subject of John Heston, Jr.'s latest escapade, fate had urged her unhappy puppet to register under an assumed name, and so, upon the hotel books, he appeared as John Williams, of New York.

The arrival of two blue-coated representatives of the city's police de-

partment cut short the disjointed history of Mr. Heston's unbelievable chapter of accidents which he was endeavouring to pour into the deaf ear of the house detective. Mr. Heston, now clad in a pair of cast-off overalls and two dilapidated brogans, not mates, which had been donated by the engineer's department, his gaunt frame hidden by an overcoat grudgingly lent by a waiter (and only lent, as its owner took especial pains to impress upon all present) his gray head concealed by the tattered ruin of a one-time Derby hat, and forth for the police station.

Arrested, humiliated, stripped of his dignity, looked upon with suspicion as either drunk or demented, and all because his clothing had been stolen! The unfortunate man was thoroughly cowed.

The lieutenant behind the desk at the station-house was a man of rare intelligence, at least, so he seemed to the distraught gentleman in the waiter's overcoat, for the police official readily agreed to try to reach, for purposes of identification, Mr. John Heston, Jr., before an alienist was summoned. Mr. John Heston, Sr., the lieutenant surmised, would not be difficult to locate.

Mr. John Heston, Sr., shifted uneasily from one foot to the other for the length of time required for an officer to walk the length of a row of cells, unlock a door, and return to the desk; with the officer appeared Mr. Heston's erring son, rather crestfallen and somewhat the worse for wear.

"You know this man, Jack?" asked the lieutenant, who seemed to be on the most surprising terms of intimacy with his prisoner. "He says you can identify him."

Jack turned and surveyed the miserable individual by the desk, whom he had not before honoured by so much as a glance. He started visibly, and then a broad grin slowly enveloped his features.

"No," he said, at last, shaking his head, "I don't know him; never saw him before. By Jove," he continued hastily, but with perculiar emphasis, as his father seemed to be recovering from the horrid shock, "when you sent for me I thought sure it must be my father; he's in town; Cohen, who left here not ten minutes ago, told me."

Although his conversation was addressed to the lieutenant, young Mr. Heston's gaze never left his father's face; and that face was a study in various and conflicting emotions.

Mr. Heston swallowed, moistened his lips, then swallowed once more, before he could sufficiently master his feelings to make himself understood.

"May I—eh, may I speak with this young man in private?" he faltered.

"Go as far as you like," the lieutenant acquisced, with a wave of his hand.

Two minutes later the pair returned to the desk.

"We have come, Lieutenant," Mr. Heston, Jr., explained, "to get each other out of this. I have found that I do know this person, after all. It was his vaudeville tramp make-up that fooled me. He's my father, and he's not off his nut, at all. Somebody's nipped his clothes when he was in the bath-tub, and when he chased after him, the door blew shut and he was locked out in the hall. No wonder they thought he was looney. Now, will you kindly 'phone for Cohen again, because Dad has decided to bail me out, after all; disgrace to the family, you know."

The lieutenant reached for the 'phone, and, without a word of comment, requested Central once more to connect him with the office of Mr. Cohen. Men behind city police desks are immune to surprise.

"It's never again for me, Dad, I know," Jack announced, as he and his father sat side by side on the wooden bench, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Cohen, "but, of course, if something should turn up sometime—well, I don't suppose the folks at home could believe such a story as this, do you?"

OLD-TIME TRAVEL THROUGH THE YELLOWHEAD PASS

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

—"to-night we may wearily,
Tired and drearily,
Travel, not knowing
What moment disaster
May sweep in the storm-blast,
And over each form cast
A shroud in its blowing."
—John E. Logan.

A FEW months ago, it was the good fortune of the writer, a member of the Canadian Women's Press Club, to travel through the Yellowhead Pass as a guest of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. The special train, which carried us into the heart of the glorious mountains, in which the Athabasca and Fraser Rivers take their rise, was said to be the longest passenger train which up to that date had passed from Edmonton over the newly-made track. Going at a very moderate speed, according to railway standards, the journey of about three hundred and fifty miles by rail from Edmonton to Tête Jaune Cache took about eighteen hours, and few of us would have grieved, I think, had it taken twice the time; but, in 1872, Mr. (now Sir) Sandford Fleming and his well-equipped party were three weeks in making the same journey by the methods then in vogue, whilst in 1863 the smaller company of Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle were not less than six weeks and two days in traversing the territory between Fort Edmonton and the Cache.

But comparison of the time involved scarcely begins to bring out the contrast between ancient and modern methods of travel in this region. The virtue of the modern railway traveller is to sit still and passively accept all that is done to make his way easy across miles on miles of plain, deep-cut gullies, roaring torrents, and up savage mountain-sides. Having once put himself and his belongings into the charge of the railway company, he need have no more care concerning the provision of food and shelter or the overcoming of the difficulties of the way than if he were a child. But to travellers through the Yellowhead this state of thing has only just begun to be. Their very lives used to depend on their possession of the activity, energy, and endurance, which, so far as passengers are concerned, seem to be becoming superfluous under modern systems of transportation.

In vast regions of our enormous country old-time modes of travelling are not yet obsolete. Traders, missionaries, explorers, miners, are at work, and will be at work for many a long day far beyond the mechanical resources of civilization, while none have to endure more of the ancient perils of the wilderness than the very men who make the way so easy for those who come after. Few of us "arm-chair" travellers feel half the gratitude we ought to towards the surveyors and the engineers who to find and open the road dare endless risks

and hardships, or towards the vast inarticulate host of workmen who by hard and often dangerous labour translate the great ideas of the leaders into concrete fact. We may even spare a thankful thought for the humbler army of dumb brutes which serve us and suffer for us, with never a guess at the meaning or use of their woes.

More than a century ago the valley skirting the base of noble Mount Robson was traversed by the fur traders journeying eastward or westward *via* the Athabasca and Fraser Rivers, but in process of time the route fell into disrepute owing to the terrors of voyaging on the Fraser. What white man was the first to enter the Pass I have not learned, but it was known long before it bore its present appellation, sometimes as the Leather, sometimes as the Jasper House Pass. The name Yellowhead, which bids fair to be permanent, is associated with the locality both in French and English form, and the tradition is that it commemorates an Iroquois Indian, living in the Pass, whose red or yellow hair was remarkably light for one of his race.

Possibly he may have been one of the Iroquois brought to the West as canoe-men by Governor Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company. At any rate it is said that early in last century he lived at the place distinguished in these days of railway construction as "Mile 47," (west of Edson) and there had his original *cache*. In June, 1913, the spot was notable for a one-sided street, facing the line, and consisting of log-houses and tar-paper shacks, each of which, with scarcely an exception, was adorned with a sign indicating that it was a "café," a "bed-house," a "pool-room," or something similar, and hither, we were told, came the construction men after pay-day, to spend, or be fleeced of, much of their hard-earned money. No doubt in Yellowhead's day it was a secluded spot enough, but for some reason, apparently, he judged it well after a time to make a new hiding-place for the furs he collected to sell to the traders at Jasper House, for the place now (and for many years) known as Tête Jaune Cache is much farther west, at what is practically the end of the Pass in that direction, and the beginning of a very difficult country for travellers who wish to reach the Pacific.

At the opposite or eastern entrance to the Pass there lingers still the name of another and probably an earlier dweller in this wild region than old Tête Jaune. In a lovely open valley surrounded by great mountain peaks and wanting not the bright beauty of more than one silver lake, there was built, about the year 1800, a rude log-store and dwelling, which, in common with several other trading-posts, was often called Rocky Mountain House. In the need for greater definiteness, however, it soon became known as Jasper House, in compliment to a clerk in the North-West Company's service, who was its founder or was one of the earliest to be left in charge of it. In the journals and accounts of the old traders this man's name suffers strange variations of form, and he appears as Jasper and Joseph, as Haws, Hawes, Howes, Howse, and House. The original *Jasper House* had but three apartments, and was described in 1817 as "a miserable concern of rough logs . . . but scrupulously clean inside." At that time Jasper Hawes himself was in charge, having under his command two Canadians, two Iroquois, and three hunters. The harvest of furs to be obtained there was usually meagre, but there was need for a provision depôt for the traders going to and from the Columbia. It was by no means easy, however, to keep sufficient supplies on hand to meet the uncertain demands. For instance, in May, 1814, when there arrived a large party from the west, it was found necessary to kill a horse to provide the newcomers with meat.

Amongst this company were several of the doughty Scots, who, alike as

traders and explorers, contributed so effectively to the making of history in the West. In this case the race was represented by a Stuart, a McKenzie, and MacDonald of Garth, "a small maimed person of great courage and immensely effective energies," nicknamed "Bras Croche," from an injury to his arm received in childhood. In 1807 he had built Fort Gibraltar, where Winnipeg now stands. More recently he had journeyed from London, changing ship twice, round Cape Horn to Astoria. He was still a young man, but two years later he left the North-West Company and settled in Glengarry county, living to the good old age of eighty-six. Another interesting member of the party was Gabriel Franchère, a young French-Canadian of Montreal, who afterwards published a "Narrative" of this early overland journey eastward.

The party, consisting of ninety persons, all well-armed, had left Astoria (then in British hands and newly named Fort George, in honour of the King) early in April, to ascend the Columbia, in ten large canoes, five of cedar wood and five of bark. The voyage against the current of the mighty river took several weeks, and it was May 12th when the travellers abandoned their boats and began their march along the banks of the Canoe River. On reaching the Yellowhead Pass they found it full of snow, four or five feet deep, and walking in single file, those behind setting their feet in the steps of the leaders had the disagreeable sensation of putting a large pair of boots on and off at every step. Many a time a day they had to cross and recross the icy river, plunging in water up to their necks. One luckless man had his leg broken by a kick from a horse, and so was left for a few days with two comrades at the old post, already abandoned for several years, of Henry House.

Franchère observed that the old "geographer," Pinkerton, had estimated the Rocky Mountains to be but three thousand feet above sea-level, a calculation which he thought to be too low by half. Even this, however, unlike the guesses of many travellers, was still far beneath the mark. It was the more singular as the Pass through which he was toiling, has for its sentinel the highest of all Canadian peaks (so far as is known at present) Mount Robson, which rises thirteen thousand seven hundred feet into the clouds.

After a brief rest at Jasper House, Franchère and his comrades set off down the Athabasca in makeshift canoes of poplar, intending to obtain better ones of birchbark, "en cache" down the river. Unfortunately one of the poplar canoes came to grief in some rapids and two men were drowned. In those days even most experienced travellers through the wilderness took their lives in their hands. Moreover, when measured by the distance it was possible to travel in a day, this seemed indeed a "great lone land." News travelled slowly, and when these voyagers on the Athabasca met a man bound for Jasper House with letters, they learned from him for the first time of Captain Barclay's defeat on Lake Erie, which had occurred eight months earlier.

For long years questions of the comparative merits of the several mountain passes were of interest chiefly to the traders, and to those adventurous souls ever attracted by the difficult and the unknown, but the nineteenth century was still young when optimistic folk began to discuss plans for facilitating travel across the rugged backbone of our continent. McTaggart, a Scottish engineer, who aided in the planning of the Rideau Canal, believed it would be feasible to make a communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by connecting the natural waterways with canals; and the railway era had hardly begun when the minds of some people were fired with imaginations of a great railway from coast to coast.

At length, in 1864, Dr. John Rae, who had been a ship's surgeon in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a member of one of the expeditions sent in search of Franklin, undertook a survey for a telegraph line from Winnipeg to the Pacific, to cross the mountains at about fifty-three degrees north latitude. This led him to the exploration of the Yellowhead Pass. Rae was a man of extraordinary physical strength and was a famous pedestrian. He walked, it is estimated, about 23,000 miles in the course of his North American explorations, and thought nothing of such a short walk as going on snowshoes from Toronto to Hamilton, in seven hours, to dine with a friend! His daring equalled his strength, and he and his party ventured without guides or resulting disaster to navigate the most dangerous rapids of the Fraser in dugouts.

A year or two earlier two Englishmen, Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle, had set themselves to seek an easy route through the mountains to the famous diggings of the Cariboo country. Afterwards they wrote an account of their adventure, called "The North-West Passage by Land." They arrived at Quebec on July 2nd, 1862, too late to attempt the crossing of the mountains that year; which, as it happened, was signalized in the history of the Yellowhead by the passage of a party of "Canadian emigrants," about two hundred in all, who were also bound for the Cariboo. At Tête Jaune Cache the majority determined to go down the Fraser, on rafts of their own making, and with difficulty these succeeded in reaching the mouth of Quesnelle. Some sixty of the travellers, however, followed the Thompson route, and after vainly attempting to cut their way to Cariboo, essayed to reach Kamloops. Some succeeded, but not a few lost their lives in the rapids of the treacherous river, and even those who survived were in a most wretched plight. Worse still was the case of five men who, lingering behind the rest, attempted to descend the Fraser later in the autumn. Their canoes were swamped, and though the men struggled at last out of the jaws of the furious river, three of them were disabled, and the others making a terrible journey to Fort George for help could not avert a gruesome tragedy.

The next year, when Milton and Cheadle made their way across, they found many traces of these emigrants, and finally at Kamloops met some of them, face to face, and heard their tale of hardships from their own lips —one, which, by that time, they were well able to match by thrilling adventures of their own. They were of a temper, however, to get some fun out of their misfortunes, and a learned, erratic, much-travelled but wofully helpless Irishman, "Mr. O'B.", who attached himself to them at Edmonton, was a source of constant amusement to them, and of equally unfailing irritation to the soft-voiced, hot-tempered halfbreed attendant, "the Assiniboine," who had once killed a man in a rage. This murderous reputation kept Mr. O'B. on tenter-hooks but did not prevent an incessant study of the one book he carried, Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," at times when he ought to have been giving assistance in the loading of a pack-horse or the making of a raft. The Assiniboine took with him his wife and son, a boy of thirteen, both of whom did good service; and though they had another man as guide through the Pass itself, the party, for the most difficult portion of the way, numbered only six.

They had adventures with "grizzlies," and accidentally (apparently with small compunction for the mischief they were doing) started a forest-fire before they caught their first glimpse of the mountains. They found no one at Jasper House, and learned later that it had been inhabited during the previous winter only by a wolverine, which had devoured the "parchment windows" of the fort,

while to mark the site of old Henry House there was nothing but "a rugged excrescence" in a little prairie. After a painful struggle along the valley of the "unkindly Myette," they passed the height of land easily, but it took five days more to reach the Grand Fork of the Fraser. They were happy enough, however, (as were we press-women fifty years later) to see the white, sharp, topmost peak of Mount Robson "glittering in the morning sun."

Next day they lost a horse and its valuable load of tea, tobacco, and ammunition in the turbulent Fraser; but it was after leaving Tête Jaune Cache (which we saw as a busy construction camp with the real "end of steel" some miles beyond it) that the grimmest difficulties of these travellers commenced. Their resources were pitifully inadequate, and death from starvation came very near in the "frightful" valley of the North Thompson. When things were at the worst, one of the party made the horrible discovery of the headless body of an Indian sitting over the ashes of a long-dead fire, with every token that he had died of want. But they struggled through.

Nine years afterwards the explorers making the preliminary surveys for the Canadian Pacific Railway, which it was once intended should cross the mountains by the Yellowhead Pass, discovered both the headless skeleton and the skull. A little later Mr. Sandford Fleming, engineer-in-chief of the projected line, and his party, including Principal Grant, who told the story of the journey in "Ocean to Ocean," followed practically the same path across the Pass and down the North Thompson to Kamloops, but, to these later travellers, Mount Robson absolutely refused "to show his bright head." In most respects they were more fortunate, having many a merry picnic, where their predecessors had suffered agonies from hunger. Both parties, by the way, found that, for these wilderness journeys, pemmican, now no longer to be obtained, was best of all foods.

Many a true tale of thrilling adventure might be written concerning the exploration and the surveying for the railways in that one district of the mountains. Buried in a Canadian Archives report is a series of letters, written by C. F. Hanington, who was second-in-command of a small party sent in the winter of 1874-5 to explore the Smoky River Pass, a little to the north of the Yellowhead. They travelled as light as possible, using dogs to draw the necessary instruments and provisions, but, as the leader, Jarvis, said, "It is altogether too large a country for six men." They were reduced to eating their dogs, and, confused by a terrible snow storm, they lost their way, but when the weather cleared they saw far in the distance what they fancied might be *Roche á Miette,* near Jasper House. As they sat in their camp that night, however, they feared that another range of mountains might lie between them and the Athabasca, in which case, wrote the diarist, "We have neither enough grub nor enough strength to carry us across. So our end will be near here," adding gloomily, "I don't believe the Athabasca is in that valley. I do believe we have not many days to live. . . . I wonder if our bones will ever be discovered."

But it was the *Roche á Miette,* and the next day they reached Lac Brulé and fell in with an Indian family, who regaled them on boiled rabbit, but told them that there was no one at Jasper House, so their hope of help in that quarter failed; and their troubles from lack of food did not end till they reached Lake St. Ann's, near Edmonton. Next year Hanington returned to the Yellowhead Pass to aid in locating the line from the summit down the Fraser towards Fort George, and in November he went into quarters at Tête Jaune Cache, there to spend a most miserable winter.

It must have been a disappointment to these gallant pioneers of modern transportation that, after all, the first Canadian railway to the Pacific did not go by the Yellowhead Pass. But surely their labours were not all in vain, for now, at last, the mountain section of the Grand Trunk has been knitted up with the line pushing eastward from Prince Rupert and there is train service, two or three times a week, through the Pass. Soon the Canadian Northern Railway, which also crosses the Rockies by the Yellowhead, will reach the ocean, and between the two lines the old-time methods of travel here at least will be indeed a thing of the past.

THE RAIN

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

I AM become the spirit of the driven rain;
My body walked in it,
It beat against my coated chest
And on my face.

Until I beat my stalking body and by chest,
I took on transformation and became the rain,
The hasting spirit of the driven rain,
The rain, the rain, the rain, the hasting driven rain!

And now I go
Through trees with silver trespass on their crimson leaves,
Amid bare limbs with a wild stinging for the heart of them;

Down sodden lanes I go,
Up streets,
I scamper on black roofs,

I reel and swing and go where ever wind
Will bear me, and beyond!

Out, out, O out upon the fangèd bay
I move in swiftness,
How I seethe and go
Down the long stretches where the tumbled waters are!

And on the drenched, great hills I riot,
How I speed!
The hills, the hills, the hills;
I riot on them as I pant across them swift,
Swift as the wind will drive me,
Swifter! On! The hills,
The brown old hills beneath my misty sky
Are mine! 'Tis there my spirit freshens
As it moves,
And goes more swiftly till it tires
Upon the hills. . . .

But tires not until
The furtive crimson, cloaked
In gray, is moving in behind the clefts
Of my brown hills,
And day is ending,
And the wind falls still.

FISHING-BOATS

From the Painting
by Harry Britton

Exhibited by the Ontario
Society of Artists

WITH THE COD FISHERMEN

BY LACEY AMY

COD fishing is not what it used to be. The fishermen themselves will tell you that. The fish are not so plentiful, the grounds are more distant from the old convenient harbours, and there are other openings for the energy of the fishermen offering brighter lure. The result is a more or less discontented worker who is either actively looking for another occupation or lacks the ambition. Around Newfoundland and Labrador the uncertainty of the "run" is annually driving hundreds from the calling, and frequently (as this year) leaves hundreds more a charge to the Government. At the Magdalen Islands it has advanced little further than grumbling, for the fisherman knows that to change his occupation he must change his home, and that is the last resort. But along the south coast of Nova Scotia there is a different kind of fisherman, one who has kept pace with the times. Cod fishing there is an industry developed like transportation and surgery and peace organizations and the other outgrowths of later-day leisure and wealth.

And the fisherman himself is changing, especially where he has advanced his methods. That is the altered condition which appeals most to the non-fisherman. But it is still a special train of thought that runs in the cod fisherman's mind; a unique style of life is his, a vivid independence, and an uncertain recklessness that cannot be fathomed by the uninitiated. Therefore, to-day or yesterday, he is interesting. A day with him is liberal entertainment.

In the introduction of the motor one finds the most startling evidence of the altered conditions. A deep-sea fisherman without sails would seem like a farmer without horses; and yet four out of five of the fishing-boats in some of the harbours of Nova Scotia use sails only when the engine balks. Half the waste time of cod fishing and most of the danger have been thus eliminated, and grounds formerly far beyond range are now the regular goal of the day. Where the Magdalen Island, the Labrador, and most of the Newfoundland fishermen trust to their deep brown sails to get them in touch with the cod or run them to shelter in a storm, the Nova Scotia fisherman starts a couple of hours later, arrives sooner, and negligently watches the heavens. Instead of starting soon after midnight, as must the Amherst Island fisherman, his Canso brother sleeps comfortably until daylight, and, independent of the wind, casts his trawls exactly when and where he desires. And at night supper awaits him at an hour as definite as the city man's dinner.

Three hundred dollars of engine and a few gallons of gasoline have made fishing an industry; not a gamble. A few years hence it may be a profession.

But there is one characteristic which sticks to the fisherman—the careless indefiniteness of his morning's mood. "What a difference in the morning" must have originated

IN PORT, SPLITTING THE FISH

with a member of the crew awaiting his skipper on the wharf in the shivering mists of early morning. Patience is the primary requirement of dealings with the independent cod fisherman. He has always come and gone as he liked—save for the elements—and he always will. He has no set hours, no assured returns, no master. To-day a threatening storm forces him to idleness; to-morrow it catches him adrift and sends him home before the day is half over; and all next week a dog-fish raid on his fishing-grounds drives him to another quarter. No wonder he is unsettled!

During several summers amongst them it has been borne home to me that keeping an appointment with them is as tantalizing as the promises of a politician. At the Magdalens, two successive mornings I rose at one o'clock, on specific direction of the skipper, but was doomed to disappointment. Fear of a storm prevented the first day's fishing, and the previous day's idleness impelled a start at eleven p.m. for the second day's work. I gave it up for a night's sleep.

At Canso I fared worse in the way of waiting, but better in results. It required four almost sleepless nights to effect the reward of a day's fishing. On Monday a seven o'clock appearance on the wharf, according to instructions the night before, brought the information that the boat had left two hours earlier. Tuesday was featured by a rainstorm only possible beside the ocean. On Wednesday morning by four o'clock I was on the wharf from which they were to pick me, and down the "tiddle" I could see the boat leisurely making ready. But five minutes' absence for something I had forgotten furnished me with the maddening spectacle of a receding stern chugging out to sea. The next morning I took no chance. I closed my teeth and set the alarm for two a.m., closed my teeth and obeyed its message, closed them again and wandered forth on the deserted moonlit streets and down to the cold,

IN PORT, UNLOADING THE CATCH

damp wharf where the boat was tied. And I sat down on the edge of that boat for three hours, kicking my heels to keep warm, but a little proud that I had discovered a way of overcoming such an unreliable thing as a cod fisherman's start for the fishing-grounds.

And those few hours on the deserted wharf in the brilliant moonlight will never be considered as wasted. All about lay the well-finished, trim boats of the Canso fishermen, models of grace and surprising cleanliness and order. In the moonlight the masts rose like a bare forest around me, gleaming here and there where the light struck them, and black elsewhere against the clear sky. Below it was all darkness, with edges of cabins, dories, tubs, ropes, creeping into sight as my eyes became accustomed to the gloom. Further down was the utterly black water.

I was alone. Not a sound came from the sleeping boats, although I knew that each had its sleeper—a hundred of them within sound of my voice. The water was as motionless as only tight-bound water can be—the silence that is the uncomfortable waiting and listening of a thing with life. The utter loneliness of the sleeping life was disturbing to a novice. My day seemed to have no start; everything was at a standstill.

A gloomy yawn was my first company, proceeding from a boat that, before the heartless introduction of its motor, had been the champion of the annual sailing races. Presently a spot of light revealed the outline of a cabin window, and immediately someone stumbled up on deck and sleepily shook himself, stretched, and growled at the cold. Then two or three little oval windows flashed into life, and yawns and growls sprang up all about me. A man clambered up the side of the wharf and stretched himself where there were no spars and ropes to interfere. He gave no sign that he saw the stranger within six feet of him, but proceeded to feel the mooring ropes, and disappeared below. It was not surliness—merely

THE BOATS AT REST; THE DAY'S WORK DONE

an intimation that I was not a part of his morning duties. Gradually others appeared, each retreating below after the preliminary stretch and careless reading of the sky. From the length of time between the appearance of the cabin light and the man on deck the scant amount of disrobing necessary for a night's sleep could be accurately estimated.

Then, with every man below, two things happened almost simultaneously in all the boats. From tiny stovepipes protruding above the cabins drifted uncertain whiffs of smoke, and from the cabin entrances poured no uncertain language. If you have ever tried to light a fire in a cabin, beneath the shadow of overhanging wharves and buildings, you will understand the connection. Almost immediately the men began to reappear, thunderously, fluently, giving utterance to a variety of comment that agreed only in its general meaning. They fiddled with the pipe, swore, went below, swore, tumbled up on deck, swore—and swore between times. Those who light the fires of anchored fishing-boats know nothing of the dread effects of example; and I had no desire to enlighten them.

A cup of tea! That is the beginning of the fisherman's day, and the end—and also the middle. The teapot is on the cabin stove before the boat is ten minutes awake, and it is there humming until the last member of the crew has gone. All day long it sings accepted invitation, and by the afternoon it offers a stimulant unrivalled by anything short of end-of-steel whiskey. I tried it—and it'll do until I visit the fishermen again.

A member of my crew appeared, with the information that he had whistled beneath my window at the hotel until he was told of my departure, and through the next hour or so the others came straggling down. They did not apologize to each other, nor resent the expressive allusions to the damp disagreeableness of waiting on a wharf before daylight. To-morrow it would probably be their turn to wait and make comment. From all about us motors were chugging away, stopping to get swung into position, and then puffing steadily off into the distance. For hours little motorless boats had been swinging lifelessly along with flapping sails behind ridiculously small rowboats pulled by one man—and for hours more they

SETTING TRAWLS FROM THE DORIES

would still be within sight. The patient, seemingly profitless toil of a rower towing a big boat is almost pathetic—if you aren't in the boat. To the luxurious occupant of a motored vessel it is ludicrous. But I was still on the wharf; I could see things in their proper proportions.

As we pulled out from the wharf in the hazy light of the rising sun, a long line of boats stretched before us right out to sea—big and little in an irregular line, the motor-driven skimming noisily past the sail-driven, and watched by envious eyes, the less powerful engines yielding in their turn to the greater. Right into the sun we aimed, a big globe of red rising from the ocean with the glare of coming heat—out past the Lunenburg "vessels" anchored in mid-harbour, around the lighthouse on the edge of the open. As we passed one helpless sail-boat we suddenly swung about and threw them a line, although it meant an hour's delay in reaching the fishing-grounds six or eight miles out. The unselfishness of the fisherman is the quality that makes his life most worth living. Where all are so much at the mercy of the elements each strives to help the other.

And then our course began to be more up and down than along. It was not a rough day, they told me, but later they acknowledged that it was the record for that year's roll. I have never been able to bring myself to the nicety of distinction that unhesitatingly separates roughness and roll. I have heard landlubbers do it as an excuse for seasickness. Sometimes we could see the boat we towed rushing down towards us, and sometimes it was out of sight behind a mountain of water that brought the uncomfortable conviction that only our rope was keeping it from hitting the bottom. I liked to keep that tow in sight, even if it threatened to drop on our deck. . . . And I had twelve hours of this ahead. I began to wonder if I had not rashly overestimated the pleasures of a day's cod fishing.

In the meantime the crew—those who were not engaged with the towline and the tiller—were preparing for the fishing. We had taken aboard at the wharf a couple of boxes of herring for bait, the cost to be deducted from our day's catch, and now these were being cut into small pieces. Later the bait was fastened to hooks

A FLEET OF COD-FISHING VESSELS

on short lines attached more than a foot apart on a long, larger line. Net fishing was over, and the cod were being caught on trawls and hand-lines. The trawls had been carefully wound in tubs the night before, the hooks towards the centre, and baiting was done with a dexterity that looked positively dangerous, and the baited trawls thrown deftly in place in another tub.

We had come up with the fleet. In all directions boats of every size stood out against the dark water and bright sky, some casting hand-lines over the side, some lying idle while their dories pulled off with the trawls. Off on the port side a peculiar, uncanny wave broke and disappeared over one spot, broke and disappeared again. They told me a rock came close to the surface there, a constant menace to navigation. Away back when the French and English were tussling sporadically for Nova Scotia a French frigate struck there and sank; and many a ship since. It stood at one edge of the fishing-grounds, in about twenty-five fathoms of water, and the fishermen pursued their calling all about it.

Out past the fleet we twisted, and, beside the flashing buoy that marked the channel into the Straits of Canso, we dropped our dories. In each a fisherman took his tub of bait, and another of trawl and, standing recklessly in the stern, sculled with one hand while dropping two hundred feet of trawl with the other. And there we left them all day, running alongside only at noon. I tried hard not to picture their day on that sea in those tiny bobbing boats, with no protection from the blistering sun, and nothing to think of but the swell and their sins. I was in comparative comfort on fifty feet of deck that was at least flat and solid to the feel—and it was mighty little just then. One thing—it wasn't far to the side of the dory.

From the larger boat we tried to supplement the catch with hand-lines, the last resort of the cod fisherman. Only after netting and trawling are past does he rely upon the more laborious, slower method; and when it comes to hand-lines around Canso the end of the season is at hand. Catching cod in this manner is like trying to satisfy thirst from a pump-spout—an unprofitable task performed in the hardest way. About all we caught

was blistering salt water and sunburn, and now and then a phlegmatic bit of fish that seemed glad to be at rest. No wonder a fisherman leaves hand-lines to the last, when the children are crying for bon-bons. Casting unsuccessfully all day for trout is hilarious revelry compared to cod fishing with a line.

Between acts the professional members of the crew drank tea. If Chinese commerce were bound up like Germany's is now there would be a rush of fishermen to enlist and get the war over in a hurry. At noon we ran alongside the dories and received their catch; and I looked after the tiller while the others went below for stimulant. Seated on deck I tried to forget the all-pervading smell of cod. I couldn't. Why must a fish smell so fishy? And then the dories dropped astern once more to their work.

Occasionally coasting vessels went by, turning around the light buoy into that great path of commerce, the Straits of Canso. A small steamboat cut across our stern headed for Canso, and a couple more passed along between Halifax and Gulf ports, all of them staggering helplessly in the swell. And then, a mile outside, something dark and ominous flashed by, the black smoke streaming furiously out behind so long as it was in sight. Twenty-five miles an hour—nothing less! So fast that a steady wave curled high above the bow, and the stern was out of sight beneath the water. It was a British cruiser going west in chase of reported German boats off the south coast. For war had been declared and the dogs let loose. With regulars and big guns protecting the cable stations in Canso, German cruisers sighted off every corner of the coast, and British cruisers searching them diligently, we felt as if we were the centre of hostilities.

All afternoon fishing boats were leaving the grounds disgusted, some with insufficient catch to pay for the bait, and none with a day's pay. Our luck was a little better. But at sixty cents to two dollars a hundred pounds

WHARF SCENE IN COD-FISHING HARBOUR

cleaned it required a large catch to make the day worth while. But the Canso fisherman does not do so badly. The crew with which I fished had made a thousand dollars in four days the year before, and the skipper had cleared $1,475 for the season. He was not complaining. But he followed the run of cod throughout the season, from Prince Edward Island to the "Western"—in fishing parlance, the western part of the south coast of Nova Scotia.

In at the wharves the boats were moored two and three deep, discharging their catch. The five members of the crew had their work definitely assigned. One pitchforked the cod from the hold to the deck, another passed them to the wharf, a third lifted them to the splitting tables, and the other two performed the expert work of splitting. It was a dirty mess to the novice—fish cleanings, tobacco juice, and odour. The livers and heads were saved, the former bringing forty cents a pail for cod liver oil, and the latter finding a market at the glue factory down the "tiddle." Later in the season a dog-fish factory on the outer islands would take even the bane of the fishing-grounds for manufacture into fertilizer. The by-products of cod fishing are making up to some extent for the decrease in the cod.

His day's work done usually some time before six, the cod fisherman is again the care-free, light-hearted workman who is satisfied that he has done his best. Be the catch good or bad, there is no sign of it when the day is done. Around the wharves he sits with his fellows, telling yarns of past records, banter running through it all, and the unoathlike oaths of a good-tempered people. For the stranger they have a bright welcome, and a willing information that is seldom unreliable. The future is not a worry to them, and the present bears lightly upon them. But the future is often serious. A man of no more than sixty sat totteringly on an upturned dory, hands twisted pitifully in to his body, head bent forward and down, vainly trying to light his pipe. Tremblingly he inquired what was good for rheumatism; he had no faith in the local doctors. Almost in the prime of his life he had been forced from the water, but each evening he faltered down to the wharves to see the catch come in and to tell of things that were in his day. A small boy took his pipe below and lit it with his own breath, and brought it back and pushed it between the old man's lips. Next day they told me partial paralysis had come to him in the night, and the poor old fellow lay weeping to get out with the boats again, to feel the dash of the spray in his face, the tilt of the boat before the wind, the drag of the filled net. But his day was done.

PRUSSIANISM VS. MODERN GERMAN PHILOSOPHY

BY R. GOLDWIN SMITH

GERMANY'S true greatness in modern philosophy is not to be found in her three renowned war-philosophers, Neitzche, Treitchke, and Bernhardi. These men were "made in Germany" for use of Germans only. The attitude of the outside world towards them has been one of condemnation. A world-gift did come from Germany, however, which most of the English-speaking world has welcomed. This world-gift is the scientific method of approach to all thought. It will live when war-philosophies are long dead.

Much has been spoken and written of a rather sweeping character in condemnation of modern German philosophy, as responsible for the so-called irreligion in Germany, which has in its turn given headway to militarism. While denouncing the militarism of the Prussians, the purpose of this article is to show that the Great War has neither been due to the influence of German philosophy, to modern tendencies in religion in Germany, or to the people of Germany as a whole. To this end a brief review of Germany's true contribution to modern thought is given.

Of the various anomalies that have risen out of the present European war perhaps none puzzles the student of modern thought more than the relation between German philosophy and Prussian militarism. Protestant Christianity had its inception in Germany, but it is not condemned for this reason, because it has its answer. Prussianism is in defiance of the spirit of Christianity and will probably be defeated by that spirit. Neither is Germany's musical supremacy impaired because of Prussia's war of aggression. Protestantism will survive, because it is democratic; music because it is beautiful. Democracy and beauty are world forces. Modern German philosophy will survive, because it has something the world wants and needs, because it provides a safe highway for accurate thinking and fruitful investigation.

Perhaps the best test of the greatness of a system is its universality. While the war-philosophy of Prussia is hurtful, it is local and transient in its significance. It is not in request outside Germany.

It is in the field of psychology that German thinkers have attained international renown. The names that should be associated with true German philosophy, therefore, are to be sought in this field. They are Weber, Fechner, Wundt, and Kulpe. For several decades the students of our colleges have virtually sat at the feet of these men. They are doing so today, and doubtless will continue to do so when Prussianism is forgotten.

Psychology has become a science. For this transition from the metaphysical to the scientific method of approach credit is due to the last-

named Germans and their followers. A second world-gift, even greater in scope, followed after this one as an inevitable sequence, viz.: the scientific method of approach to all thought, religious and otherwise. The fruits of the work of these men are far-reaching.

The scientific method has a peculiar history. If the physicist and chemist of to-day were to approach their respective fields of study, as did their predecessors before the time of Newton, Galileo, and Boyle, they would be justly ridiculed. Nevertheless these pioneers of science were subjected to persecution, because of their progressive method. Galileo was put in prison, because he declared that the sun was the centre of the solar system and not the earth. The discovery did not agree with the verbal interpretation of the Bible. Goethe typifies the standpoint of that day towards science. Because Faust analyzed the natural world experimentally he was thought to be in league with the devil.

With the same spirit of distrust and antagonism experimental psychologists and "higher critics" are viewed by many to-day.

In those early days men had been either bondslaves of past authority or they had theorized about matter. The idea of analysis and experimentation had been quite foreign to them. Newton broke from tradition and gave the world its first practical Natural Philosophy, discovering to men the laws of gravity, etc.

Now it is remarkable that while the sciences of physics and chemistry made rapid progress and revolutionized men's ideas concerning matter, philosophy in its stricter sense and religious teaching remained, comparatively speaking, in metaphysical and dogmatic twilight. True there was a great shifting of authority at the time of the Reformation, from the priest to the Bible. But this change was made with implicit trust. The Roman Catholic Church has conceived the Pope as infallible. Protestantism substituted the Bible as infallible. Its infallibility rests on the assumption that it was divinely inspired from cover to cover. In spite of this exaltation of the Bible, Protestants clung to the authority of the early Church Fathers, who were the crystallizers and in great measure the creators of the doctrines of the Christian Church, and who were Greek thinkers before they became followers of Christ. Protestantism never questioned to what degree the dogmas and doctrines of the church were the product of Greek speculation. Neither did they test the authority of the Bible. It remained for the higher (or historical) critic to do these things.

The latter, considering it his right and duty to investigate authority in the realm of religion, tested the Bible in the light of science and found that portions of it were but metaphysical guess-work of an early and unenlightened age. He criticized the dogmas and doctrines of the church and compared them with Greek speculative thought and with the Gospels. He found many of them more the product of Hellenism than of Christ, and some of them opposed the teachings of Christ. In the Arian controversy the church sided with Plato against Arius. Arius may have erred in placing Christ second to God, but the whole "substance" controversy was Platonic in origin and is foreign to Christ's teachings. The historical critic may question the authority of some of the Bible writers, but he has at least gone back to the fountainhead of the Faith.

Previous to the advent of the historical critic, however, authority of one kind or another was implicitly followed. The result was that while the sciences and physics and chemistry were discovering to the world the mechanical and chemical utilities so indispensable to our civilization, the two great realms of truth, philosophy

and theology, were marking time. It did not occur to thinkers in these latter fields that the subjects they dealt with were adaptable to scientific treatment. They became hostile to science, and when scientific research discovered certain truths that did not concur with their metaphysical idealisms and theological tenets discord became mutual. Science separated itself from the church. Thoughtful men became sceptical. Indeed it was only recently that they became reconciled, and that science has in great measure returned to the fold.

Such an event could only happen when theology and philosophy were approached from the scienitfic standpoint, and it was found that science and these pursuits had common ground. Nevertheless as science had revolutionized men's ideas concerning matter, so it has revolutionized men's ideas of philosophy and theology. In other words, science was conquered by philosophy and theology by conquering them.

Eighty-five years ago German scientists began to treat psychology as they dealt with physics and chemistry, and wonderful discoveries were made. At the close of the last century Dr. August Kirschmann arrived at the University of Toronto from Germany. He came imbued with the teachings of Weber, Fechner, Wundt, and their disciples. These men had, some of them, been first physicists or physiologists, then psychologists. For some thirteen years Dr. Kirschmann was director of the psychological laboratory in Toronto. He applied experimental methods; that is, he approached the study of consciousness, or the soul, as a scientist. Under his direction students made elaborate experiments on judgment in its various spheres of activity. To their findings they were able to apply mathematics, and uniform laws were discovered to them, which judgment followed. Results were startling but unanswerable. Weber's Law, that "the laws of consciousness are relative," is one of the root principles. This law is mathematically demonstrated by fact. The exponents of Dr. Kirschmann's work are carrying it on in the psychological laboratories and lecture halls of the University of Toronto. The same principles are being propagated in the universities of the United States.

August Kirschmann was a native of Oberstein, Rhineland, Germany, and a graduate of Leipsic University, where he came under the influence of the famous Wundt. After having eleven years' experience as a teacher in Germany and five years as associate professor of philosophy at Leipsic, he was called to Toronto University, in 1893. The best of his life was given to the students there. The university had no psychological laboratory when he came. His work consisted in establishing one on an efficient basis and in carrying on extensive research work. Notable writings on philosophy from his pen are "Psychological Series of University of Toronto Studies," "The Right and Duty of Criticism," "Dimensions in Space." In addition he was a frequent contributor to *The American Journal of Psychology.*

In religion Dr. Kirschmann is a German Evangelical Lutheran. One of the characteristics that stamped itself on the memory of his students and disciples in Toronto was his beautiful Christian life. By those who knew him most intimately, he was revered for this as much as for his philosophy. Because of this fact the publication of a new book, upon which he has been working, "The Psychology of Jesus Christ," is awaited with special interest. Here is a man propagating and contributing to that "diabolical" scientific psychology, who is at the same time a devout Christian.

Some practical man will ask: "When the scientific method is applied to psychology, is the effort

worth while, from a utilitarian standpoint?''

Scientific psychology has already been of material service to humanity. Toronto possesses a psychotherapeutic clinic, and it is in close affiliation with the University. For good reasons, the clinic is in the General Hospital building. All conveniences are there. Numerous cases come under the care of the hospital physicians. So far the cases dealt with have been chiefly feeble-minded children. Now the first requirement of a physician is to know the normal physiological system. Only then can he adequately detect defects in patients. With physiological diseases he can deal, because he has the remedial equipment. When physicians, however, came to diagnose cases of mental deficiency they were able to lay bare the facts, but were unable to proceed. Appliances were lacking and their scientific knowledge of mental phenomena was very limited. They appealed to the Psychological Department of the University. As a result some of the physicians most interested in these cases of mental deficiency are attending a post-graduate course, which is one of the features of the University curriculum.

The medical scientist faces a peculiar difficulty. He has stepped out into a new field. He appeals to the psychologist, who himself has much to learn, who has as yet found out only the primal methods of treating the deficient mind. Another difficulty in the way of the medical scientist is that he has been trained to view the psychological system as the substratum of the mind, and his tendency is to treat the substratum only, to cure what is qualitatively other than the substratum. The physician is, however, in close sympathy with the psychologist and their coöperation promises well for the progress of methods of curing diseases of the mind.

In the University of Pennsylvania and other colleges in the United States, psychotherapeutic clinics are established in connection with their psychological laboratories. In the one at Philadelphia remarkable cures have been made, where young patients had mental defects and moral diseases of a serious nature. In one case the patient was the victim of a disease known as ''moral obliquity,'' the result of vicious and depressing environment since before birth. The scientific application of a carefully regulated new environment transformed the child in six months. She became normal. Similar methods are at work in asylums, in certain cases of insanity. In such fields, and indeed in many nervous ailments, psychotherapeutics has already justified its existence.

Having had its birth when Weber began his experiments in 1830, scientific psychology is in its infancy yet. But physics was in its infancy three hundred years ago, and it has far to go yet, if what authorities say is true. Untrammelled as the science is now, the possibilities of psychology are unlimited. Its value in the detection, cure and prevention of crime cannot be overestimated. When the laws that govern consciousness are fully grasped, then they can be adapted to the use of men just as the laws of buoyancy have been utilized for man's good. The science must have time and encouragement.

Scientific psychology discovers the elements of consciousness and they have been found to be four in number: sensations and feelings in their time and space relations. The study breaks up the complexities of conceptions and emotions, love and hate, the relation between or identity of desire, duty and will. It analyzes moral and religious sentiments. Thus the content of consciousness, by this sympathetic but severe test of abstraction, is known in its elements and in the laws that govern it, just as matter is known to the chemist.

Like other sciences, psychology, while it is the most complex of all,

resolves consciousness into its simple elements, which gives a lucid and reliable foundation for the study of the subject.

The various attitudes assumed by men towards scientific psychology are worthy of note. A professor of psychology in Toronto in conversation with an elderly gentleman mentioned some experimental work on consciousness in which he was interested. "What," said the old gentleman, half indulgently, half indignantly, "would you try to weigh the soul in a balance?"

A prominent physicist, well-known to the graduates of the University of Toronto, in conversation with a professor of theology, said: "The physicist and chemist have come to the standpoint where they recognize that the elements with which chemistry and physics deal are psychological."

The scientific method is more comprehensive in scope than experimental psychology. It includes the latter. It approaches philosophy in all its branches. Conscious of the right and duty of criticism, the scientific thinker investigates philosophical authority, past and present. He goes to their premises and ascertains whether they are facts or theories.

From the very beginnings of philosophic thought the aim of thinkers has been to discover the "ultimate" in the universe in some great all-comprehending unity. They have built up world-systems either by an attempt at synthesis or by logical deductions from axioms. A good indication of the revolution that has taken place in recent philosophic thought is the fact that the ultimate (or ultimates) is sought by scientific philosophers, by analysis not synthesis. Investigation consists in breaking up a unity not in constructing one. The unity is the thing that presents itself. The elements of consciousness and the laws that govern their combinations are to be discovered. They are the ultimates to the scientific thinker just as the ultimates of the unity water are, to the chemist, hydrogen and oxygen. Spinoza sought to construct a world system which was already built. Plato, Spinoza, and Kant talked of an unknowable deity, who was already expressing Himself in every phase of nature.

The student reads Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" and is impressed by its grandeur. He who has adopted the scientific standpoint, however, goes straight to Kant's logical premises. Granted certain premises, almost anything can be proved. Kant's system can be nothing but a theory because his major premise, "the synthetic activity" behind nature and the soul is assumed, and the "categorical imperative" of his ethics is deduced from this synthetic activity. Most men may be conscious of a categorical imperative in their moral experience. It is a fact, however, not a logical conclusion from a major premise, of which Kant fails to prove the need.

Spinoza's world-philosophy is magnificent, but he, too, deduces his system logically from certain axioms, the chief of which is Plato's idea of substance. In this Spinoza assumes an entity in substance where it is nothing more than a category. On the basis of his premises his system crumbles, because they are found lacking in fact. Many of Spinoza's conclusions are accepted, but it is because factual bases crept in in defiance of his premises.

These two writers are used as examples. Much truth and virtue are to be found in fundamentally faulty idealistic and materialistic writings of the past. But at heart both materialists and idealists are one, because both are looking for sources of consciousness, when consciousness is all in all. Many scientific psychologists have become convinced that they do not need to assume an entity behind consciousness. The content and laws of consciousness satisfy their most reverend convictions concerning

the soul. These men do not necessarily repudiate what is theoretical; they have theories of their own. What they demand is to know what is theory and what is fact, and to determine for themselves whether these theories are tenable or not.

Those who fear the destructive tendencies of the scientific method are ever ready to wield the weapon of science against itself. They claim that science is always moving to new ground. They point out that the atomic theory of matter gives place to the vortex theory, and that therefore science is no criterion of truth. Science, however, does not assume its theories to be infallible, but it claims its method to be infallible. The scientist is merely true to his method. Hence he is always on a safe foundation. This is what thinking people want to-day, a safe foundation for their convictions. Arbitary authority is passing, and the authority of merit is taking its place. True, the scientific philosopher and theologian experience the destruction of many even cherished convictions, but many of them find constructive material sufficient for their most aspiring dreams and they find them in facts.

The scientific thinker approaches theology and all religious matters. Why? Why should scientific psychology busy itself with what pertains to religion? The scientist answers that religion has always been and is one of the most potent facts in life. Here then are phenomena—religious phenomena. They can no more be ignored than the phenomena of colour. As such they are either normal or abnormal. It is the work of science to find this out. Again, the scientist claims this right and is conscious of this duty.

Just as thinkers before the emancipation of physics and chemistry and later of psychology, resisted the trtiumphant progress of the scientific method, so is the "Traditional" church impotently resisting the onward march of the scientific method as applied to religious thought. The "higher critic" is the scientific theologian. He has found that the scientific method is the touchstone of truth. What opposes it must ultimately be relegated to the scrap heap. With sympathy but severity he searches literature and reveals the Bible, with its insignificant man-made errors and its world-principles of sincerity and truth, by which the civilized portion of the world is in large measure governed to-day.

By calling an error an error, he is able to re-establish the faith of the young student, whose belief in the Bible has been shaken. The Laws, the Prophets, the Psalms, and the Gospel are none the less potent because certain portions of the Bible are metaphysical guess-work, Their merit is found within themselves, not in the theory with which one approaches them.

It seems clear, then, from this brief review, that modern German philosophy has directed its activities to far other fields than that of war. It has devoted itself chiefly to method, investigation, comparison, criticism.

In their relation to religion, the people of Germany are divided into three main groups, Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialists.

The Conservative camp represents orthodoxy. They believe in the Bible as a product of revelation. They would be classed as traditionalists in this country, because they hold firmly to the doctrines handed down to them from the venerable past. To this group the orthodox wing of the State Church belongs and it is still strong. In many ways this wing is similar to the State Church of England. Included in this group and devoted to it are the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Bernhardi, and the landlords of Germany. There is an element of paradox almost humorous in the fact that most of the non-conformists of Germany, including such bodies as the Baptists and the Salvation Army, are in the

same boat with the Kaiser and his State Church in regard to theology. Those faithful to Rome are also of the Conservative camp.

The Liberal camp includes, generally speaking, the scientific psychologists and historical critics. They are heterodox. They look on the Bible as a product of the evolution of religion in man. The Radicals are also included in this group. This latter sub-group are distinguished among other things for their denial of the historicity of Christ.

The Socialists are anti-Christian.

In what measure have any of these bodies or all of them been contributing causes of the present war? What is the evidence, for and against? Those who have made this charge have failed to produce any current theological or higher-critical literature of Germany that has any direct teaching whatsoever in advocacy of military aggression. Has not their contribution, however, been indirect, through the effects of Christ being shorn of His divinity and the Bible of its supernatural element? With this divine authority removed, has not the moral tone of the nation been lowered, thus giving headway to militarism? Let it be granted that the faith of many of the Germans in the religion of the Bible has been shaken. What then? Liberalism has belonged to the peace party of Germany, so much indeed that the Conservatives are now trying to rouse public opinion against them by accusing them of having been pacifists. It is well known that Socialist principles have been consistently for peace. If there is any reason for accusation in this regard, it must be directed against the Conservative wing, that is the orthodox church, to which the Kaiser and the bulk of the non-conformists belong. To attribute the cause of the war to Liberal tendencies in German thought, therefore, is absurd. It is true also that Liberalism penetrates far into the religious life of Germany. The Crown Prince recently resigned from the eldership of his congregation, because it was developing Liberal tendencies.

Modern theological tendencies have had nothing to do with the war. If all had been Liberals, the war would not have been prevented. If all had been Conservatives, this would not have prevented the war. The war was the product of the military caste of Prussia, something by itself and apart. All Germans are fighting, not for this caste, but for the Fatherland, upon which the crisis has been precipitated by the militaristic element. Germany's sixty-five million men, women, and children cannot be held responsible for the crimes of a few ambitious autocrats, a few writers on military matters, who are at the same time the advocates of the right of force, and a camp of hardened Prussian soldiers. They are not active advocates of Bernhardi's militaristic doctrines. One might just as well say that the masses of Canadian people are active advocates of T. H. Green, or any other modern British theorist. Only a few Germans are familiar with Bernhardi's works, as only a few Canadian students are acquainted with Green. The notion is absurd and the facts of the case give it the lie. The German masses are occupied in raising families, just as are the masses of the British Empire.

It is true that the Radical branch of the higher-critical school appears to have blundered, by overstepping the mark. Their theory that doubts the historicity of Christ appears as wild a speculation to the moderate Liberal critic as to the Conservative believer. Professor Wernle, who is a representative Liberal (as distinct from Radical) says: "That Jesus regarded himself as an object of worship must be doubted; that He ascribed any meritorious atonement to His death is altogether improbable." While such a statement is extreme, it is as far as the representative Liberals go. The Christ of their theology is revered as "the personifica-

tion of faith in God, brotherly love, faith in immortality, and subject in everything to the limitations of mankind, a pure, holy life clothed in the garment of an Oriental peasant, two thousand years ago."

How far they are then from Neitzche's standpoint! "The Christian religion," says Nietzche, "with its slave morality, is above all other, life's fiercest enemy. Christianity counteracts natural selection. It is the greatest of all conceivable corruptions, the one immortal blemish of mankind." This language, which is condemned by its own extravagance, is as much an insult to the Christian church in Germany, both Conservative and Liberal, as it is to the Christian church in Canada.

The conclusions of even some scientific thinkers may be a crime against the best interests of humanity. The method of science, however, cannot be anything but a blessing. The error of many Conservative defenders of the Faith is that they select certain conclusions of Radicals and proclaim them to be representative of the results of historical criticism. This is not fair. The natural result of historical criticism is not irreligion. If it were so, so much the worse would it be for religion. Historical criticism has proved a bulwark of religion to many honest doubters.

The militaristic doctrines of the Kaiser's war-philosophers are self-condemned by Prussia's political and social attitude to-day. Outside Germany, philosophers passed by Nietzche, Treitchke, and Bernhardi; these men had nothing to give the world. The gift of Germany is method, and the gospel of the right and duty of criticism. Modern psychology stands for investigation. It appeals to facts as opposed to logical premises. It shows from the facts that the conclusion is right. It assumes no premises. It does not start with a theory and try to make the facts fit into it. This attitude has spread through all philosophic and religious thought. It is rendering psychology a future panacea for moral, mental, and physical ills. It is giving the faithful solid intellectual grounds for their religious life and is eliminating apostasy, though often at the expense of theological dogmas and metaphysical idealism. The scientific approach to all life's sentient and subliminal activities advances in the extension of truth.

The world was formerly frank in its admiration of German enterprise. Is the world admitting then that it has been a poor deluded fool? No! At least, it will not when a pardonable prejudice against a political enemy will have been removed after the close of the war. Germany's industrial organization will be admired as it has been in the past. Its masters of music will continue to be the Mecca of the English-speaking student. Its scientific method of research will still extend its lines over the world. In this way the nations' former judgment of Germany's true greatness will be justified. Meanwhile, the nuisance of militarism will have passed away. For its destruction Canada is in arms.

From the Painting by Homer Watson
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

THE WOOD
LOT

FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

V.—AMBROISE LEPINE; RIEL'S LIEUTENANT

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

TOWARDS the close of the year 1876 there is said to have been released from a Manitoba jail a man by this name, a prison-whitened French-Canadian who had been at one time hailed as patriot, as a high officer in an organization which was to right all the wrongs of a great territory and establish an era of "right" in a land greater in extent than many Englands and potentially wealthier than the land of Indus. There, it is said, was no demonstration as he was let loose at the gates of the jail. A few of his compatriots who had longer memories and better hearts than others, met him, shook his hand and led him back to what was left of his old haunts. The world which he had hoped, in company with others, to set right and from which he might, he thought, have wrung high honours, had in the meantime gone round as quietly as ever, had righted the wrongs, or most of them, that he and Riel had had in mind to right, and had shown how completely it could do without either, without, I suppose, any men for the matter of that. Thus returned Ambroise Lepine, one-time adjutant-general of the "Republic" of Louis Riel, of Fort Garry, tool of that unhappy agitator, and executioner of Thomas Scott, more than seven years before, outside the walls of the trading-fort on the Red River. His death sentence had been commuted by the Governor-General, the Earl of Dufferin, to two years' imprisonment and permanent forfeiture of his political rights. He still lives, obscurely, in the town of Forget, Saskatchewan.

Ambroise Lepine's trial in the court of the Queen's Bench in Winnipeg, before Chief Justice Wood, stands as one of the important trials in the history of jurisprudence in Canada. It was important in the politics of the time, but it was still more important as a difficult piece of legal administration. Few judges have had more delicate cases to deal with. It was not a mere matter of establishing the facts of a crime. It was not only a matter of determining whether or not the conditions under which the act was committed made the execution of Scott an act of government or an act of a rebel. The task of the court was made even more exacting by the necessity of discerning between truth and untruth, and clearing from its mind prejudices which the all-too-recent cessation of rebel activities must have created. Public opinion in Canada was still inflamed by the memory of Scott's murder. Constituencies in Upper and Lower Canada were hotly divided concerning the events of 1869 and 1870. In such circumstances it was not easy to preserve even the air of a court from the taint of popular feeling.

Ambroise Lepine was tried in October of 1874. The charge was high treason. The specific act was the murder of Thomas Scott. Canadians still

remember that revolting story. Scott, on the banks of the Red River during the time of Riel's first rebellion, had incurred the displeasure of the rebel leader. First, when a conflict was imminent between rebels and local loyalists, Scott had offended by bearing a message to Riel, asking that special provision be made to screen the women and children from harm during whatever hostilities might ensue. Riel had imprisoned Scott, and Scott had escaped. Then, with a number of loyalists from a nearby settlement, Scott had joined in a demonstration against the so-called rebel government, and had thereby been partially instrumental in securing the liberation of Riel's prisoners. Then, about the end of February in 1869, Scott was arrested, placed in irons, tried before a court which took all its evidence in French, and shot, in brutal and bungling fashion, the next day, March 4th. Lepine, it was alleged, had been presiding judge at the so-called trial of Scott. Lepine had directed the forming of the firing squad, and had dropped the white handkerchief which liberated the bullets of his half-breed soldiers. This was the act on which he was arraigned. Later on, with the fall of Riel, he fled, but was soon in captivity himself.

He was a haggard man, if all accounts of those who saw him in the dock on that first day are true. The fires lighted by a sense of wrong, real or fancied, and by Riel's oratory, had long since died down. The things he, at Riel's direction, had striven to secure for the country had now been granted—but without the recognition of either men as factors in the change. In the cold and gray light of a passionless aftermath the law had gathered him in, and the mills of justice were about to try the wheat from the chaff in the evidence which should be adduced, for or against him.

Chief Justice Wood was, we learn, one of the most respected of Canadian judges, a man fully conscious of the delicacy of his task. He took his seat upon the bench with gravity and dignity, and, after bowing to counsel, right and left, composed himself to listen to the cases they should present. For the Crown appeared F. E. Cornish, assisted by Stewart Macdonald. For Lepine appeared J. A. Chapleau, then a young French-Canadian barrister practising in Montreal (afterward Secretary of State in 1885 when Riel was executed), and Joseph Royal. Chapleau had come all the way from Montreal to defend Lepine. By his achievement in this case he stood to gain or lose in reputation as a lawyer. In the dock sat Lepine, a quiet, almost dull figure, twisting his fingers—he that had once exercised the power of life and death and borne the puppet title of "Adjutant-General."

There was the delay in selecting a jury. The defence challenged sixteen of the talesmen, and the Crown four. Of those that finally were selected about seven, it would appear by their names, were Englishmen; the others French-Canadians. They were seated. Cornish, for the Crown, made an address summing up the case the Crown would seek to make out. There were, he said, twenty-seven witnesses to be called for the Crown, and seven, he believed, for the defence. Among the names of witnesses on both sides were those of leading men in the young community. The audience leaned forward to hear the first witness, Duncan Nolen, formerly secretary to Lepine under the Riel organization. He identified the prisoner, as did also one Newcombe. They were not called upon to give lengthy testimony at that stage of the proceedings. The court finished it first sitting late on the night of the 14th of October.

The next day the Reverend George Young was put on the stand and endured a four-hour examination. He was the man who had visited Scott after his arrest, had tried to secure his release or at all events respite

from Riel's fatal intention, and who had been with Scott as his spiritual adviser up to the time when the squad fired. He was a strong witness for the Crown, and the defence spent many minutes trying to break down his testimony. It was Chapleau's hope that he might draw from Young an admission that Riel's Government had really been recognized by Young and the other colonists as the Government of the country. He laboured long and hard to force the admission from the clergyman, but instead of gaining what would have seemed to soften Lepine's crime, by making it appear an act of a recognized Government, it brought out, in one final, tense statement:

"No, sir. We did not look upon Riel's organization as a government; we looked upon it as mob rule—banditti!"

This was the first opportunity the andience had had to show its animus against Lepine, and the memory of Riel. It is recorded in the despatches sent to *The Globe* (Toronto) at the time that the applause was so great that the judge administered a "withering rebuke" and ordered the sheriff to bring the chief offenders before him in his private chambers after the sitting.

After Young came William Chambers, a distinguished spectator of the execution of Scott. He had seen Lepine, known as "the Adjutant-General," in command of the firing party which led Scott out. Lepine had dropped the white handkerchief, the signal for the volley. He had seen one of the squad shoot the prostrate man, after the volley, in order "to put him out of his misery." He had heard Scott shout as he fell, "Oh, my God! I am shot!" He had seen Riel, O'Donohue, and Lepine all present at the execution.

After him came Alexander Murray, who had seen Scott "shamefully treated" while a prisoner; then Augustis Parisienne, who had been one of the firing squad, but had knocked the cap off his gun rather than shoot; and then, as a climax to that day's proceedings, Duncan Nolen again, he that had identified Lepine as the man to whom he had once been secretary.

"What were your relations with Lepine?" asked the Crown, as he took his place on the stand.

"I was his private secretary."

"What did that mean?"

"I had to attend the council with him, and I kept account of the stores."

"Who else attended the council?"

"The captains and Riel."

The witness then went on to relate the facts as to the trial of Scott: how Captains Jarsliene, Richot, Andre Nault, Elsaer Goulot, Legeumonier, Baptiste Lepine, and Joseph Delorme were present. There were three witnesses against Scott: Riel, an Irishman named Edward Turner, and Delorme. Everything was done in French. Richot moved, seconded by Nault, that Scott be shot. All but Legeumonier and Baptiste Lepine concurred in the motion. The former moved for exile. Baptiste Lepine voted against shooting the prisoner. The other Lepine—now prisoner—had announced that the decision was to shoot Scott and that the sentence would be carried out at noon the next day. Yes, Lepine had announced the decision.

Lepine, in the prisoner's dock, seemed unaffected.

Bishop McLean (Anglican) was then called, and admitted that he and Mr. Smith (the late Lord Stratheona) had yielded entirely to the existing distress at that time. This was emphasized and enlarged upon by the defence to show that Lepine's act was really the act of a recognized government. Then followed a half-breed witness, whose testimony was highly contradictory and apparently discounted by the court. Father Richot, who had been a delegate to the Government of Sir John Macdonald at Ottawa, told of his unsuccessful mission there and of various small dealings

he had had with Riel's government, so-called. The defence had made small headway, and at this point, in the afternoon of the twenty-first of October it "broke down," according to the newspaper despatches of the time, and had to ask for a day's adjournment. Meantime Senator Sutherland testified, on behalf of the Crown, that the recognition of the Riel government might have been given, but if so it was owing to sheer force of arms.

On the twenty-second the defence played its last card: Archbishop Taché, who had known Riel as a child and had, in fact, been instrumental in having him educated, who had been a mediator between Ottawa and the rebels in the first uprising, was now brought into the court-room on a stretcher to testify that the Hudson's Bay Company had gone so far toward recognizing the Government of Riel and Lepine as to enter into negotiations for a loan. He produced the document purporting to be an agreement between the Governor of the company, MacTavish, and the Provisional Government of Manitoba. The examination of the Archbishop was short. He was the last witness and the last hope of the defence. He was not even cross-examined. The court adjourned early in the afternoon, assembling again the next morning only to hear the addresses of counsel and the judge's charge to the jury. The addresses of the lawyers occupied one whole day, and that of the judge to the jury, another. Chief Justice Wood's effort was regarded at the time as masterly. It was lucid and comprehensive. It dealt fearlessly with the political bearing of the case and warned the jurors to leave politics out of their thoughts. He referred to Riel's organization as "that thing called a provisional government." It had been, he said, "kept together by powder, shot, and guns." The evidence was conclusively against the prisoner.

The jury left the room at four o'clock and at eight returned with a verdict of "Guilty. With a recommendation to mercy." His Lordship expressed satisfaction with the verdict, and in matter of fact tone advised the jurymen to apply for extra pay on account of the length of the session—practically two weeks. Lepine was sentenced to be hanged on the 29th of ~~February~~ MAY in the following year, and no doubt would have paid that penalty had the Earl of Dufferin not exercised the right to extend the royal clemency, without the advice of his Ministers. Lepine was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and the loss for life of his political rights.

The trial of Lepine brought out the horrible facts relating to the death of Scott, and it threw light upon the pitiful but tragic efforts of incompetent Riel to establish a government.

Editor's Note.—In the article on the trial of the murderer of D'Arcy McGee, Mr. Blue makes the statement that Whalen's execution was the last of a public character in Canada. It appears, however, that it was not quite the last, for Mr. D. McDonald, of Goderich, calls our attention to the fact that the doubtful distinction belongs to one Nicholas Melady, who was hanged publicly at Goderich on December 7th, 1869, a few months later than the date of Whelan's hanging. Mr. Blue had no wish to shift the honour, for he was relying merely on the precise statement in McMullen's history, and if he erred he erred in good company.

Another reader of Mr. Blue's article has found fault with the references to the late James O'Reilly, Q.C., who conducted the prosecution of Whelan, and who is described as "a young and comparatively unknown Ottawa barrister . . . and an inexperienced one at that." In view of the array of legal talent for the defence, we had read these references to Mr. O'Reilly as if they were intended to emphasize the credit due to him. But we shall let Mr. Blue defend his own statements:

"I am free to confess that when I undertook the article, I had never heard of Mr. O'Reilly, but that fact only made me the more anxious to learn something about him. I searched all the standard books of reference dealing with well-known Canadians,

without finding even mention of his name, and I inquired of several Ottawa 'old-timers' concerning him, with no better success. Your correspondent says I should have consulted Davin's 'Irishmen in Canada.' As a matter of fact, I did so, though only cursorily. I find, on looking up that work again, that there is a sketch of Mr. O'Reilly, which, had I noticed it, would have prevented me from describing him as inexperienced, but it is buried in a sketch of his father, Peter O'Reilly, and so escaped my observation. But it is the fact, nevertheless, that Mr. O'Reilly's retention as the sole counsel for the Crown in the Whelan case exerted, as I stated, some surprise. In the Ottawa "Times," the leading Ottawa paper of that period, there were somewhat strong comments upon the comparative strength of the counsel retained for the defence as against that of counsel for the Crown, and in the Montreal 'Gazette' I found this statement respecting Mr. O'Reilly: 'One correspondent described him as almost unknown.' Moreover, J. Hilliard Cameron, in opening his speech for the defence, paid a tribute to Mr. O'Reilly, remarking that 'though a young member of the Bar, he had shown great efficiency in his conduct of the case.' With such contemporary evidence before me, I thought I was justified in commenting upon his 'comparative' inexperience, particularly as I could find no proof that he enjoyed the standing and repute credited to lawyers like J. Hilliard Cameron and M. C. Cameron. Otherwise, I cannot understand why his retention as counsel for the Crown should have excited the comment it did. In any case, I think I did full justice to Mr. O'Reilly in his conduct of the case.

"In his anxiety to find fault, your correspondent has—probably through loose phraseology—misinterpreted my statement as to 'a member of the Ontario Government having offered a reward for his (Whelan's) arrest.' The member of the Government referred to was not J. Hilliard Cameron, but M. C. Cameron, his associate in the defence. Thus, in the Ottawa 'Times' the statement is made: 'There was a certain amount of wonderment expressed at the success of Mr. John O'Farrel in securing three leading members of the Ontario Bar for the defence, one of them being also a member of the Government'; while in the description of the trial in the same paper the comment is made: 'On the second day there was a burst of applause when Mr. O'Reilly referred to the fact of the Honourable M. C. Cameron signing the proclamation offering a reward for the apprehension of the murderer or murderers of McGee on behalf of the Province of Ontario.'

"That is my defence, and while it may not be altogether a vindication, I hope it will satisfy your correspondent that I was not without good authority in making the statements which he has so brusquely challenged.

"With reference to the other point that I should have referred to the two appeals in Whelan's case, I may say I was quite cognizant of these proceedings, but they raised legal or technical points which I did not think would add to the interest of the case. In this respect I followed the good example of Dr. Colquhoun, who in the McLeod article confined his attention to the trial proceedings and refrained from dealing with the other stages of the cause.

"To my mind, the 'Famous Trials' series would lose much of their human interest if they were to be turned into legal records."

The next article in this series is by John Lewis, author of "George Brown," in The Makers of Canada series, who gives a vivid account of the famous trial and acquittal of George Brown on a charge of contempt of court following the publication of an article berating Mr. Justice Wilson.

THE LOST PASTURE LOT

BY BIRDSALL JACKSON

FULL of sunshine was the June morning when Uncle 'Bijah Thompson drove slowly homeward in his rickety old calash-top wagon. Charley, the iron-gray, shambled on in front, drawing the vehicle just fast enough to keep it ahead of the cloud of dust they were raising. He had long since learned that this was the only condition set upon his progress and rolled along in his usual overfed complacency. When they drew up at the barn, he heaved a deep sigh of relief and rattled the harness with a vigorous shake, expressive, doubtless, of his hope that some day it might come to pieces and fall from him utterly; and Uncle 'Bijah rose slowly, lowered his lanky frame to the ground, straightened it and began to unharness, whistling and chuckling softly to himself.

"Goodness gracious! 'Bijah—Why couldn't you have stopped at the house first and told me about it and unhitched afterwards? You are the provokingest man I ever lived with."

Aunt Mary, with a blue and white checked apron thrown over her head, was coming toward him with eager steps.

"Didn't know you had lived with any other man," said he, turning away from her to lead the horse into his stall.

She stood looking after him patiently, almost pathetically. Forty years of household care had stamped the crowfeet at the corners of her eyes and set the dark circles beneath them, forty years of hard labour had given her shoulders the heavy droop typical of the farmer's wife. Her voice trembled with anxiety when she spoke again, as he came out.

"Tell me, 'Bijah, quick. I can't wait any more. I've waited so many years. How did you make out?"

"All right."

"Then it's sold?"

"Yes, contract signed and money enough paid down to make it good."

"And the price, 'Bijah, the price?"

"What we agreed on before I went."

"Forty thousand dollars,"—she spoke in a half whisper, as though scarce comprehending, now that the fact was accomplished, "forty thousand dollars! What will we ever do with all that money?"

"Now ain't that just like a woman? Wishes for something and works for it, and prays for it thirty odd years, and when it does come, 'What'll we ever do with it?' says she. Mary, I'm 'most ashamed of you. We'll do what the rest are doin' with it, the ones we've envied all these years."

"But how did you ever get him to pay that much?"

"Well, I've always been pretty good at a business transaction. You know that. If I hadn't been, that five-thousand dollar mortgage would be right here on this place, as it was when we started."

She looked up at him with silent assent.

"After talkin' with him a few minutes I could see he wanted it bad, so

I asked my price and stuck to it.

"Well, I'm glad it's settled," said Aunt Mary. "But it'll be hard to leave the old home after all, some ways, won't it, 'Bijah? It'll be 'most like losin' one of the family. Think of what we've enjoyed here. I shall always love the place for that, no matter where we go."

"Why don't you look at it the other way?" he remarked quickly. "Why don't you think of what we've suffered here?"

"Well, 'Bijah, if I do, I'm not sure but what I love it just as much for that too."

"I guess the forty thousand will make us whole for all we leave behind," said he.

"Well, 'Bijah," said she, "I'm only sorry David couldn't have known of this. He was always talkin' about fixin' it so's you wouldn't have to work so hard. If this had only happened before David—before David—went."

There was a lowering of her voice toward the end, and a tremor upon the last word, the word she invariably substituted for that which she could never bring herself to utter.

He turned to her and spoke gently, even soothingly.

"He was just as anxious about you. And whatever else comes out of this for us, you shall never work so hard again as you have here, Mary, never again. I'll start in a day or so to look up a place for us to move to and we'll go right away."

And with hearts filled with joy, the old couple passed through the low doorway into the kitchen and thence into the sitting-room beyond.

Many were their plans for the future; the purchase of some small homestead nearby with sufficient acreage to keep the old man busy, yet not enough to be a care to him; a house more comfortable and convenient than she had been used to; and, mayhap, some of the trips about the country.

" 'Bijah," said Aunt Mary as he came in one afternoon several weeks later, "I thought you were goin' to look up a place. We'll have to go right off, now that the deed has been passed."

"I know it, Mary, but Mr. Hilton said we needn't hurry and I wanted to get our stock sold first. It's mighty exhaustin' work to sell like stock if you care somethin' about 'em and want to make sure they'll all have good homes. When they come after ole Whitenose this mornin' and led her away, and Charley stuck his head out of his stall and looked around at all the other empty ones and then at me, as much as to say, 'This is a nice fix you're leavin' me in, here alone,' I don't think I ever felt so tired in my whole life."

"You do look played out, 'Bijah, and it's been hard for you, I know. But we're sure it's all for the best, and the thought of it will soon wear off after we leave. I think we'd better move as soon as we can find a place."

"Yes," said he, "so do I. I'll start right out to-morrow."

Through some unknown agency, possibly that of the Gipsom girls, who had now been girls about thirty-five years, and who conducted privately a very reliable information bureau, it became known that Uncle 'Bijah and Aunt Mary would buy a place, if one could be found to suit them. After that, it was not through lack of neighbourly advice that the purchase was not made forthwith.

On several occasions, upon receiving reports of an especially encouraging tenor, they set out together, eager in their quest and flushed with hope. But they were continually disappointed, and the summer waned away without any decisive action.

Others came to gather the crops Uncle 'Bijah had planted, whereat the patriarch, his round of accustomed duty steadily contracting, and for want of something better to do, went out to watch them at work. Nor could he forbear telling them how the harvest should be managed to best advantage

"Who'd ever thought," said he, "Who'd ever thought, Mary, that we'd live to see our place run over like this by a pack of numskulls who don't know a wheel-barrow from a mowin' machine? It makes me sweat all over to look at 'em. It tires me more than the work used to."

"Well, then, 'Bijah, stay away from 'em till we go. We'll be sure to find something to suit before long. You know I've been ready and anxious to leave these three months past."

"Not a bit more so than I have," the old man blazed. "You just show me a place that's laid out half-way sensibly for comfort and convenience, like this one, and a house where I won't feel like a cat in a strange garret, and a well of water that comes anywhere near the taste of ours, and see how long I'll stay here."

Then followed several more days of fruitless search, and finally one at the close of which Uncle 'Bijah drove in wearing such an expression of satisfaction that Aunt Mary hurried out the kitchen door to intercept him.

"No, Mary," said he, "I haven't found what we want, but I've done the next best thing. I've got Mr. Hilton's word that we can stay here all winter if we want to. It seems he's goin' to turn the farm into a place where they play this new game, —knock a little ball as far as they can with a club, then walk after it, so's to knock again, so's to walk again. On the way home," he added, "I stopped at the doctor's."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Said I was as sound as a dollar, and good for ten years at least. Only one sign of danger. 'And what's that, doctor?' I asked. 'I don't hardly know how to tell you,' says he. 'You probably know already better than I do. It's your feeling that you ought to come here, or rather, it's whatever is back of that feeling, what I might call the germ of the idea that you need me.' 'Well, doctor,' I says, goin' for my hat, 'if that's all you can find wrong, I've got the germ of an idea that I don't need you at all.'"

"For my part, 'Bijah, I never did think it amounted to anything, any way," was Aunt Mary's comment.

But, late one gray afternoon in November, he went out and walked slowly through the fields, as had been his wont after the crops were gathered and all made snug for the winter. He came back at a shambling half run with one hand at his breast. Aunt Mary saw him, ran out, and helped him in to his chair.

"Why, 'Bijah! What in the world is the matter?" she cried.

"The pasture lot!" he panted: "The pasture lot! It's gone! and the brook! The brook went too!"

He sank back wearily into the chair with closed eyes.

"You know the place, Mary, where I run the fence across the bend of the brook, so's they could go down and drink whenever they wanted to. Old Whitenose was there, just like she used to be. And when I went towards her with my hand out, in a flash, she was gone; and I was walkin' across *on dry land.* And the fence was gone, and nothin' left but one broad, open field."

She stood looking down at him in amazement and solicitude.

"There, there, 'Bijah! Don't go on so! You've run and got yourself overheated, and it's made you light-headed. They've taken down the fence and filled in the bend, I s'pose, in their improvements."

"Improvements!" he sneered. "Improvements! The fools! They've ruined the best pasture lot in the four townships! I'm goin' right off to see Mr. Hilton about it."

"Oh, don't, 'Bijah. Please don't do that. You can't change it any now. You'll only tire yourself all out again for nothin'!"

But, despite Aunt Mary's tearful protests, he rose, dragged himself to the barn, harnessed the old horse, and drove out.

It was nearly dark when he drew rein at the door of the Hilton coun-

try-seat and asked for the proprietor. But when the latter, who was just home from his afternoon on the links, came out and greeted him pleasantly, Uncle 'Bijah sat bent over in the dusk, fumbling at his whip and at a loss how to explain his errand.

"I thought you ought to know," he began finally, "that somebody has taken down the fences and filled in the brook and ruined the pasture lot."

"I do know it—in fact, I ordered it done." Mr. Hilton's voice suggested good-natured raillery.

"Mebbe you didn't know it was the best pasture lot to be found in a day's drive," suggested the patriarch.

"Hadn't a doubt of it," said the other. "And now it's going to be a part of the best golf links to be found in a day's drive, which, to my way of thinking, is a good deal better."

The impatient Charley lurched forward a little just then, and the light streaming from one of the front windows struck full upon Uncle 'Bijah's face.

"Great God! Man, don't look like that!" Mr. Hilton's tone and manner changed completely. "I wouldn't knowingly bring that look into a man's face for anything in this world. And I won't have my pleasure paid for so dearly as that by anybody. I'd rather lose ten times the few thousands I've spent on your farm than to have you feel so badly about what I'm doing with it. I insist on transferring it back to you immediately."

The old man's lank form straightened up in the seat as though a bullet had struck him.

"Not if you offered me twice what you paid for it to take it again. You don't know 'Bijah Thompson. I asked my price, didn't I? And you paid every cent I asked. I never took water on a business deal in my life, nor went into one without lookin' on all sides of it. I know I've had spells of feelin' tired lately, but there ain't anything the matter with me. And if there was could ownin' a few acres of land more or less make me worse or better? No, Mary and I have acted for the best in this. It's just what we planned and agreed on. Why, Mr. Hilton, Mary and I have *prayed* for this over thirty years. And now we've got the chance, do you think I could ever look her in the face again and tell her I hadn't been man enough to stand by her in it? All the same," he concluded, "it's good of you to offer it, and I'm glad to know that dealin' in stocks don't keep a man from bein' a gentleman."

"Nor does farming," reciprocated Mr. Hilton smilingly.

Whereupon they shook hands, and Uncle 'Bijah drove homeward. Aunt Mary awaited him at the barn, helped him from the wagon, half-carried him to the house, and, with much difficulty, succeeded in getting him upstairs to bed.

But finally, one bright, keen December morning, as Aunt Mary sat at her little sewing-table in the sitting-room, she was astonished to hear steps in the stair-hall adjoining, and, before she could rise, the door opened, and Uncle 'Bijah stood before her, fully dressed, and as erect as in his prime. She was still more astonished when he walked with strong, firm step to his chair by the window.

"Why, 'Bijah! I never was so taken back in my life. I'm afraid this'll be too much for you. I wouldn't have believed you had strength enough to get half way here."

"Well, Mary, I didn't feel as if I could at first, but you see I *had* to come. Why, I couldn't see down towards the orchard at all from the bed-room window. But I'm better, now I've got here. And stronger, yes, a good deal stronger. Only this pain gnaws me some here, in the side. But I'm gettin' used to that, now. That'll never kill me. Oh, I'm good for ten years yet. Don't you worry about me. And I *had* to get up, so's to see if everything was all right at the orchard. I wish you'd come over, Mary, and run up that shade. Mebbe I've been dreamin' up there, but for

several days I've been hearin' a sound kinder dull and heavy, like clods fallin' onto something down in the ground. And this mornin' it was stranger and worse, more like something, or mebbe, *somebody bein' struck by an axe.*"

Aunt Mary laid the white kerchief she was hemming upon the sewing-table, crossed the room to the window, and raised the shade. At the first glance, the old man's hand went to his breast, and his whole body seemed to droop and shrivel before her.

"Oh, Mary! They're gone! The ones we set out first! All we planted before Davy was born! Don't you remember how he used to laugh and hold up his fat little arms to the blossoms? And how he cried one day, and ran and struck one of the trees with his fist, ' 'Tause you fwowed 'at apple down onto my papa's nose,' says he? That was Davy every time, lookin' out for his daddy."

"Oh, don't, 'Bijah! Please don't! I can not stand it!"

But he heard not, or heeded not. "And now they're cuttin' the ones he and I set out together. 'For your use, father, in your old age,' says he. 'No, for yours, when you marry and start out,' says I, and argued with him, not knowin' he was right."

" 'Bijah! Stop! Look here! Look at me!"

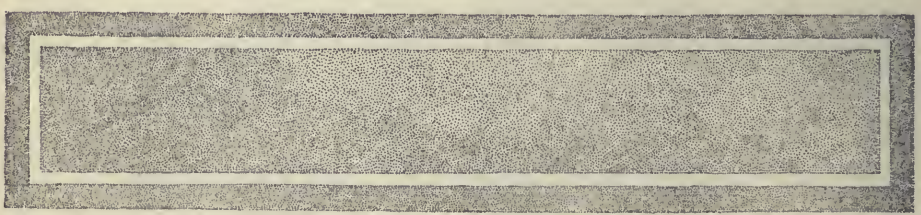
But the old man could see naught else but one thing. He had half risen from his chair, with one hand on the arm, and with the other plucking alternately at his beard and breast.

"But the old tree between! They've left that! That's the one his little swing used to hang from. Put it there myself, so's I could watch him from the corn-lot. Back and forth, back and forth, he used to go, in the shade and out again, like a shuttle. See! they're goin' right past it. They won't touch that one! They wouldn't dare!"

His voice fell to a whisper, a tense incisive whisper, that pierced the stillness of the room like a dagger.

"Why, if they tried to cut that one, Davy'd *come back* and stop 'em. Oh, Mary! Look!" He pointed with one trembling hand. "Look! They've turned towards it again! And *he* is there *now!* And they're swingin' for him with their axes! O my God!"

On the third day thereafter, the astute Charley, neighing his protest against hunger and neglect, drew to his aid one of Mr. Hilton's workmen, whose curiosity led him thence to the farmhouse. He went in at the kitchen entrance, crossed the room softly and swung wide the inner door. At one side of the sitting-room, an old woman with bright eyes and shrunken features was swaying to and fro in her chair, droning weirdly as though to a child held in her arms, while at the other side, the motionless figure of the old patriarch sat by the window and stared out with stony eyes.



THE FEAR

BY HILDA RIDLEY

MRS. SHARPE stood in her husband's study, surveying the letters piled upon his desk. Her sensitive face wore the watchful, almost fearful look of some shy animal of the wood. Small and slight, with her delicate pointed ears, her gray eyes, darkened by the dilated pupils, and soft silky brown hair, so fine that it would slip out of the "bun" in which she tried to confine it, she did indeed seem poised for all the chimeras of the time. The study in which she stood wore a somewhat ecclesiastical aspect and betrayed her husband's calling. He was, in fact, a Presbyterian minister, with a strong philosophic bent. He had been away for a day, but was to return that afternoon; hence, Mrs. Sharpe's tentative visit to his study. Everything was in order. She sorted over the letters again—she had done this twice before—and once more her movement was arrested over an envelope which bore the postmark "Westbrooke." The small, fine writing was unfamiliar to her. Neither she nor her husband had any correspondents in Westbrooke. That was why (or partly why) she knew the letter was from Vivian Merle. Vivian Merle had gone to Westbrooke.

Vivian Merle! About six months ago, she had begun to attend her husband's Monday evening classes in psychology. William Sharpe was a faithful minister, but he was also very much of a philosopher, dreamer and mystic. Having independent means, he was absolved to some extent from the whims of his congregation, and could afford to indulge his own proclivities. To his Monday classes came a few discerning spirits, and many more, drawn by his charm, yet only dimly able to apprehend his teaching. But he taught on, and now and then he was rewarded by the discovery of some select soul. In one of these intervals of discovery came Vivian Merle. The other intervals had been filled in by men. Vivian was a young and beautiful woman.

From the first her mind had seemed to be *en rapport* with William Sharpe's. She understood him, she brought out his point of view, clarifying it even to himself, as he had declared to his wife. It was in the questions which she asked at the close of the discourse, and in the discussions which she set in motion, that she revealed the affinity of her mind to his. Sometimes these discussions would be threshed out to so fine a point that impatient and confused auditors would withdraw, leaving the floor to Vivian and the minister. At such times, the wife, standing on one side, had had bitterly to admit that there were whole tracts of her husband's mind closed to her—tracts which she, with all her love and devotion, could not penetrate.

And afterwards there would sometimes be walks home in the darkness of the winter nights. The girl lived in their direction. She "roomed," she said; but she was always very reserved about her own affairs. Indeed, the discussions left little space for

the personal element. Mrs. Sharpe could see herself on those occasions, a colourless little figure, hovering by the side of the two taller ones. There had been only three of these home walks; but by the time the third one had taken place, Mrs. Sharpe had begun to wonder how far she was left out of the eager discussions, and into what depths of mutual understanding these two were penetrating.

Then had come Vivian Merle's abrupt announcement that she was going away.

"Oh, I don't know for how long," she had replied, in response to their inquiry, "perhaps for years."

The only other information she had vouchsafed was that she was going to Westbrooke.

Nearly three months had passed away since then, and not a word had been heard of her. Mrs. Sharpe had witnessed the unusual eagerness, perhaps "restlessness" which had characterized her husband during Vivian Merle's attendance at his classes decline into a depression quite as unusual. It was only during the last two or three weeks that he had seemed to be recovering something of his old, cheerful serenity, and now, just when she had begun to hope, this disquieting letter had arrived.

Was there always to be the shadow of another woman in the lives of even the most happily married? As Mrs. Sharpe surveyed the letter, a spirit of fierceness came upon her. What right had another woman to thrust herself and her individuality between two so united as she and her husband had been? She thought of the various stories circulating in her own neighbourhood—stories of some of her own friends. Mrs. Bingham had secured a divorce, so had Mrs. Spaulding. There were others. She had felt herself so lifted above this kind of thing until six months ago. What did she know, after all, of her husband—of the innermost workings of his mind? It had remained for Vivian Merle to reveal to her that the man she loved might be partially a stranger to her.

She continued to hover tentatively over the desk. Had she not the rights of a wife to protect? That letter, was it prudent to allow it to pass into her husband's hands, to revive in him the restlessness which had begun to subside? She told herself that it was not. But the other course seemed odious. To take the letter and destroy it, unread, would that solve the problem? No; that would be like the attempt to hit at something in the dark. The craving in her was to know where she stood, with what she had to deal. That letter might reveal to her that her fear in regard to her husband and the girl had been groundless. In that case, well and good. She would then have obtained satisfaction, without arousing his suspicion. Or it might reveal—something else. In any event, she surely had the right, under the circumstances, to judge of its propriety.

Mechanically, and as if impelled by this line of reflection, her hand stretched out and covered the envelope, extracting it from the pile. Then softly she went to her own room.

At three o'clock that afternoon William Sharpe came home. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a slight stoop, but fresh-coloured, in spite of his bookish habits, and with an eye as blue and clear as a child's.

"Ah, it's good to be at home, Mary!" he exclaimed. "Home and rest—they are synonomous terms, I think."

"Have you been worried, dear?" said Mary.

He laughed.

"It would be ungracious to say so, for I've really been unwarrantably spoiled."

Mary smiled. People always petted her husband. There was a kind of child-like spontaneity and irresponsibility about him, which, together with his great personal charm, seemed to invite indulgence. Hitherto she had been pleased and proud

that he should be petted; but now, as he spoke, and even as she smiled, she was aware of a clutch at her heart. Had not the insignificant wife of a charming man something to fear?

"Was the whole family there?" she asked, referring to his visit, which had been to the home of a clerical friend.

"Yes; even the charming daughter from Vassar."

"She, I suppose, is very intellectual."

"Quite; but not to any alarming degree. Are there any letters for me, dear?"

"A pile in your study."

He hurried off to read them, and Mary thought of the one which he would now never see. It was impossible that he should see it. That letter would have opened up a correspondence between her husband and the writer, and she would have had to see him part again from his serenity and become subjected to the stirring influence of Vivian Merle. She had weighed the possible consequences of her abduction of the letter. There was the possibility, of course, that a chance meeting might take place between William and the girl; but in that case—well, letters had been lost before now; and in the meantime, what a check to the girl's proud spirit would be the complete silence on the part of the minister!

It was strange, however, as the days went by, how the image of Vivian Merle persisted in her consciousness. Her act, far from erasing the alien influence, seemed to have inserted it indelibly. She had a superstitious feeling that she had not conquered Vivian Merle, but that, in some strange way, Vivian had conquered her. The very silence of her husband on the subject of the girl, his acceptance of her passing from his life, his relapse into something approaching his old equanimity, seemed, to her morbid consciousness, like a finger of accusation pointed at her by the other woman. "You have him on these terms, but are they the real terms?" she seemed to say. Vivian had indeed revealed to her a side of her husband's nature which she could not fathom. Strange, that while she had been dimly aware of this side before, she had thought it negligible until another woman had shown her how perfectly she could unlock its treasury. And now she had the uneasy security of one who, entrusted with some treasure is aware that an enemy exists who holds the key to it. Had she not by her act recognized Vivian as an enemy? And was she not, holding as she did the key to a part of her treasure, a dangerous enemy, and one who might at any moment slip upon her in the dark and leave her desolate? Nay, how did she know that even now she did not steal in, as a thief in the night, and bereave her more and more of what was hers? If she could have conquered this enemy in the open, or transformed her into a friend, would she not have been less the victim of the fear that in some subtle way her husband's soul eluded hers to communicate with its mate?

And then, one day, she saw Vivian Merle on the street. The girl was alone, and her face, with its beauty of expression and purpose, was turned from Mrs. Sharpe's. The older woman felt a curious thrill. The girl did not look defeated. There was a softness in her face which had been lacking from its somewhat intellectual aloofness. She looked as if she had tasted sorrow and incorporated it into the riches of her inner kingdom. How long had she been in town? Just for a moment she associated her husband's renewed buoyancy with the presence of the girl, and then the health that remained in her flouted the suggestion. She knew so well of late her husband's habits. His ingenuousness might sometimes be a mask, but she felt him to be incapable of such a subterfuge as her morbid fancy had insinuated. She shrank

back in alarm from the havoc which the virus of suspicion was working within her; but from the moment she saw Vivian Merle she was aware that what peace of mind she still possessed must desert her. At any time now, the chance meeting which she had feared might take place. The girl might even come to the church and broach the subject of the unanswered letter. But the weeks passed and she did not see Vivian Merle again. She had begun to hope that she had left the city, when the strange expression of her husband's face, upon his return from a series of calls, at once alarmed her.

"Has anything happened, William?" she asked.

Her lips trembled. She felt instinctively that the hour had come.

"No; nothing, dear," he replied shortly.

"Did you meet any one new and interesting?" she persisted, her mind set upon discovering the secret of his perturbed expression.

"No, no, dear; the same old round, the same old faces."

She could bear the strain no longer. Turning her small, pale face, in which the eyes looked preternaturally large, upon him, she said, endeavouring to speak lightly:

"Well, I did see an old acquaintance upon the street the other day; but she did not appear to see me. Guess who it was."

"Was it Miss Merle?" he said quietly.

"Yes; how did you guess so quickly?"

"Because I met her myself a few minutes ago, and she passed me by as if I were a stranger."

He looked now undisguisedly chagrined.

"Oh, my dear, she couldn't have seen you!"

"My dear Mary, she must have. We were so close to each other that we almost touched in passing."

Mrs. Sharpe paused.

"She's behaving in a very ungracious way, I think," she said after a moment, "after all your goodness to her."

"My goodness! I wasn't aware of any."

"Of course, you wouldn't be; but you took up an obscure girl and tried to make the best of her."

"I gave her no more than she gave me—perhaps not as much. But I confess I am disappointed in her."

He sighed and withdrew into his study, leaving his agitated wife to further cogitations. Why had he hidden from her his encounter with Miss Merle? Of course, the wounding of his masculine *amour propre* might account for this. The least conceited of men—a matter merely of degree—were vulnerable; but to be secretive and ashamed with his own wife! To Mrs. Sharpe, his behaviour seemed the last proof of the hold which Miss Merle had acquired over him. She was thankful now that she had withheld the letter; and the relief which comes from the grasping of something tangible, after groping among shadows, came to her. After all, the worst had happened. The girl and her husband had met. The girl had expressed unmistakable offence. Her husband had been repelled. Surely, the incident was closed.

But on the following Sunday, who should come walking up the aisle of the church, attracting all eyes by her distinction and beauty, but Vivian Merle herself! From her pew, to the right, and slightly to the rear of the one Vivian had selected, Mrs. Sharpe watched her, stunned. There was no tremor in the girl's face. It looked serene and full of quiet resolution. She listened with undivided attention, and with something of her old eagerness of expression, to the sermon. After the service, she waited on one side until the tall, gowned figure of the minister came down the aisle towards her. It was then that the minister's wife slipped like a shadow from the church into the seclusion of her own room.

"Yes," William Sharpe was saying; "Miss Merle is coming to see us to-night. It seems she writes—and she wants some counsel on a rather subtle psychological point in one of her articles."

It was on the following Monday. Mrs. Sharpe had not left her room until late that morning. She was now sitting in a small room off the dining-room, darning stockings, and here her husband had sought her out.

"Had I known," he continued, after a pause, "that you were going to feel like this, we could have arranged for another evening. Do you think you should be up at all this morning, my dear?"

She stole a swift glance at him.

"Don't worry about me," she replied, and her voice had a hard ring. "My staying in bed would make no difference. In any event, my head wouldn't permit of my listening to any literary discussions."

"Is it as bad as all that?"

"What difference would it make, any how? I never took part in the discussions."

"It's true, you always were a little mouse," he replied.

"And you were content that it should be so, were you not?"

"Content, my dear! I did not wish to force your views."

"A mouse is dun-coloured and most insignificant, you know," she continued; "so your simile, or whatever you call it, was most apposite."

He looked startled.

"My dear, you are not at all well," he said. "I can see that."

When he had gone, she dropped her mending. It was inconceivable that Miss Merle should have said nothing about the letter. But if she had not done so, what was the inference? In some way, she must have satisfied herself of the minister's complete ignorance of the existence of the missive, and drawn her own conclusions. But what conclusions? And why had she kept silence? Mary covered her burning face with her hands. Had she, on the other hand, mentioned the letter to the minister? And if so, what conclusions had he drawn? There was no escaping from ignominy. It loomed up now in whatever way she looked.

As the day wore on she felt herself more and more unequal to a meeting with Miss Merle. At about six o'clock she went to her room, resolved to remain there for the rest of the evening. Two hours passed away before her strained attention caught the ring at the front door bell. A moment later she heard Miss Merle's clear voice in the hall and her husband's deeper notes. Presently they grew more subdued, and she knew from the direction in which they came to her that they were in the minister's study.

Five minutes passed away, ten minutes, twenty. Had she really believed herself capable of enduring this mental torture? The voices came to her fitfully now, sometimes on a swell of sound, but never redeemed from an inarticulate buzz. Half an hour passed and then the torture became unbearable. She went to her door, leaning out into the dimly-lighted hall, but still the voices were inarticulate. She glided to the top of the stairs. It was the maid's evening out. There were two doors to the study. The one which was reached by the way of the dining-room was kept locked, the other opened directly into the hall. Why should she not descend her own stairs and enter her own dining-room if she wished to do so? The wild little figure, in the kimona, with the streaming hair, stole down the stairs. Two minutes later, it was crouching against the locked door of the minister's study.

"Yes," the man's voice was saying, "love is the Great Teacher."

"Oh, until it came, I understood nothing—nothing!"

It was the girl's impassioned voice.

There was something more about love, something rapt and exalted in the rich voice of the man; but Mrs.

Sharpe did not hear it. A coldness as of death had come upon her. She turned away from the locked door. Once before she had tasted death. It was when she had buried the hopes for the child, which came indeed, but which went away very soon and very weary from the sheltering of her frail arms.

It was only five minutes later—but she had lost all record of time—that the study door opened, and the voices of the woman and the man became once more articulate. Then rather slow, heavy steps mounted the stairs. Was her husband coming to her? She closed her eyes. She felt as if he were coming to thrust a dagger of despatch into her heart, and that she did not care.

His rap came at the door. She did not reply. He gently opened it and tip-toed into the room.

"Little woman!" he said. "Little woman! How is my little woman now?"

He went to the bedside and knelt down beside it, encircling her with his arms. The touch of the warm, strong arms around her was like the first breath of warmth to the limbs of one who had been frozen, and as full of excruciating pain. She said nothing; she could say nothing just then.

"Miss Merle is gone," he continued, speaking in a low, murmurous tone. "She didn't stay very long, did she? Dear, I'm rather glad she is gone. She is a little too enthusiastic; she tires. On the whole, I am rather glad she is going to return to Westbrooke."

For the first time Mary stirred in his arms.

"You know she is going to be married," he went on," and married to a most unintellectual person — a farmer, whom it seems she has really loved for a number of years, without realizing it. She thought he wasn't intellectual enough, but discovered eventually that what she needed was, not more brain, but something else—something he can give her."

And now Mary spoke.

"Were you talking about that to-night?" she said.

"Yes; most of the time. The literary discussion rather fell through. Oh, and Mary," he spoke slowly, looking away from her across the dimly lighted room, "it seems she wrote me a letter about this very discussion; but it must have gone astray. She was going to tell me this yesterday, but we were interrupted."

Mary shrank back from his arms; but he drew her closer.

"Little woman!" he said gently.

In his voice there was a shade of austerity; but the tenderness was infinite.

She opened her lips to speak, but he closed them with his own.

"Don't speak—it isn't good for you —rest, dearest."

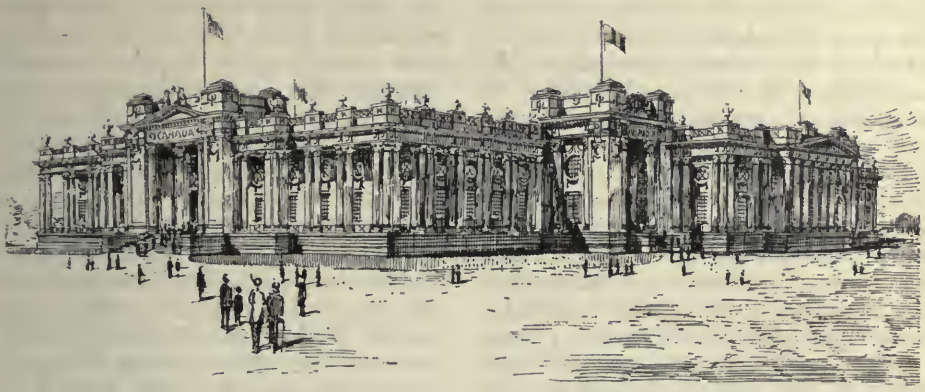
And now she knew that she could rest. In his arms she fell at last into a deep sleep. When she awoke it was daylight. The shadows of the night had departed, and among them the shadow which had for so many months obsessed her.

She knew now that it had been only a chimera.

THE LONELY NORTH

By J. E. H. MacDonald

Contribute to the Canadian Patriotic Fund



THE CANADIAN BUILDING, PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

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CANADA FROM SEA TO SEA

BY HERMAN WHITAKER

AUTHOR OF "THE SETTLER," "CROSS TRAILS," "THE PROBATIONER," AND OTHER CANADIAN TALES

WHILE still unaware of its nationality, I had already seen the Canadian Building at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and picked it for one of the finest of the eighty-four structures erected by American States and foreign nations. At the first glance one is struck by the combination of dignity and good taste in its appearance, for both in his composition and by the use of "Travertine" stone effects for columns and outer walls, the architect has brought the building into harmony with the exposition architectural scheme.

With its double rows of fine Corinthian pillars, broad facades, great bronze lions that lie couchant before the doors, its appearance may well cause any Canadian a thrill of pride. It has the additional advantage of facing towards the Golden Gate. Standing under its wide portico, one may see the coast liners from Vancouver and Puget Sound heave slowly in and out.

The big wide doors open into a spacious foyer and through a central arch one looks at once down a wide central aisle, which is lined on both sides with large show windows that contain mineral products. Table cases down the centre hold others whose range seems to cover every known ore and mineral from salt to asbestos, iron to gold. Inspection fills the layman with astonishment at their variety and number, which is not altogether assuaged by the knowledge that in ores and minerals Canada is the richest country in the world. Above the cases, the length of the aisle, coloured transparencies faithfully represent every feature of the processes by which the exhibits are converted into the finished articles of commerce; and between the wonderful pictures of farm life alternate reproductions of the heraldic insignia

of the Provinces, all done in grain and seeds.

On each side of this central aisle, the nave one might call it, run parallel aisles, but before attempting their exploration, it will pay the visitor to step into a circular chamber at the east end of the foyer, where is displayed a panoramic map of the Dominion. For me it has a special interest, for my literary career dates back to an article on "Canada from Sea to Sea," published in an American magazine about fifteen years ago. How I slaved at that article. It was revised and rewritten, planed and polished with all of the ardour and zeal of a beginner in letters. My soul went into it. But standing in front of this great colourful map which lifts one, as it were, a hundred miles in the air and lays out the continental spread of Canada beneath, I realized the pen's narrow limitations. It may never compete with the eye. The Atlantic, icy spread of Labrador, mighty stream of the St. Lawrence leading inland to the network of the great lakes, the boundless prairies, Hudson's Bay reaching far up to the Polar ice, the snow-crowned Rockies running down on their western slopes into the vast blue of the Pacific, it was there to be taken in a sweeping glance that inspires something of the feeling inspired by days and nights of travel in the cars across its vast expanse. That feeling is not for the pen. It comes under the classification of that "incommunicable thrill of things" which Robert Louis Stevenson, the master of prose, describes and laments. The thrill of it was strong upon me when I turned into the western aisle and saw in a wide deep recess something that caused me a sudden pang of homesickness.

The lake in front of my old cabin was always black with waterfowl, and here, vividly recalling it, teal and mallard, wild geese, canvas backs and humble mud-hen, the loon and stately white cranes, a hundred kinds of waterfowl were grouped about a reedy sleugh. Far off in the background a farm house that might have been mine, stood in the midst of golden wheat fields that came running down the painted canvas to real "stukes" that were being rapidly denuded of grain by a flock of prairie chicken. They were stuffed specimens, of course, but the realistic way in which one old cock looked at me over his shoulder, provoked a sudden impulse to let fly a stone at him. I knew very well what he would do—just dodge and keep on dodging like the fool bird he is till a stone found its mark. No doubt prairie chickens have become gun-shy since I stood in my tracks and shot twenty-six of one flock thirty years ago. It was murder. I admit it. But a pioneer settler has no conscience when meat is in question. My mouth still waters at the thought of those chicken-breasts—thick as a young turkey—split and fried in fresh butter.

Further down the aisle the sight of a big elk and huge bull moose recalled my first winter in the north, when their wild forebears used to come out of the forest and feed off my stacks of prairie hay. They were welcome, for the sight of a big moose shambling away over the snow was always sufficient pay for what he took, and once in a while they contributed a haunch of venison to my larder. Close to them, a black buffalo bull grazes at the edge of an imitation prairie. In fact every variety of Canada's big game from the mountain goat to the rare wood bison—of which there are said to be less than two score roaming at large—were skilfully placed in a rugged setting of mountain, lake and woods.

Alongside an enormous yellow pine, a giant female grizzly upreared full eight feet of threatening bulk. On one big paw sat her cub, a little thing not much larger than a three-months-old kitten. It would have proved an easy prey for the lynx that peered down at it from the rocks above. The mountain lion in the background

would have swallowed it at one gulp. From its cousins, the cinnamon, brown and black bears, it might receive mercy, but not from the deep-chested timber wolves, fox and wolverine that sneaked in the foreground. Even the otter and mink peering from among the rocks of a tumbling stream would have made short work of the little thing. But it was comforting to know that it could roll and tumble in its native wilds at will under the protection of that mighty paw. There it was safe from all but the bullet that brought both it and its mighty protector to San Francisco to delight the hearts of thousands upon thousands of little children.

Even more interesting is the beaver pool. In front of a painted background representing woods and lake, a beaver dam with domed houses sticking up above the water crosses a running stream. Among the trees on the bank stuffed beavers are to be seen, felling trees, cutting up sticks, dragging them to the water to haul to their fellows who are building new houses. All this, of course, is merely dumb show for the benefit of human observers; but it appears to be the real thing to the colony of live beavers that live in the pool below. Through the crevices of the dam, they peer with great interest at their silent brethren, and were it not for the overhang of the concrete coping which defeats his persistent efforts, the old king beaver would soon crawl over and transmute his stuffed relatives into real "dead ones."

In default, he takes it out in bossing his own household. At any hour, one or another of his devoted spouses may be seen nibbling through his fur on a still hunt for the water parasites that make life, for beavers, not a round of pleasure-seeking, and at four o'clock every afternoon they form a select and silent assemblage while he performs a solemn function. Crawling out upon a rocky isle in the pool's centre, he uprears on his short hindlegs and looks around, selecting a tree for the colony to fell that night. There are some in the foreground, and the deep woods on the painted canvas behind no doubt appear to his beavership as the real thing. But he cannot reach them. One wishes that the directors would place one for his special benefit on the edge of the pool. But the fact that they won't makes no difference. He continues the performance each evening with the regularity of a vaudevillian in "the continuous."

Above these game exhibits, as in other aisles, coloured transparencies set forth familiar Canadian scenes; stock farms of Quebec and Ontario with prize herds of Durham, Hereford and Poll-Angus cattle; golden wheat fields, orchards, gardens, sawmills and lumber camps, and the massed logs behind the boom in a "river drive"; great lumber sleds, piled tier above tier with tons of logs, the sight smote me with the sudden chill of forest snows and filled my nostrils with the resinous odours of slaughtered pine woods.

One cannot walk the length of the aisle without learning more of Canada than could be learned in a year of steady reading. At its end one passes through groves of coal, finished lumber exhibits, cases of mineral ores, asbestos, *et al,* in all their forms from the crude ore to the finished products, along a cross aisle, which ends in a wonderful panorama of the city and harbour of Vancouver. In the foreground stands the city, its principal buildings faithfully modelled, with its docks, shipping and lovely residential districts running back to a realistically painted canvas which carries the view on to snow-clad mountains in the distance. It is interesting in the extreme and very informative.

Walking on down the western aisle towards the foyer, one turns at right angles into an "L," the upstroke of which brings up in an apple orchard seen across the stretch of green turf. Apple picking is in full blast, and

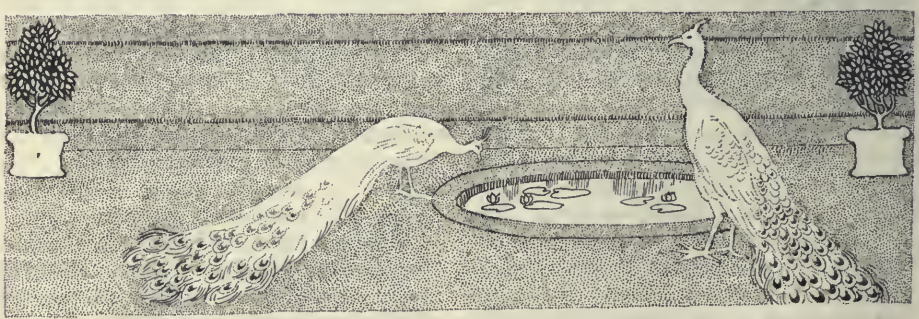
the large glass jars and show cases which line both sides of the "L" display fruits, fresh, canned and preserved, that would do honour to sunny California. It would be quite easy, indeed, for the visitor to imagine that he had made a mistake and wandered into the state exhibit of this land of fruits.

Above the cases in long recesses are placed splendid oil portraits of Canada's rulers and leading statesmen. On one side King Edward the Seventh and Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal respectively flank the portraits of King George and Queen Mary. Opposite them, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Robert Borden and the late Sir John A. Macdonald appear with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

Towards the western aisle, in the longest and deepest recess of all, I came on what, to me at least, was the star view of the exhibit—the prairies, from Winnipeg, running west. The sight sent time whirling backward for thirty years to the morning that the Canadian Pacific express ran out of thick woods that stretch from Rat Portage to Selkirk and I got my first view of the level plains. From the horizon, just as in this panoramic reproduction, they ran out in all directions, so vast, illimitable, that the fast train seemed to crawl like a slug over the level distances. Later we ran into wheat. Wheat, miles of it; seas of it; undulating in long golden billows that ran off and away before the wind over the horizon—again, just as it does in the panorama. In the foreground of the painting a fleet of red elevators such as one sees at Portage la Prairie or Brandon were discharging wheat into a toy freight train. As each car was filled, the train moved up with realistic jerks till the next came under the spouts. Then, just as another train came puffing out from under a distant bridge, it moved off on its long journey to Port Arthur or the east. It was all so real, one could have sworn that one was surveying the real thing from a distance.

Specimens of wheats, grains and other products of the Northwest form part of this exhibit. Others are to be seen in the aisles, sometimes in the form of pictures that reproduce the varied operations of western farm life. And there are other things to be seen, too numerous for recapitulation, the equal of anything here described. Taken in all, Canada's private exhibit is something for all Canadians to be proud of. I can sum it best in a remark made by a New York man to a Californian:

"Say, this makes the best of our state exhibits look like ten cents in a fog!"



THE ROMANY

By LUCY BETTY McRAYE

O, MY Gypsy lover kissed me, but he left me at the morn,
Though he called my mouth a poppy, and my long hair gold as corn;
O, the grass was wet beneath his feet, the dawn blood red above,
The apple-blossoms fell like snow on the new-made grave of love.

And I would I were his shadow,
To follow, follow, follow,
By flowered hill and hollow,
(Where the corn flower buds are azure in the young and tender wheat),
And to follow at his feet.

O, my Gypsy lover wore me like a flower in his coat,
But he left me when the moon was still, a paling pearl, afloat
In the brightening waves of heaven as he kissed away my tears,
My lover with the tawny eyes and the gold rings in his ears.

And I would I were his shadow,
To follow, follow, follow,
By sunny hill and hollow,
(With the wild rose in the hedgerow and the green finch singing sweet),
And to follow at his feet.

O, my Gypsy lover waved his hand and never looked behind,
When he left me for the vagrant road, the buffets of the wind,
The dew-filled chalices of flowers, the summer pools abrim;
And my days are sick with longing and my nights are black for him.

And I would I were his shadow,
To follow, follow, follow,
By darkening hill and hollow,
(When the full moon folds the valleys in a silver winding-sheet),
And to follow at his feet.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

WHILE the Russian armies are converging on the plains of Hungary after months of terrific fighting over the Carpathian passes, the Allies on the western front are straightening their lines and preparing for the general advance. The French are making headway in the direction of Metz, while the British have been driving the enemy out of his trenches and advancing their front. The roads and trenches are drying up, and a big British force has been assembled in the region of the Yser, signs that the hour is approaching for the big and costly drive which the Allies must face if the fight is to be transferred to the enemy's soil. What this means in actual losses may be estimated by the fight at Neuve Chapelle, where the British casualties in the capture of the German trenches amounted to four thousand killed and wounded.

The whole series of actions in which the British have been engaged at St. Eloi and Neuve Chapelle drives home with very striking force the point of Earl Kitchener's recent statement in the House of Lords. Artillery work was the dominant factor in every incident of the operation. To the gunners belongs almost the whole credit for the success at Neuve Chapelle. "Eye-Witness" has described the method of the attack. It began with a bombardment by a great number of guns and howitzers, and the fire was described by the men in the trenches, waiting for the signal to advance, as being "the most tremendous both in point of noise and in actual effect that they had ever heard." The artillery preparations lasted for thirty-five minutes, during which the British troops could show themselves freely and even walk about in perfect safety. Then the signal for the advance was given, and in half an hour almost the whole of the elaborate series of German trenches was carried at a cost which Sir John French described as "not great in proportion to the results achieved." The action at St. Eloi points the same moral of the essential value of effective artillery preparation. It was the effect of "a very heavy bombardment" which enabled the enemy to rush the British trenches. During the night, apparently, the British concentrated sufficient pieces to master the local artillery ascendency of the Germans, for the trenches which the enemy were compelled to evacuate in the morning are described in the French *communiqué* as being "completely broken up by the artillery." Every incident in these actions proves up to the hilt the absolute dependency of infantry upon artillery under modern conditions of warfare. In these actions the British army has used up, in a few hours, by expenditure of ammunition and deterioration of pieces, as much war material as thousands of workmen require days to produce. This must not only be replaced, but stores must be accumulated against the needs of the new armies, if they

are to break through the enemy's entrenchments without appalling sacrifice of life. If we divide the number of our forces at present in the field into the numbers of the new armies, we shall begin to appreciate the gigantic nature of the task of providing munitions, and the reason of Lord Kitchener's grave anxiety about them.

The Russian advance into Hungary is already demoralizing Austria-Hungary, and peace rumours crop up daily. Hungary is a vital point for the Dual Monarchy, for apart from the incentive to revolution which Russian invasion may create, in Hungary are situated some of the most important arsenals and public works. The capture of these would seriously curtail the output of munitions of war and render desperate the military position of Germany's ally. Heavy fighting must take place before Russia is in a position to strike home at the heart of Hungary, but the end may be nearer than the reports seem to indicate.

Italy at time of writing has not yet taken the plunge. All the outward and visible signs point to her entrance at no distant date, but Germany has not yet closed the door against the possibility of an Italo-Austrian settlement. All German and Austrian subjects are leaving Italy, Austrian troops are concentrating on the frontier, and the Italian army is preparing for war, but negotiations are still proceeding.

The German submarine blockade accounts for a weekly toll of vessels, but the effect upon British trade is negligible. Some of the attacks on merchant and passenger vessels have been characterized by the American press as murder, the brutal and callous indifference to life shown by German officers alienating the last vestige of neutral opinion in the United States. Meantime the *Prinz Eitel* and *Kronprinz Wilhelm* are in American ports—the last of the German sea-raiders still afloat in the Atlantic.

A most interesting paper on "The Cost of the War" was read by Mr. Edgar Crammond at the meeting of the Royal Statistical Society recently in London. He estimated that the total loss to Belgium would not be less than £526,500,000. This figure he reached by giving the direct expenditure of the Belgian Government at £36,500,000; destruction of property, £250,000,000; capitalized value of the loss of human life, £40,000,000; and loss of production and other losses, £200,000,000. The total direct and indirect cost of the war up to July 31st next, Mr. Crammond thinks, will amount to £9,147,900,000. This vast sum is apportioned as follows: Belgium, £526,500,000; France, £1,686,400,000; Russia, £1,400,000,000; British Empire, £1,258,000,000; Austria-Hungary, £1,502,000,000; Germany, £2,775,000,000. On the basis of the figures given, Mr. Crammond says that permanent loss of capital of all belligerents might be expected to amount to about £4,000,000,000, and the loss of income about £5,150,000,000. He felt assured that, on the whole, the peoples of the British Empire might face the future, so far as the question of economic exhaustion was concerned, with a feeling of the most profound confidence.

Among the changes which war has brought in its train in Great Britain is the gradual employment of women in positions formerly sacred to the male sex. A sensation in Clubland has been created by the news that at the Athenæum, that most sedate institution, women waitresses have been installed owing to the dearth of male servants created by the war. At present there are only two of these Hebes, but soon there will be more, and other clubs will be obliged to follow this august example.

Britain is following the lead of other countries in the curtailment of the liquor traffic. The King, Lord Kitchener, Mr. Lloyd George, and others have set an example of total abstinence during the continuance of the war. The nations that can fire the most shots are going to win in this war. The manufacture of munitions of war is one of the most vital concern and anything which tends to lower the efficiency of the worker must be sacrificed to the necessities of the cause. Russia and France have already banished absinthe and vodka, and although the liberty of the British subject is not to be lightly set aside, war is war, and individual rights and individual luxuries must not stand in the way of victory.

Switzerland is determined that no German or Austrian troops shall enter Switzerland, if it can possibly be avoided. There is a feeling in Berne that, if the Germans are driven from Belgium, or if Italy joins the Allies. the German General Staff would not hesitate to march an army through Swiss territory. Determined measures are being taken to prevent any such movement, and any Power attacking Swiss neutrality will have a very difficult task. The frontier, where it is open to attack, is cleverly protected by a series of elaborate, if temporary, defences, while where the mountains act as barriers fresh forts have been added to those existing.

If any fresh evidence of the financial stability of the United Kingdom were wanted—which it is not—it would be found in the revenue returns. The original estimates for the year which ends on the 31st of March amounted to £207,000,000. When the war broke out, these estimates had, of course, to be revised. The results have far exceeded anticipations, and Mr. Lloyd George finds himself in possession of a surplus of sixteen million pounds.

Of great historical value is the reply of the Belgian Government to the German charge that, long before August 3rd, Belgium had abandoned her neutrality. This was alleged to be proved by documents discovered in Brussels recording conversations between Belgian and British military authorities. But the Belgian Government shows conclusively that these documents have been garbled before publication. The fact that certain steps were discussed only on the hypothesis that Belgium had been attacked by Germany was suppressed in the German version, and the word "convention" was substituted for "conversation." The Belgian Government also declares, in answer to another German allegation, that "before the declaration of war no French force, even of the smallest size, had entered Belgium."

The forcing of the Dardanelles will entail land and sea operations and a big force has already been landed to assist the fleet in reducing the strongly fortified positions that guard the approach to the Turkish capital. In Turkey the activities of the peace party are most pronounced, but nothing definite has transpired to offer hope of an early submission of the Ottoman Government.

Whatever the material losses of the British nation through the war, she has gained immeasurably in patriotic, moral, and spiritual strength. In ordinary times in the British Isles a good deal of excessive drinking may be put down to boredom. Men and women engaged in exhausting physical labour, and with nothing to occupy or interest their minds, seek solace in beer or spirits. The war has at least furnished them with a real interest in life. To this may be ascribed also the astonishing and gratifying decrease in crime. It is not that all the habitual criminals have joined the army—not many of

them, probably, are physically fit—but that they seem to have been caught up in the great wave of national feeling, jerked out of their old grooves, and compelled, almost in spite of themselves, to take, if only for a time, to honest courses. The cost of law and justice in 1915 will show a sensible diminution on that of previous years. The improvement in morals is by no means confined to the lower ranks of society—all classes are affected by it. The senseless growth of luxury, which has been so marked in recent years, has been sharply set back, and will, it is to be hoped, never blossom again with its former extravagance and nearsightedness.

The second Canadian contingent may be at the front before this sees the light. The Canadian troops are giving a good account of themselves in the firing line and, although the offensively fulsome praise of some newspapers must be deprecated, especially the ridiculous comparisons drawn between British and Canadian troops to the disadvantage of the former, Canada has no reason to regret her part in the Great War. In time perhaps the public conscience will be touched by the contract scandals disclosed at the Parliamentary inquiry, and those responsible made amenable to justice. In the hurry of a war regrettable things happen, but the farmer who tries to sell a spavined horse is as blameworthy as the agent who buys it. The war will not have been in vain if it raises the moral standard in the Dominion and clears out of public life men who corrupt it by battening on the public treasury.

The Library Table

FORTY YEARS IN CANADA

By Colonel S. B. Steele, C.B., M. V.O. (now Major-General Steele). Toronto: McClelland and Goodchild.

WE know of no other book than this that gives so complete and close an acquaintance with conditions in Western Canada during the last forty years. The author has had extraordinary opportunities for experience and observation, and his book is proof that he has not been a mere momentary onlooker. As a young man he went out, in 1870, under Colonel Wolseley, to take part in suppressing the first uprising under Riel. He remained in the West, filled various offices in the Northwest Mounted Police, was chosen by Lord Strathcona to command the Strathcona Horse, and since the beginning of the present war was promoted to the rank of major-general. His book is full of intensely interesting historical matter, anecdotes, and adventures.

Describing social life in Manitoba forty years ago, Colonel Steele writes:

> The chief social events in the life of the settlers were dances, weddings, and funerals, whilst church-going was a duty never neglected, the people being in the habit of walking five or six miles to service, or riding or driving twice that distance. Weddings were as important then as now, and were one of the occasions on which wines and liquors were drunk. They took place during the winter months, as the long nights were conducive to the proper execution of the Red River Jig, the Scotch Reel, and other dances requiring vigour.
>
> To be a good jig dancer required much speed and endurance. When the first surveyors arrived a dispute arose as to the distance to Sturgeon Creek, about six miles west of Winnipeg. In order to settle it they agreed to send one of their dog drivers to the creek and back with a pedometer in his pocket. This was at night, and before he had come back the surveyors had gone to bed. Next morning their dog driver produced the pedometer and to their astonishment the instrument indicated sixty miles! He was at once questioned as to where he had been, and his reply was that he did not go farther than Sturgeon Creek, but finally admitted that when he arrived there a dance was going on, to which he was invited, and he had danced all night, walking home in the morning.

Whiskey was a big factor in the early days, and the police experienced great difficulty in keeping it away from the Indians. Colonel Steele describes one particular raid:

> The scenes which had been enacted round Whoop Up and other trading-posts were just what might be expected when the wild redmen obtained the "fire-water". The Indians who came to those posts to trade were soon maddened by drink, and settled old scores and family feuds by shooting or butchering one another in their camps or other places where they obtained the intoxicants. When the police arrived the victims of these orgies were to be seen lying dead in the vicinity.
>
> The first raid on the persons engaged in this traffic was made during the same month in which the force established itself on the Old Man's River. Three Bulls, a prominent Indian of the Blackfoot tribe, and later a chief, informed the assistant commissioner that a coloured man named Bond, who had a trading-post at Pine Coulee, nearly fifty miles north of the police camp, had given him a couple of gallons of whiskey in exchange for one of his horses. Potts obtained the necessary information, and arranged that Three Bulls should meet him next evening about dark

on the trail to Pine Coulee. Inspector Crozier and a small party of well-mounted men, guided by Potts, left camp a little before dark with instructions to seize all robes and furs of any description which he suspected had been traded for whiskey, and in addition a sufficient amount of goods and chattels to satisfy the fines which might be imposed.

Crozier executed his task, and two days later appeared in camp with Bond and four others in custody, all of whom had been captured about forty-five miles distant. They had wagons laden with alcohol, sixteen horses, one hundred and sixteen buffalo robes, and a Winchester-Henry magazine rifle and a Colt revolver each. The assistant commissioner confiscated the robes, destroyed the alcohol, fined the two principals and Bond, who was their guide and interpreter, two hundred dollars each, and the other two, who were hired men, fifty dollars apiece. Next day a well-to-do trader of Fort Benton came to Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod and paid the fines of all but Bond.

There were many raids to capture whiskey outfits. These were very exciting and almost always successful, the traders being fined or imprisoned. Their furs and buffalo robes obtained through the trade in whiskey were confiscated and, as the force was in need of bedding, a sufficient number was issued for the purpose. The hides of the younger animals were made into coats and caps, one being issued to each member of the police.

An instance of the postal service is given:

The postal communication of the southern half of the Northwest Territories in 1879-80 had not changed from what it had been some years previously. There were not post-offices between the Rocky Mountains and the western boundary of Manitoba, a distance of at least 750 miles. Everyone posted his letters in the orderly-room of the Mounted Police at Calgary, Fort Macleod, Fort Walsh, or Wood Mountain. United States postage stamps were used, the nearest post-offices being in the United States. The orderly-room clerks made up and sorted the mails, which were carried to their destination by contract with the Mounted Police. Fort Walsh, Fort Macleod, and Calgary had weekly mails to the south. From Wood Mountain to Fort Walsh and thence to Fort Macleod they were once a fortnight, and from Battleford 300 miles, once every three weeks, and with few exceptions, had only official mails for the force. In the north mails were sent out by contract with the Post-Office Department and picked up at the Hudson's Bay and Mounted Police posts en route.

There were frequent fights between Indian tribes. The last of these is described as follows:

At this date Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald, the Indian agent, was absent on a tour of inspection and paying Indians, and his sub-agent not being at home, I had to take charge of the agency for a few days. One of the Cree chiefs, Pasqua, "The Plain," or "Prairie," came to me for rations to take him and a party of young bucks to the United States. He had already been refused them, when I was present, but had forgotten that I had been with Colonel Macdonald when he applied. I, of course, refused, and he went off very much annoyed. The colonel's reason for refusing was that he was certain to get into mischief over there and cause serious trouble, and this proved to be correct, for, in spite of the rations being denied him, he took a small war party over. Near the Missouri he came upon a Mandan camp when the braves were away hunting, and killed and scalped some of the old men, women, and children, and fled north. Before he had gone far the Mandan warriors returned and to the number of sixty gave chase, following the trail, which forked, one branch going northwest, and the other in the direction of Moose Mountain. They took the latter and, after a long ride, caught up to a strong hunting party of Assiniboines who were halted in their corral on the trail. On riding up and seeing that they were not Crees, they were passing by when an Assiniboine called out in Cree, "Where are you going?" The Cree tongue caused them to be suspected, and they were attacked at once and a sharp fight was kept up for some time until the Mandans were defeated with loss. This was the last fight between Indians on Canadian soil. Old Pasqua, fortunately for him and his gang, had taken the left-hand trail, and escaped to his lair on the Q'Appelle lakes, and it was some time before we got news of his misconduct, no one having come north to us to complain of the outrage.

The volume is illustrated with reproductions of photographs, but they are not as numerous or important as they should be in order to maintain the otherwise general excellence of the book.

THE YELLOW TICKET

By Frank Harris. London: Grant Richards.

THE title of this book is taken from the first of the ten short stories that compose the volume. To anyone acquainted with social customs in Moscow there would be much suggested by the title, but to others it might be explained that in Moscow women who trade in what is called the social evil are supposed to possess the Yellow Ticket, which is actually a licence. As this story goes, a young Jewish girl who had come up to Moscow to study found herself helpless, without passport or money or even a yellow ticket. She makes the acquaintance of a gentleman, who takes her to the *Hermitage,* but when the gentleman hears her story, instead of pressing his claim, as she had expected, he lies down upon a sofa while she occupies the bed, and in the morning goes out to get for her, not a yellow ticket, as she has requested, but a passport. It is intended to show that after all there is in man some humanity. And few men can tell a story as well as Frank Harris. The stories deal mostly with subjects that do not come within the scope of ordinary conversation, but they are written with a knowledge of life that is revealed only in men who can give us such masterpieces as "Montes the Matador," or stories contained in "Unpathed Waters."

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LIGHT FROM THE EAST

By Robert Cornell Armstrong. Toronto: The Forward Movement Department of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church.

THIS volume of studies in Japanese Confucianism makes an imposing addition to the philosophy branch of the "University of Toronto Studies." The author is a doctor of philosophy of Kwanse, Gakuin, Kobe, Japan, and evidently he has given a great amount of time to the study of Japanese religious history and development. His conviction is that East and West are fundamentally the same, and his book is in a sense a plea for a better and more sympathetic understanding of Japanese character and life. He aims to interpret for the Western reader Japanese culture and its connection with religion and to connect the religious movement with the recent great spiritual uprising in Japan. His conclusion is that "Confucianism suggests a very excellent, practical mode of life. Its precepts, so far as they go, contain much that is helpful and common to all moral codes. As taught in Japan during the Tokugama age, Confusianism was especially admirable, because of the importance it gave to wisdom and because of its reverent attitude towards nature. In so far as this was not mere form, but was a living relation to all things, it could not fail to be helpful. In the lives of some of its Japanese representatives it is probably revealed in its purest form. . . . The moral idea of Confucianism is good, so far as the letter of it is concerned. It is an excellent moral code in ink. Its weakness lies in its spirit. It is open to the same objection which can be brought against all such moral systems. They fail to inspire and to give life. An illustration will make clear the importance of this objection. In 1904, Russia and Japan went to war. From the standpoint of physical force and knowledge of military laws and tactics, Russia, because of her past history, should have had the advantage. But these were powerless before the indomitable spirit of the Japanese. So a moral code in ink may be ever so fine, but if it is mere form it is powerless. Confucius has been regarded by many of his disciples as the ideal, but according to his own confession he was not worthy of such reverence. He said in the Analects:

'In letters I am perhaps equal to other men, but the character of the superior man, carrying out in his conduct what he professes, is what I have not yet attained.' He did not himself lay claim to be either a sage or a superior man. He was a mere teacher about the way. He did not take the responsibility of saying, 'I am the Way.' ''

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THE MAN OF IRON

By Richard Dehan. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

IT is a remarkable fact that when the author of this book (the author also of ''The Dop Doctor'') looked up from the ''yellowed newspaper records of a great war waged forty-five years ago'' she saw, looming on the eastern horizon ''a cloud in the shape of a man's clenched fist in a gauntleted glove of mail.'' She had been writing a novel of the Franco-Prussian war, with Bismarck as the principal figure. And just as she finished the task, a task which now shows 815 closely-typed pages, she realized that Germany was again at the throat of France. The situation caused her to make a comparison, which she presents in a preface:

> The Germany of 1870 was not the Germany of 1915. The new spirit of Teutonism had not shown its cloven hoof, or unfolded its bat-wings in those days I have tried to vivify. The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 was waged sternly and mercilessly, but not in defiance of the rules that govern the great game. Treaties were held as something more sacred than scraps of paper. Blood was lavishly poured out, gold relentlessly wrung from the coffers of a Sate vanquished and impoverished. Things were done—as in the instances of Bazeilles and Châteaudun—that made the world shudder, but not with the sickness of mortal loathing. The plan of the tactician, the art of the strategist, were not mingled with the obscene malice of the ape and the destructive frenzy of the maniac. Kings and nobles made war like noblemen and kings.

No doubt most persons here will agree with the comparison, but in any case it is an interesting exercise to read just now a novel of this character by the author of ''The Dop Doctor.''

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—''The War of Democracy'' is the title of the following symposium: ''The National Idea in Europe, 1789-1914,'' by J. Dover Wilson; ''Germany,'' by Alfred E. Zimmerman; ''Austria-Hungary and the Southern Slavs,'' by R. W. Seton-Watson; ''Russia,'' by J. Dover Wilson; ''The Issues of the War,'' by R. W. Seton-Watson; ''Social and Economic Aspects of the War,'' by Arthur Greenwood; ''German Culture and the British Commonwealth,'' by Alfred E. Zimmern. The volume, which consists of 390 pages, contains a great amount of valuable material bearing on the present war. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

❊

—''The Supreme Duty of the Citizen at the Present Crisis,'' the last message of Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, has been republished from *The Hibbert Journal.*

❊

—''Britain and Turkey: the Causes of the Rupture,'' by Sir Edward Cook; ''The Economic Strength of Great Britain,'' by Harold Cox, and ''England, Germany and Europe,'' are titles of three new booklets on the war. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

Pinch the Baby

A woman who was sitting in the gallery at a pantomime was warned by the attendant that, unless she could keep her baby quiet, she and her husband would have to take their money back and leave the theatre. The baby was silenced, but toward the end of scene seven the mother began to be bored.

"Don't think much of this show after all," she said to her husband. "Wish we'd gone somewhere else."

"All right," said the husband. "Pinch the baby!"—*London Daily Express.*

❊

A Joke on the Marquis

The name of the popular heir to the Dukedom of Atholl, sonorous though it is, was not taken seriously by a sentry during the South African War. The Marquis, it is said, returning to the lines one night and having forgotten the countersign, thought he need only say: "Oh, it's all right; I'm Tullibardine." But the sentry was not to be cajoled. His crushing rejoinder was: "None of your fancy Zulu names here."—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Pre-Raphaelite Revival

A distinguished painter employed a small boy from a neighbouring slum as a model. He gave the child some tea, and asked him if he would like brown bread or white, expecting, as is usual with such youngsters, that he would ask for white. The boy, however, asked for brown bread.

"Hello!" exclaimed the painter, astonished, "do you like brown bread?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "it's got more nitrogen in it."—*Manchester Guardian.*

❊

Pluck is Essential

The Old 'Un: "Pluck, my boy, pluck; first and last, that is the one essential to success in business."

The Young 'Un: "Oh, of course, I quite understand that. The trouble is finding some one to pluck."—*Cuban Times.*

❊

The teacher (at a school treat): "What's the matter with Horace, Mrs. Jones? Is he ill?"

Mrs. Jones: "Oh, no, miss. 'E ain't exactly ill, but no stummick can't stand nine buns."—*The Sketch.*

Only

Indignant char lady: "Why didn't you let me in? I've been ringing and ringing—!"

Young Housemaid: "You kept on so regular, I thought it was only the telephone."—*London Opinion.*

*

Hostess (gushingly): "They tell me, doctor, you are a perfect lady-killer."

Doctor (modestly): "I assure you, my dear madam, I make no distinction whatever between the sexes."—*London Tit-Bits.*

*

Mrs. Locke

"Hearing nothing below, he called to his wife:

"'Has that horrible old bore gone yet?'

"The lady was still there. Mrs. Locke, however, was quite equal to the emergency:

"'Yes, dear,' she answered. 'She left nearly an hour ago. Mrs. Jones is here now.'"—*Strand Magazine.*

*

In the Family

Lord Sandwich, whose claims as a faith-healer are being discussed rather warmly in certain quarters, had an uncomfortable experience in the United States on account of his curious name.

While he was travelling through the States he attended a ball at Washington and asked to be introduced to a certain young lady.

The introducer agreed, and led him up to the lady. "May I introduce Lord Sandwich?" he observed.

The young lady evidently thought it was a made-up name, and they were making fun of her, for she retorted promptly:

"My! And is Lord Sponge-cake coming later?"—*Pearson's.*

The Easier Way

Speaking of the splendid work done by the Carnegie Foundation, which recently held its annual meeting in New York, Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University, said:

"The generosity, the intelligent and unselfish devotion, which Mr. Carnegie has shown in this philanthropy, have won for him the esteem of the whole nation.

"The esteem of one's fellow-men—not an easy thing to win; but as Mr. Carnegie has proved, not so difficult, either, as the sage considered it to be.

"A youth, you know," continued President Schurman, "sought a sage and inquired of him:

"'What shall I do, O sage, to have my fellow-men speak well of me?'

"The sage's reply was:

"'Die.'"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

*

A visitor who had an exalted opinion of his golf ability was extended the courtesy of the club, and the first day he went over the beautiful course in the Highlands, accompanied by a bright caddy. He had succeeded in burying his ball in every bunker, gulley, and burn on or near the links, when he turned to the caddy and said: "Really, this is the most difficult course I have ever played on."

"Hoo dae ye ken?" asked the caddy gravely. "Ye havna played on it yet."—*Argonaut.*

*

Marcella: "Did I understand you to say Mr. Shimmerpate is one of our best-known joke writers?"

Waverly: "Not exactly. I said he is the writer of some of our best-known jokes."—*Judge.*

*

Indulgent Householder: "Why are you singing carols, my little man? Don't you know Christmas is over?"

Youthful Caroller: "Yes, sir; but I 'ad measles all froo Christmas."—*Punch.*

The Closest Yet

A Scotchman, an Irishman, and an Englishman were discussing the subject of racing recently.

"Oh," said the Englishman, "the closest race I ever saw was at Epsom. The horses ran neck to neck all the way and the winner won by about half a nose."

"The closest race I ever saw was in America," said the Scotchman. "The horses ran so close together along the entire course that the winner was only able to win by putting out its tongue just as it reached the winning-post."

"Bedad," exclaimed the Irishman shyly, "the closest race I ever saw was in Scotland."

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Celeste: "Gracious, monsieur! How is it that the less material used in my gown, the more it costs?"

Mons. Wurthe: "Ah, madame, et is because of ze art to create ze illusion zat you are well gowned."—*Judge.*

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Coffee Not in Their Line

Dinny was taking dinner with Hogan at a brilliant café, relates *The San Francisco Argonaut.* They were not accustomed to eating at such a place, but they got along fairly well. When they had finished, the waiter said: "Shall I bring you a couple of demi tasses?" "Not on you life," exclaimed Dinny. "Our wives might come in an' see us sittin' wid them."

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On the Safe Side

A newly rich woman in Chicago called on an acquaintance who had just returned from an exhibit of prints at the Field Institute, much impressed with what she had seen.

"Have you seen the Japanese prints?" she asked of her caller.

"No, I have not. Is he presentable? If he is, I must have him up to dinner."—*Christian Register.*

How to Gauge the War News

The following credibility index has been compiled by the military expert of *Punch.* One hundred, he says, stands in the table for absolute reliability; nil for the perfect and utter lie:

London, Paris, or Petrograd official	100
do., unofficial	50
Berlin, official	25
"It is believed in military circles here that"	24
"A correspondent who has just returned from the firing line tells me that"	18
"It is freely stated in Brussels that"	17
"Our correspondent at Amsterdam wires"	13
"Our correspondent at Rome announces"	11
Berlin unofficial	10
"I learn from a neutral merchant"	7
"A story is current in Venice to the effect that"	5
"It is rumoured that"	4
"I have heard to-day from a reliable source that"	3
"I learn on unassailable authority"	2
"It is rumoured in Rotterdam that"	1
Wolff's Bureau states	0

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Looked Suspicious

Visitor (leaving inn, after sleepless night): "I suppose you don't happen to be a German?"

Landlord: "Do I look like it?"

Visitor: "No; but I thought I'd just ask, because my room last night had a concrete bed in it."

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"Yes, it took me about six months' hard work learning to work this aeroplane."

"And what have you got for your pains?"

"Arnica."—*London Ideas.*

PETITE CANADIENNE

From the Painting by Gertrude Des Clayes. Contributed to the Canadian Patriotic Fund

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLV TORONTO, JUNE, 1915 No. 2

THE FEAR OF RUSSIA

BY PROFESSOR A. W. CRAWFORD

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

CONSIDERABLE uneasiness has been felt in some quarters because in the present war Great Britain should be found fighting on the side of Russia. There is not without reason some alarm lest we may possibly be aiding the very country that is in reality the greatest foe of liberty, the avowed ideal of Britain. The two countries have so long been enemies, and their political ideals seem so entirely antithetical, that there is some fear lest the one great free country of Europe may possibly be assisting the one great despotism to tighten its hold upon its own people and to spread its sway farther west.

There exists undoubtedly some reason for apprehension in this matter. A victory for the Allies would no doubt extend the sway of Russia over all the old Poland, and make Russia, with already twice the population of any other European country, still greater and more powerful. The Empire of the Czar has for years stood in the British mind as the one great power whose political ideals and conceptions make it the one great menace to our own free institutions.

On this occasion, however, we have had but little range of choice among the principal combatants, and have found our kindred spirits only in the Belgians and French. When the war was joined by Germany and Russia we were all but compelled to cast in our lot with one or other of the belligerents, and had only to oppose what seemed the more dangerous adversary. Britons had never before fought against the Germans, and all the ties of kinship in race and language and of intellectual and religious sympathy were in their favour. We might therefore conceivably have given our passive or even active support to Germany rather than to Russia, and have fought with our old friend rather than our ancient foe.

Apart, then, from the national alliances, and the particular aspects and developments of this war that led us to take up arms against Germany and on the side of Russia, it is worth while to consider which way our honour and our interest actually

lie, as the leading free country of the world, and as the home of democracy and of constitutional government. Would our own institutions be safer with Germany as master of western Europe, or with Russia triumphant and hence more influential in the councils of western nations?

In considering this question, it will be necessary to bear in mind that there are many factors besides the past histories of the two peoples and their present attainments in various kinds of knowledge and of material achievements that go into the balance. Not only the political status of a nation, but the way it is moving at the present time must enter into the calculation. It is all-important to observe whether a nation is moving forward or backward, whether it is making progress, however slow, or whether it is reactionary, with its face turned toward the dark. Even a nation that is comparatively primitive in general culture and enlightenment, if it is really moving forward, is vastly less dangerous than a much more enlightened nation that is relapsing more and more into autocracy and despotism. A country in which freedom is growing, no matter how young and tender the plant, is less to be feared than a country which has long had free institutions, but in which freedom has become only a name. The Germans have said the Russians are barbarians, but as Chesterton has said in *The New York Times* by barbarism "we do not mean something that is an imperfect civilization by accident. We mean something that is an enemy of civilization by design." And we want to know, then, whether it is the Russians or the Germans that are the true barbarians. We have need to ask ourselves which of the two peoples is at the present time really adding anything to the great temple of freedom, and which is it that is consciously and actually trying to destroy government of the people and by the people. If we can answer these queries, then we can tell whether a victorious Germany or a conquering Russia will be the more inimical to free British institutions and to the principle of liberty.

The one great achievement of the human race is democracy or self-government, for this not only marks the highest moral development, but it is the only guarantee to any people that any other achievement may be preserved. The world has seen not a few instances where all its attainments were swept away when trusted to the keeping of an autocrat, howsoever well-meaning. In this present war the Kaiser has called his entire nation from the farm and the factory, from the school and the office, from the laboratory and the bank, into the field of battle. With one stroke, and without consulting them in any way, he has called upon Germany to renounce all her achievements in art and in science and in education, or at least to abandon their beneficent use, for the pillage of their neighbours and for the destruction of all the fabric of civilization. The autocratic Kaiser has turned a nation of expert workmen and scholars into a ruthless, but well-organized, band of international buccaneers, and pillagers, appropriating or destroying all that lay in their path, and devastating and pauperizing one of the most peaceable and industrious nations on the earth. On the other hand, Russia has been one of the most peaceably disposed of autocracies, and her semi-barbarian hordes, Cossacks and Tartars, have never been guilty of wilful destruction of the very fabric of national industry and civilization. At the present time, these vast hordes, in striking contrast to the more educated German barbarians, are the defenders not the destroyers of small and weak states, and have arisen at the call of their Czar to save threatened Serbia from extinction.

In the survey of the past history of Russia, no doubt we can find many things to alarm us at our present al-

liance. No free people can recall without fears Russia's continued persecution of the Jews, her stern obliteration of Poland, her ruthless conquest of the Finns, or her savage suppression of her own revolutionists. For these cruel acts of autocracy there can be no excuse to the minds of free men. But though hateful and despotic, the one good result of Russian Czarism, as Dr. Sarolea has recently said, has been to maintain a sort of *pax Romana,* or Peace of the Czar, among all the forty-eight different races that compose the vast Empire. These turbulent peoples, untamed and barbaric, would no doubt have been fighting and destroying one another were it not for the strong hand of the Czar. Over a vast territory in Europe, as large as the rest of the continent, and over an immense tract in Asia, the rule of Russia has maintained a peace and a general national unity that has made possible whatever progress has been attained in the arts of civilization. During the reign of the present Czar, particularly, Russia has made vast strides forward, and has contributed not a little to the structure of liberty and of civilization.

It is one of the dark facts, only now to be seen in its full significance, that ever since the union of the many German states into one great Empire under the Hohenzollerns, the political life of Germany has been more and more influenced by the reactionary political ideals of Prussia. From almost the beginning Prussia has been a ruthless military empire, in strange contrast with the peaceable tendencies of most other German states. Now at last all Germany seems to glory in the savage military leadership of Prussia, and has become a nation at war. One of the most disquieting aspects of this war to pacificists is the apparent ease with which Prussia has transformed all Germany into an aggressive, arrogant empire of barbarian warriors.

During the same period of Hohenzollern ascendency, and especially during the rule of the present Kaiser, the ideal of the army, its organization, its implicit rule of obedience, its ruthless aggressiveness, has become the index of all the national life. The ideal of military autocratic rule seems to have permeated every department of activity, until to-day Germany is the one enlightened country in the world that has not merely made no progress in political and constitutional freedom, but in actual practice at least has virtually lost her freedom. Military authority and military obedience have become the rule even with their Reichstag, until it has ceased to be a parliament of freemen, and only in their Social-Democratic party is there any semblance of political independence.

More and more, too, industrial life has been brought under the same stern discipline, for practically every German before entering industry or business has first learned implicit obedience in the army. Even in their universities, which are all government institutions, there seems to be complete subjection to the iron rule of obedience, as recent events have made all too evident.

And most discouraging of all, the entire German people have tamely submitted to this ever-increasing power of autocracy, and not once in the last half-century has there been even the beginning of a revolt against this monstrous system. One begins to wonder if the German people are any longer capable of that most exalted of all human passions, the love of freedom, and if there is anything left in them of the spirit of the Reformers, and if they will ever develop any genius for self-government.

The same period in Russia, on the other hand, discloses a much brighter picture. During the reign of the present Czar, several events have transpired which are of first-rate importance in the history of the world and of freedom. It needs to be recalled at this crisis that it was the

Czar who called the first World's Peace Conference in 1899, and hence gave an impetus to the movement for world peace. There can be no doubt that this was done in a sincere desire to further the amity of nations and to procure lasting good to the world. By this act alone the Czar has made for himself a great name as a benefactor of mankind.

But all this talk of peace has fallen upon the Kaiser's deaf ears and hard heart. He has taken all these appeals for peace, and the more recent offers of Britain for limitations of armaments, as but evidences of weakness and insincerity, and has only increased his feverish anxiety to surpass the world in preparation for war. He is the one great sovereign who has steadfastly led in the race for armaments, and has by deed and by word taught all his people to worship the God of War.

It is in Russia, moreover, that we find the greatest progress in parliamentary government in this generation. The Czar, in 1905, gave to the people of his own will, and out of his own magnanimity, the Duma, the first constitution and the first parliamentary institution in the history of Russia. It is true that this constitution and this parliament bear little resemblance to that which has its seat in Westminster under George V., but it is quite comparable to that under the Tudor kings, and from which has grown our present free government and parliament. And even in the days of its youth, while only learning to exercise its power, the Duma displays as much vitality and much more independence and eagerness for expansion than its neighbour, the German Reichstag, which has existed for half a century. The importance of the institution of the Duma by the Czar can scarcely be over-estimated when considering the relation of Russia to her free allies in this war, and the part she may take in the final peace. The free countries of western Europe have every reason to expect better things from the Czar than they could expect from the Kaiser.

The treatment of subject peoples is one of the best indications of the political ideals of any nation, and of their attitude to freedom. It is of late becoming well known that conquered peoples are much less attached to Germany than to Russia. Of this the Poles afford the best example. While still maintaining their national ideals and aspirations, it seems to be a fact that the Russian Poles feel the hand of the conqueror less grievous than the German Poles. Russia seems to have some respect for national ideals and sentiments, and is satisfied to leave the Poles to their own habits and customs and to the occupation of their own lands, so long as they remain loyal subjects. But this does not satisfy the Kaiser. He wants not only implicit obedience, but by the harshest methods tries to Germanize them, and by every means tries to thrust upon them that peculiar brand of Prussian ideals known as German culture. No wonder, then, that in this war Germany has had no success in her march on Warsaw in inciting the Poles to rise against the Czar, but on the contrary has everywhere encountered a decided loyalty to Russia.

Another phase of the greater liberality of Russia has come to light in this war. It has been known by many that Russia has for years contemplated extending autonomy to Poland and some time ago proposed that Germany do the same. But Germany declined, and now the Czar has given the distinct promise on his own account to gather the partitioned Poles once more into a nation, and to grant them autonomy under the flag of Russia. This is an encouragement to nationality of which no Prussian Kaiser could ever dream. No such respect for other peoples and for other forms of culture has ever seemed to enter the German mind. The persistent and heartless attempts to

exterminate Polish sentiment, the similar merciless crushing of French culture and ideals in Alsace-Lorraine, and the inability of Germans to colonize their own vast possessions, are all forms of German inability to reach to that national and racial sympathy such as has built up the Russian Empire out of many diverse races and solidified it in opposition and hatred to the Germans. The greedy, arrogant, blood-and-iron Prussian exercises a much more ruthless sovereignty over alien peoples than the less enlightened but more sympathetic Russian. It is under Russia rather than Germany that a subject people can look for comparative freedom and autonomy.

But perhaps the greatest of all indications of the spirit of the two peoples is the fact that the Kaiser's people show no signs of discontent or uneasiness under his iron rule, while the Czar's subjects are forever manifesting their independence, and are always in an incipient stage of revolution. During the past years this has been credited to the more beneficent rule of the Kaiser, and it is only recently we have possessed enough facts to enable us to discern that it is rather due to the superiority of the Russian people and to their deeper love of self-government. Quite placidly and calmly the heavy, obedient mind of the German submits to the completest governmental management of his life and of his income, while his more independent Russian neighbour refuses to submit passively, and struggles and rebels, until by to-day he has achieved a much more substantial semblance of freedom. The German mind seems to-day to have no love of freedom, no longing and no capacity for self-government, while the love of liberty is a factor that must be reckoned with in the Russian national character.

Another great difference may be seen in the differing dreams and ambitions of the two peoples. Both have dreams of expansion and of development, but these seem to differ very widely in their character. Pan-Slavism is perhaps a fair term for the ambitions of Russia, and indicates that the Czar, as the Little Father, desires to bring into his family all the children of Slavic race, and seems scarcely to dream of further expansion. But Pan-Germanism by no means represents the ambitions of the Kaiser and his people. If we are to believe their spokesmen, and if we can accept their avowed aims in this war, we are forced to believe that their purpose is not merely to consolidate all Germans in one vast Empire, but also to subjugate or destroy all their rivals in Empire and in industry and in commerce. Their present-day national song, *Deutschland über alles,* expresses probably the most shameless, the most arrogant, and the most immoral national ideal ever given utterance by any people, for unlike the anthems of other nations, it embodies a ruthless doctrine of aggression rather than an heroic spirit of national defence.

The two nations apparently have different and antagonistic conceptions of war and of conflict. It might not be correct to take Tolstoi and Treitschke as the typical spokesmen of the two peoples, but at least it was Russia that produced Tolstoi, the great apostle of peace, and it was Germany that brought forth Treitschke, and his disciple, Bernhardi, and Nietzsche, the most dangerous thinkers and worshippers of violence and terrorism that the whole world has ever seen. And even national trees must be known by their fruits. The Germans are to-day bringing forth the fruits of pillage, arson, robbery, and murder on a more colossal scale than ever in the world's history and are proving themselves the real barbarians—the followers of Attila the Hun.

It should be remembered, too, that the two countries have at the present day very different religions. German scholarship has led the world in an attempt to repudiate the Divine au-

thority of the Man of Galilee, and instead has exalted to Divine Right a very mediocre Hohenzollern war-lord, giving him full authority, in the interests of a perverted nationalism, to repudiate all moral and international law, and to set up his Will to Power as supreme. As Professor Cramb has so well made out, Germany has repudiated Christianity as a foreign religion, and has adopted a home product, the religion of valour, in which we now see Might worshipped as Right, and in which the old ethics of the sanctity of treaties and the rights of others are scorned openly and shamelessly before the whole world.

Russia, on the other hand, is still nominally a follower of the Prince of Peace. However much superstition there may be in Russian religion, there is every reason to believe that in both the Czar and the mass of the people there is a sincere desire to follow the principles of Christianity. The Russian may have a form of Christianity that savours of the primitive and in many respects of the semi-barbaric, but at worst it is but an imperfect Christianity, and not a renunciation of its fundamental principles. But no matter how primitive and how superstitious, the Russian devotion to the religion of the Prince of Peace is a much better guarantee of the honourable and just treatment of other peoples, and of the future peace of Europe, than the more enlightened but less moral German religion of might and of necessity.

This war has served to bring to light many weaknesses of the German national character, and of the perverse rule of the war-lords, that the world little suspected. Not only the supreme debasement in their repudiation of international treaties, but the horrible and diabolical manner in which they have waged war upon non-combatants, upon women and children, their policy of terrorism and of destruction of cities and of art works and of seats of learning, have all helped to reveal the fundamental barbarity of their natures. Their learning, their science, their art, have but made them accomplished brutes and have only fitted them to fulfil their mission of the scourge of the world.

In strange contrast is the wonderful and almost unprecedented power of self-restraint and self-control which has been exhibited in this war by the Russians whom they contemptuously denounce as barbarians. The prohibition of the sale of vodka by the decree of the Czar and the apparent acquiescence of the people in this most remarkable temperance reform is an unforgettable example of the greatness of the Russian people. No other nation except China has ever been able to carry out such a sweeping moral reform, and no western people has ever made a like attempt. While the Germans, to take their own explanation, are burning and sacking Louvain and other Belgian cities in a drunken orgy that exhibits too well their ungovernable natures, the Russians deliberately, and at a tremendous sacrifice of public revenue at the opening of the world's greatest war, proved themselves capable of self-restraint and self-sacrifice.

It is one of the surprising and one of the noblest traits of our common human nature that the enemies of yesterday may become the friends of today. Nations that have found their interests in conflict have settled their scores, and then as a rule have proceeded to become friends. All but Germany. The Empire of the Kaiser has made permanent enemies of all its foes, with the one exception of Austria, herself a Germanic people. Germany's ruthless policy of blood and iron has made it impossible for any neighbours to be friends or even to drop their suspicions and fears. After forty-four years the wounds of the Franco-Prussian war have not healed. Denmark has never become a friend of Germany, though allied by language and religion and tradition. On the other hand, the Russo-

Japanese war of less than a decade ago has been no permanent barrier to the friendship of the two peoples, and now we see them fighting side by side in China to drive out the German, feared and hated by all nations alike. The Germany of to-day lacks the power of friendship, while Russia has made friends of all, and not one of her greater allies in this war but has been her foe on former battlefields. Russia can be a valorous enemy, and can immediately after become a firm friend. Not so with Germany, whose national character of arrogance and greed cuts her off forever from even her most valorous and most honourable foes. England and France have after centuries of fighting become the warmest of friends, for each has the generosity of the sportsman to give and to take. Russia, too, can act the part of the honourable victor, or the noble vanquished. But not so Germany. To challenge her claim to absolute rule over the earth seems to promise a foe forever. Without mercy in war, she is without generosity and friendliness in peace. Without honour on the battlefield, she is without nobility toward a great rival in peace. Without the instinct of respect for the national and racial ideals and aspirations of other peoples, she is incapable of real sympathy, whether in war or in peace. She is the Ishmael of nations, and every nation's hand is against her, because her hand is against every other nation's.

In the light of these considerations, it seems most probable that the free countries of western Europe have much less to fear in helping Russia win in her war with Germany than in standing off and permitting a possible victory for Germany. The alliances and the interests of the present war have quite properly bound the western peoples to Russia in a common cause against Germany, whose ideals of world power make her utterly hostile to all free governments.

Britons who have fears about the alliance with Russia should recall that though a despotism, that country is not so aggressive and arrogant as Germany, and is much more amenable to civilizing influences and developments. For civilization, after all, consists not so much in general enlightenment and education and science, as in power of self-control, and self-government. When we compare the political condition of the two autocracies it becomes at once apparent that Germany is completely medieval and reactionary, and Russia to some extent at least modern and progressive. No country probably has moved much faster toward democracy than Russia under the present Czar. It would scarcely be too much to say that in comparison with Germany the Empire of Russia is a liberal autocracy.

No less a person that the great Russian revolutionary leader, Prince Kropotkin, in a letter on the war in a recent number of *Freedom,* has attempted to allay our fears of Russia by saying that "As to us, who know Russia from the inside, we are sure that the Russians never will be capable of becoming the aggressive, warlike nation Germany is. Not only the whole history of Russia shows it, but with the Federation Russia is bound to become in the very near future, such a warlike spirit would be absolutely incompatible." It is not too much to expect, then, that in this greatest crisis in the history of the world, the Russian millions will prove the saviours of civilization, and will have the honour and glory of curbing Germany in her career of destruction, as for centuries she stood between Europe and the menace of barbarian Asiatic invasion. Recalling these former services of Russia to Europe when in danger from Asia, Sir Valentine Chirol in Oxford Pamphlets says: "If we still owe the Russians of those remote days a debt of gratitude, it looks as if, before this war is over, western Europe may have

contracted a further debt towards their descendants of the present day for bearing a very large share in the preservation of Europe's liberties against the modern Huns."

And after the war is over, cut off and estranged from Germany, and allied with the two great European democracies, it is quite within the bounds of probability that Russia will adopt a more liberal policy than ever, and greatly extend the liberties of the constitution. In friendship with Britain and France it is quite conceivable and highly probable that Russia may bear a great share in human progress and in the emancipation of mankind, and may yet make some notable additions to the great temple of liberty.

YE WHO STRIKE THE DEFENCELESS

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS
(Lieutenant, 12th Battalion, Canadians)

NOT yet the reckoning; but soon the day of your doom,
Ye who strike the defenceless out of the misty gloom!
Not yet our answer; but short is your time to wait,
(Ye who crawl in the dark and strike in bestial hate)
For the hands of an outraged world to crush you with their weight.

Surely we press upon you, marching by day and night,
Fired by grief and anger, armed and steadied by right.
Surely we draw to the finish, closing in on the day
When the spears of the hunters shall strike the desperate wolf at bay,
And the torn world's horror will pass with the death of the Beast of Prey

FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

VII—GEORGE BROWN FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT

BY JOHN LEWIS

AUTHOR OF "GEORGE BROWN," ETC.

THE leading figures in the case which forms the subject of this sketch were Senator George Brown and Judge Adam Wilson. The two men were born in the same district of Scotland, Adam Wilson at Edinburgh, in 1814, and George Brown at Alloa, in 1818. Both were educated in Edinburgh and removed to Canada in early life.

Before his appointment to the bench Mr. Wilson had taken an active interest in public affairs. He was Mayor of Toronto in 1859. He was a member of the Legislative Assembly of old Canada, and was Solicitor-General in one of the short-lived governments, before Confederation. As a Reformer he had been supported by Brown and *The Globe* in his public career. It looks as if some quarrel or estrangement had occurred before the incident of which I am to write; but of this I can find no trace.

There is a very interesting sketch of Judge Wilson in Mr. Hamilton's "Reminiscences of the Bench and Bar." There we are introduced to an amiable old gentleman with a taste for gardening, astronomy, and the simple life. He was one of the pioneers of Muskoka, and as the owner of a large estate on the lake shore east of Toronto, he is described as one of the founders of the suburb of Balmy Beach.

George Brown, as the founder of *The Globe,* for many years the real though not always the titular leader of the Reform party, the stern opponent of religious privilege, the advocate of representation by population, and one of the chief architects of Confederation, needs no introduction. His zeal, his energy, his aggressiveness made him for years an outstanding figure in Canadian public life. At the time when he came into conflict with Judge Wilson he was not nominally the leader of the Liberal party, that position being held by Alexander Mackenzie; but his influence was undiminished. He was still the hero of the party, and to a large extent the director of its policy. As publisher of *The Globe* he was in the thick of the political fight, a giver and taker of hard blows.

In 1876 *The West Durham News,* a Conservative journal, published a series of attacks on Senator Simpson, of Bowmanville, president of the Ontario Bank and a prominent member of the Reform party. The charges included electoral corruption and an improper use of the influence of the Ontario Bank. J. A. Wilkinson, proprietor of *The News,* was prosecuted for libel. The case was argued before the Court of Queen's Bench, the members of which were Chief Justice Robert A. Harrison, Justice Joseph C. Morrison, and Justice Adam Wilson. The judgment of the court was unanimous against the editor in regard to two of the articles,

and in his favour in regard to the third.

With the delivery of this judgment the matter would probably have dropped into oblivion, if Judge Wilson had not intervened in an unexpected manner. Wilkinson had published a letter from George Brown to Senator Simpson, asking for a contribution to the campaign fund of the Reformers in the election of 1872. This was an extremely hard-fought campaign, in which the Reformers almost succeeded in defeating Sir John A. Macdonald, and it prepared the way for the downfall of 1873. It was the belief of the Reformers that the Government candidates were backed by an enormous campaign fund which, as they afterwards learned, had been contributed by the applicants for the Canadian Pacific Railway charter. The letter from Brown to Simpson referred to this fund, though without indicating its source, and declared that the Reform candidates were having a hard fight and that money must be raised. It was Brown's contention that the money was for legitimate campaign purposes, and there is nothing in the letter that is inconsistent with that view. It said among other things that "a big push" had to be made, and for that reason the epistle was known to politicians as "the big push letter."

Brown was not a party to the case before the court, but Judge Wilson seemed to be particularly interested in the letter, and he described it as written for corrupt purposes and to interfere with the freedom of electors. The Conservative newspapers naturally hailed the deliverance with delight, and it was used for all it was worth in some bye-elections that were then pending.

A few days afterwards, on July 8th, 1876, Mr. Brown replied. *The Globe* on that day contained a four-column editorial reviewing the case and denouncing Judge Wilson. It was evidently written with care and deliberation, with argument preparing the way for invective. It began with a declaration of the respect in which the Bench was held in Canada. This was right, "but judges should not fall into forgetfulness of their mortality."

Fault was found not with the judgment, but with the gratuitous comment of Mr. Justice Wilson, his indifference to evidence, his assumptions, surmises, and insinuations, and it adds:

> "This Mr. Justice Wilson shall be assured of: that such slanders and insults shall not go unanswered, and if the dignity of the bench is ruffled in the tussle, on his folly shall rest the blame. We cast back on Mr. Wilson his insolent and slanderous imputations. The letter was not written for corrupt purposes. It was not written to interfere with the freedom of electors. It was not an invitation to anybody to concur in committing bribery and corruption at the polls; and be he judge or not who says so, the statement is false."

The article declared that the entire fund raised by the Liberals in the general elections of 1872 was $3,700, of forty-five dollars for each of eighty-two constituencies. There were, it was said, legitimate expenditures in keenly-contested elections. "Was there no such fund when Mr. Justice Wilson was in public life? When the hat went round in his contest for the Mayoralty, was that or was it not a concurrence in bribery or corruption at the polls?"

After a reference to the attacks made upon Mr. Brown and his friends by the Conservative press, it was said that "the bench has descended low indeed when a judge of the Queen's Bench descends to take up the idiotic howl, and rivals the dirge of the most blatant pot-house politician."

Five months elapsed before judicial notice was taken of the article. In December, 1876, Mr. Brown was called upon to show cause why he should not be punished for contempt of court. The case was heard before Chief Justice Harrison and Mr. Justice Morrison, the assailed judge taking no

part in the proceedings. Mr. Brown, though attended by counsel, pleaded his cause in person, and made an argument occupying portions of two days. His address was largely a review of the political history of 1872 and 1873, his position being that Judge Wilson's comments had opened up that field that the judge had plunged into politics, and had made a personal attack on Brown, and that it was only fair that he should be answered. The reader will therefore find in the address a fairly full account of the Pacific scandal, which caused the overthrow of Sir John A. Macdonald in 1873.

Although the address was probably unusual in form, it was seldom interrupted by the judges, and nothing was ruled out as irrelevant. The famous lawyer engaged on the other side, Mr. Christopher Robinson replied in his usual dispassionate way. The court was divided, Chief Justice Harrison ruling that the editor was guilty of contempt, Mr. Justice Morrison dissenting. This amounted to an acquittal, and so the famous case came to an end.

HALFWAY HOUSE

By ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

A LITTLE house of laughter and of tears,
Whose walls have known wed-lovers whisp'ring low,
Lips seeking lips beside the hearth-fire's glow,
Wailings of birth-pangs, nights of chilling fears,
And babbling children's laughter, which endears
Even their bickering and short-lived woe—
And hush of death, the triumph of the foe,
Blest be thy roof-tree through the coming years!

What is to come I know not. To divine
Of doubtful joy, inevitable pain
Is never wisdom. But for what is mine
Beyond recall, the usual loss and gain
That on the steps of mortal man attend,
Blest be thy roof-tree till the very end!

ADMIRAL JELLICOE: A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

BY PROFESSOR R. E. MACNAGHTEN

SINCE I was at school with the boy who is now Admiral Jellicoe more than forty years have passed; and yet I have the most vivid recollection of certain incidents of that time; and in particular a photograph which has just been published of the Admiral of the Grand Fleet, recalls to my mind in the clearest way the boy who was at school with me so many years ago.

Rottingdean, the school at which we were both educated, is a village on the Sussex coast about five miles east of Brighton, and apart from its connection with Admiral Jellicoe has other interesting associations. There is a tradition that it was at this school that the great Duke of Wellington received his early training; and it was in this village of Rottingdean that Mr. Rudyard Kipling lived for many years. Thus three of what will always be famous names in English history are intimately associated with this quiet village lying amid the Sussex Downs.

Sir John Jellicoe was one of four brothers who were all at school at Rottingdean, three of them being my contemporaries. The eldest brother after proceeding to Oxford, where he was distinguished by gaining a place in the Oxford cricket eleven, afterwards became a clergyman. The next brother was John, and he and the youngest of the four both entered the British navy on leaving Rottingdean, through the training ship *Britannia*. This was the career to which they had an hereditary tendency, as their father was a captain in the British mercantile marine.

It will be seen that Admiral Jellicoe comes from the great middle class; the class which produced Roberts, Nelson, Kitchener, French, Wolseley, and indeed most of the great commanders by sea or land. "All avenues open to merit" has always been the guiding principle which has led to promotion in either of the two services, and though the Duke of Wellington was an aristocrat by birth, and may be regarded as an exception to the rule, it is none the less true that even in his case it was ability and not the accident of birth which led to his promotion.

I have seen it stated that "Sir John Jellicoe is a silent man—as silent as Nelson was loquacious and Beresford was talkative." This is certainly not my recollection of his character when a boy. I should on the contrary say that at that period he possessed a large capacity for fun, and he was certainly distinguished beyond any of my contemporaries at school with a fund of originality of which I remember one particularly striking incident. It is curious how certain trivial incidents remain fast in the memory after a lapse of many years. I remember as clearly as if it had occurred to-day an incident which must have struck

me at the time and which in the light of his subsequent career seems to be characteristic of his ability to utilize the occasion. Young Jellicoe had just entered the school, and being a new boy he had to make his way in the world of school life. He proceeded in an eminently original way. There was a boy in the school, whose name I think was Ingram, but in any case he was one of the leading boys; and there was something about his personality which evidently attracted young Jellicoe's attention. Now those who know anything about school life in Great Britain will know that it is hedged about with all sorts of rules and points of etiquette, and that it is extremely difficult for a new boy, especially at his first coming, to gain the friendship or confidence of one who has already an established place in the school. But John Jellicoe had evidently determined that it was worth while to cultivate the friendship of this senior boy; and he set about it in the following very original way. A game of football was being played in the afternoon on the small playing field which lay within the school precincts. On one occasion the ball went out of bounds, and Jellicoe went to fetch it. Instead of throwing it back in the ordinary manner, he ran back with the ball in his hand, and on coming close to Ingram made a neat drop kick so that the ball bounded against him with some force. There was a shout of laughter and applause, and away ran Jellicoe pursued by Ingram to a corner of the field, where they indulged for some moments in a friendly tussle before resuming the game. From that day Jellicoe and Ingram became bosom friends, and though this trivial incident occurred more than forty years ago, it has always remained in my memory. I do not indeed remember, either at this or at any of the other schools where I was educated, any instance of equally successful and original boyish diplomacy.

That Jellicoe was a hard worker even at that time is certain not only from my own recollection, but from the fact that he successfully passed the very difficult examination which was necessary in those days to secure admission to the *Britannia*. He was certainly also a boy of exceptionally high character. I cannot remember a single instance or a single occasion during the year or two when we were at school together when his conduct was marked by anything but the highest possible standard; a statement which would certainly not be true in regard to some other of my contemporaries.

It is curious to what an extent national character and national life in Great Britain are affected by various games and sports. When the Duke of Wellington said—if he ever said it—that "the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton," he certainly did not mean that any particular games of football or cricket actually contributed to the victory which led to the overthrow of Napoleon. What he rather meant, I conceive, was this, that it is not so much in the classroom as in the open-air life of the great English public schools that the lessons of discipline, loyalty, perseverance, and self-dependence are best learned; and I imagine that even in the navy at the present time games play a far greater part in the training of a British officer than is generally supposed. At any rate, my most vivid recollection of Jellicoe when he was a boy is in connection with the game of football, and, curiously enough, when I met him subsequently in the Isle of Wight, where his father was living at the time, I met him at a lawn tennis party at Sir Samuel Browne's house. Though it was many years since we had met he had not altered much in appearance; but he had acquired that clear but undefinable hall-mark which seems to be a characteristic of service in the British navy, and which for want of more suitable terms one might describe as a remarkable combination

of mingled modesty and efficiency. The active and vigorous boy, who was so full of humour and vitality, had developed into a grave, modest, and most capable officer. The vitality was still there, but it had been directed and controlled by long years of service in what is at once the most fascinating and the most exacting of professions. Commander Jellicoe, when I met him at Ryde, had made a name for himself in his profession. He had already been Secretary to the Admiralty; and had gained high distinction for his services in connection with gunnery practice. Even when he was a lieutenant at the Royal Naval College in 1883 he had won the special £80 prize for gunnery; and it was only natural that he should continue to pay particular attention to this extremely important branch of naval service. But he was no mere book-worm. On the contrary, he was, as I was told, at that time one of the best lawn tennis players amongst the naval officers in the southern district, and his skill in this game really dates back to the old days at Rottingdean. At the Rottingdean school there was a very large open air racquet court, the largest, I think, which I have ever seen; and as it was built on to the school buildings we could utilize it at a moment's notice. Thus all our spare moments were given to play on this court; and the result was that the Rottingdean school turned out more than one lawn tennis player of exceptional ability. Amongst these Admiral Jellicoe may well be named. Just as in the old Elizabethan days the admirals of her Majesty's fleet employed their leisure moments in playing bowls, so it is interesting to note that the same capacity for physical exercise in the open air prevails amongst many of the British admirals of the present day.

One of the most curious features of schoolboy life in England is the use of constantly changing and most picturesque slang. I do not know why English boys seem to take a special delight in finding new and quaint methods of expression, but such as certainly the case, and to such an extent that the particular words and phrases used during one decade would, in the following decade, be entirely obsolete and out of place. An excellent example of this schoolboy habit is given in Kipling's "Stalky and Co." "Good Biznai," and "tirra lirra, I gloat, hear me," are the principle phrases which were in use among Stalky and his friends; but every school is continually evolving words and phrases of a similarly fantastic kind. I am sure that at Rottingdean we indulged in this habit as freely as any other school, but curiously enough the only example which I can remember is one started by John Jellicoe. He introduced the habit of talking not of "man," but of "mon," after, I suppose, the Scotch method of pronunciation. This reminds me of an extraordinary assertion made by Bernhard Dernburg in *The Saturday Evening* Post for November 21st: "Though there is a fighting spirit in the British army, it is mostly Irish, and so are the leaders—Lord Roberts, Lord Beresford, Sir John French, Admiral Jellicoe, and Lord Kitchener of Khartum." Even so far as French and Kitchener are concerned, such a statement seems exaggerated; for they both have a great deal of English blood in their veins. So far as Sir John Jellicoe is concerned, it is still more absurd. Anyone more typically English than the present Admiral of the Grand Navy it is impossible to imagine.

I can imagine no better training-ground for the boy who is to take an active part in directing the naval policy of a great country than early boyhood spent amongst the rolling downs of southern Sussex. There is a singular charm in this part of the country which has appealed to men of the most diverse character. I have already mentioned that for many years Rudyard Kipling made his home at Rottingdean. Sir Edwin Burne-Jones, who

in a different sphere was an equally celebrated artist, was not less attracted by the charms of this neighbourhood, and he also towards the end of his career made Rottingdean his habitual home. There is something in the scenery which presents an equal fascination to the painter and to the man of letters. Nowhere indeed in the world can you find a landscape which gives a wider or more varied panorama than this. As you stand on the top of the noble down which rises above Rottingdean, you see in front of you for miles on either side the white cliffs fringing "the inviolate sea"; while in every other direction the eye meets a constant succession of rolling downs and green valleys, diversified here and there by ploughed land, and occasionally by a clump of trees. It is true that to some eyes the comparative absence of woodland may seem a defect, but on the other hand there is surely abundant compensation in the glorious breadth and freedom of the view which meets one on all sides.

No tender-hearted garden crowns,
  No blossomed woods adorn
Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs,
  But gnarled and writhen thorn—
Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,
  And through the gaps revealed
Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim
  Blue goodness of the Weald.

Here through the strong unhampered days
  The tinkling silence thrills;
Or little, lost, Down churches praise
  The Lord who made the hills:
But here the Old Gods guard their round,
  And, in her secret heart,
The heathen kingdom Wilfrid found
  Dreams, as she dwells, apart.
—Kipling.

And apart from the charm of the scenery, the whole country is full of historical associations. Little more than a mile from Rottingdean lies, in the next valley, Ovingdean Grange, in a secret chamber of which Charles the Second is said to have taken refuge, and thus to have baffled the Roundheads and to have succeeded in escaping to France.

It has been my good fortune to have met at the different schools where I was educated, several who have become men of distinction in after life, amongst whom I may mention, Lord Curzon (formerly Viceroy of India), Lord Parker (the Law Lord), the Dean of Westminster, the Dean of St. Paul's, and the present British Ambassador at Washington, Sir Cecil Spring Rice. In the majority of these cases the middle-aged man seems to have little or no resemblance to the boy whom I remember in my school days. But there are a few exceptions. Lord Curzon, if the photographs published of him are in any way accurate, seem to resemble exactly the tall intellectual-looking boy, who walked into Eton College chapel, as Captain of the Oppidans, many years ago; and so far as some photographs are concerned, the same thing seems to be true of Sir John Jellicoe.

In the case of one who has achieved such distinction as Sir John Jellicoe, one would naturally wish to be able to say that even his boyish companions had forseen for him a brilliant future, but on looking back at my school days I cannot honestly say that either I or any of my companions at Rottingdean school entertained any such idea. Boys of the age of ten or eleven years are naturally not inclined to forecast the future; they live for the actual present, and they take such a modest and moderate view of their own and their comrades' abilities that the thought that any individual is destined for greatness would seem to the boyish mind almost absurd. As a matter of fact, it is extremely difficult even at a comparatively later period to foretell success for any particular class-mate. I remember that at Cambridge we once had a discussion as to which of our contemporaries was most likely to make his mark in the world. One student's name was mentioned in particular, but though he has since achieved an honourable and useful career, he has certainly not attained

any conspicuous success; and in the case of those whom I have already mentioned as having been my contemporaries at Eton, I doubt if any of us realized that we were in the presence of great men. This I imagine has always been true. When one reads such a book as Southey's "Life of Nelson," it appears, even in the case of that remarkable man, that his conspicuous abilities were not at an early age regarded as very remarkable. To a certain extent also the success of the particular individual depends upon the conditions of the time, and even in the case of Nelson it seems doubtful whether the conditions of modern naval warfare would have afforded the same scope for his abilities as existed a hundred years ago.

In any case it is certain that with Sir John Jellicoe as its Admiral-in-Chief the British fleet is worthily maintaining the traditions of Nelson's days. And I like to think of him as he paces the quarter-deck of his flagship, in weary hours of ceaseless watching against a foe who, while declining direct combat, employs all those weapons of insidious warfare which were unkown in Nelson's day, as exhibiting in an ever-increasing degree the same qualities of capacity and self-reliance for which, even as a boy, he was remarkable. The days of Nelson are gone for ever, but the old Nelson spirit lives in the British fleet. And as I look back over the space of more than forty years at Sir John Jellicoe's schoolboy career, I am reminded of the lines in the Harrow School song, "Forty Years On":

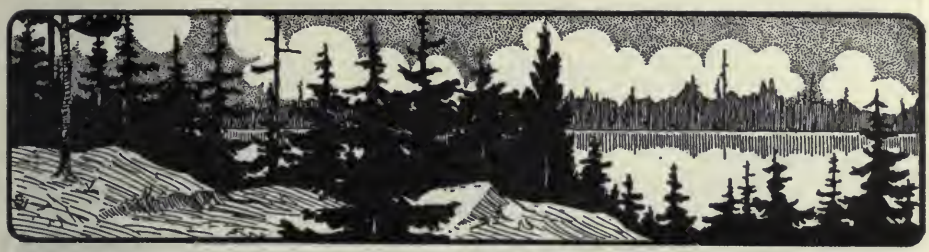
O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable, forty years on!

God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun;
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on.

THE FARM ON THE RIVER

From the Painting by
K. R. Macpherson

Contributed to the Canadian
Patriotic Fund



A PLACE OF QUIET BREATHING

BY WILLIAM LUTTON

FROM the great hills on either side the tender green comes down to the water's edge, cool and sweet in the heat. The sun polishes the surface of Muskoka Lakes like burnished silver. In the distance are the purple hills, which draw the spirit, and give to the harassed mind the sense of ineffable peace and rest. They seem to bar the path of the boat, fold upon fold, until the illusion is broken by the near approach, and the way lies open—narrow at times and tortuous, winding in and out, offering constant surprise, in the wooded shores, which one could, in the rare instance, almost touch with the hand in the emerald gems which rise from the lake gleaming in the sun, and from whose bosom one could glimpse the charmed magic casement of the summer homes, which sought, in their uprearing, to mimic the softness and delicacy of nature.

All the way the charm is sustained —the shores recede or come close for friendly recognition; the lakes sleep in the sun; a vast and solemn silence, save for the throes of the engines, encompasses the world; and one yields himself to those monitions and intimations which seem to declare the immanence of God.

Now the lake is like a long and winding silver ribbon; anon there is a noble breadth. In the romantic mo-

"Winding in and out, offering constant surprise"

ment one might think he could put out his hand and pull the water lilies, through which, in narrow passages, the boat passes. The islands come upon you with the sense of delighted surprise. When the boat touches, happy summer people come down to the edge of their tiny kingdom, and exchange greetings; the young people sing songs; the girls are all in white, with fresh cheeks; there is neither care nor sorrow in the world. The launches dart in and out—youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm.

The canoe glides through the water, with the young girl lying on cushions and her companion, wielding the paddle in approved fashion—a glimpse of that eternal romance which can never die while there are youth and hope in the world.

On the great bluffs, which rise on either shore, you see the homes of American and Canadian millionaires—lordly in their bulk—with spacious grounds, from which rise the stately palms, and which express the instinctive and elemental desire for poetic association with nature.

To these enchanted lakes they come for health and pleasure. The cares of life are thrust out of the doors of the mind. Life has been strenuous and wearing; but here is the idyl for which the heart craves. The harassing things of life recede to a remote distance. All is lapped in immutable calm.

One might well fancy the happy summer occupants saying, with the poet, "We will no longer roam."

Here and there the boat touches; and down to the water's edge come the happy young people, gathered together from many widely-separated points of human contact to laugh and sing and yell their topical cries.

Letters are received and creature comforts are taken on shore, for the stomach is clamant, even though one

"The sweet, idyllic charm of the Inlets"

may, at twenty, yield to the influence of a big yellow moon; for while we have been musing upon the beauty of the scene, so fresh and unhackneyed the afternoon has worn on; the sun has sunk into the lake; the after-glow has made a splendour almost terrible in its depth of colour and broad diffusion; and the moon has succeeded —large and golden and supernal. And now the lake is molten gold; and every sound is hushed, save for the plaintive cry of the gull or the loon. The solemnity is inexpressible. All are affected by it. The chatter ceases; and all come out on deck to feel the ravishment of the incomparable scene —the haunting beauty, the sense of nearness to the deep things of nature. The lights twinkle on the shores, the launch darts across the track of the boat; the canoe can be outlined in the distance, with the two figures, which are enough for happiness.

Across the lake comes the sound of happy laughter. As the boat nears the shore, one can see the flying feet, as the young people pay their *devoirs* to terpsichore. For, remember, this is a world of delight and laughter. There is not a pain nor a tear in it. No carking care wrinkles the brow; and at twenty one can afford to miss the beauty sleep, while the vibrant tones of Strauss's "Blue Danube" tremble on the air and demand response. One could wish that the boat might go on and make that trail of glory on the lake, that the moon might ravish the world with its own delight; but Rosseau, now the objective of the trip, is reached, and the twinkling lights of the *Monteith House* gleam out upon the water.

Here are welcome and good cheer. Nobody thinks of bed; and the young people are lured to the dancing-pavilion, where, until far on in the night, delicate measures are gaily tripped.

One hears the swish-swash of the lake at the very feet, as it were, sees the golden moon high in the heaven; the shores ghost-like in the

"When the boat touches, happy summer people come down to the edge of their tiny kingdom"

ravishing radiance; finds a world all golden and young and beautiful, and desirable as the lost Atlantis.

One is not satisfied with Muskoka Lakes, but must add the Lake of Bays to one's itinerary.

The name has been well chosen. This is the potent lure—the innumerable bays which afford a constant delight and surprise. To the broad stretch of lake succeeds the sudden inlet—the sheltered haven, where one might pluck the growing things on the shore. The lake broadens and narrows at its own sweet will; but always hints the surprise to prevent the satiety of sameness.

The breadth is superb; but the narrows, the sweet, idyllic charm of the inlets, this is the chief remembrance.

The lake is as smooth as glass; pellucid, serene, arresting in its subtle charm.

The bays come upon you before you know it—full of allurement, as if nature was various on purpose to whet desire, like the charms of some beauty, whom time doth not wither, nor custom stale.

And thus the trip proceeds—from the plain and candid width, to the rapturous surprise of the bays or lagoons, on which the water-lilies idly float, and which with a prodigal wealth of shore-growths, express the very air of romance.

There, too, we find the islet to surprise and gratify by its softness and vividity—its summer homes perched on the highest point—the whole, when first the eye catches it, suggesting a dreamlike vision, suspended in the air. Along the margins, too, are the summer residences of the well-to-do people, who make this their summering place—people who have made the discovery of this entrancing world and enjoy it the summer long. There are, of course, hotels along the way, and these are filled with merry guests; but the islands that lift their *frondaison*; the bluffs which show the

"The lake is as smooth as glass, pellucid, serene, arresting in its subtle charm"

"The islands that lift their frondaison, the bluffs which show the beautiful summer homes

"In the distance are the purple hills, which draw the spirit

beautiful summer homes, adorned with every luxury, and always showing lawns and gardens touching the water edge—these claim the regard, as the expression of individual taste and feeling. The bluffs rise sheer; the hills seem to touch you, but always part their involutions and give you passage. Beyond the rim is the great outside world we have left, without sorrow, behind; here is enough for joy and rest and peace, there is murmurous hum in the warm air; the gull follows the boat, darting suddenly to the water, and finding its food like the ravens, who are promised providential care.

The engines throb as the boat makes a shining track in the water; the isle shows its head for a moment and is no more seen; the summer home on the crag flutters a dainty handkerchief as we pass. The Indian names called out suggest the primordial lordship of the people whom we have despoiled. When the white man was not, the children of nature smote the water with their paddles, and, in the immemorial silence made the only human sound for aeons.

As the evening comes on, up comes the golden moon, and glorifies the world. Then something wistful steals upon nature; the utter beauty of the scene makes the spirit pensive.

One feels the silent ecstasy of the heavenly light, and would fain prolong the experience. Come the merry greetings from the twinkling human habitations along the shores; comes the boat to final pause; and romance ends when the porter of the *Wawa Hotel* shouts out, "Baggage checks, please." Nevertheless, after dinner, there is strolling through the enchanted and illuminated grounds; while one in watching the flying feet and hearing the entrancing music can only think that the divinest thing in life is youth.

GEORGE HAM

SKETCH OF A GENTLEMAN ON WHOM THE SUN NEVER SETS

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

GEORGE HENRY HAM is a large body of superfine humanity entirely surrounded by the Canadian Pacific Railway. He is bounded on the south by the line to Drummondville, on the north by the branch to Ste. Agathe, on the east by the Quebec and Maritime sections, and on the west by the four-thousand-mile stretch that ends at Vancouver. Among the eighty-five thousand employees he is the only latitudinarian. And he is a latitudinarian simply because he has more latitude than longitude, latitude of movement as well as of mind. And being a latitudinarian he was free when a Roman Catholic friend called him by telephone recently and complained that his wife was playing Protestant hymns on the piano—he was free to say, "Have the place fumigated and send the bill to the Archbishop." Any lawful day you may find him in his own office, unless he happens to be running up to Ottawa, or down to New York, over to Chicago, through to Vancouver, out to San Francisco, or across to Drury's, For he has what is known in university parlance as a travelling scholarship.

His office is in the headquarters of the railway, at the Windsor Station, Montreal—just off a long corridor that makes you feel when you enter it as if entering the big end of a telescope. You could pick him out because he is the only one that never appears to be working. If he is there at all, he is either just coming in or going out. If you are coming in, he is going out—or across. If you are going out, he'll go out with you—or across. And once you see him, you will never forget him. For he always looks the same. He always has looked the same. And after all, why shouldn't he? For into the many perplexing, annoying, and tragic vicissitudes of an unusually eventful life he has never failed to infuse the saving grace of good humour. The fun of laughing at the ridiculous side of things has kept him young, and for a quarter of a century he has provoked more wholesome mirth than any other man in the Dominion. And while as a matter of fact his humorous and unique personality has greatly increased the fame of the Canadian Pacific Railway, it is equally true that he has been able to render peculiarly valuable service in several important adventures. All of which goes to prove that the genuine humourist must possess the basic quality of seriousness. I have seen George Ham in his official capacity as representative of the C. P. R. stir men to the height of merriment while he himself was weighted down by some acute personal bereavement or rendered almost helpless by intense physical agony.

But I had been remarking that he always looks the same. For he usually wears a complete suit of plain gray tweed—trousers, waistcoat, and coat. "Neat, but not goddy," as he himself

says in his admirable brochure, "The Flitting of the Gods." The pockets of the waistcoat are always bagged under the pressure of cigars carried there against every emergency, and the trousers are mostly of the regulation length, although he once complained of a pair being a little tight under the arms. Above all, there is a soft felt hat, which is worn outdoors as well as in. It covers a head not otherwise wholly covered, a head that has had more changes of pillows than any other head north of Forty-Nine. I cannot say whether the moustache improves his appearance, because I have never seen his face with it off. It is possible, of course, that it covers a feature suggesting some villainous tendency which so far he has been able to subdue. If so, he has been subduing it a long time, for he was born in the town of Trenton, by the Trent, on the 22nd and 23rd of August, 1847; the occasion is known in Canadian history as the Trent Affair. There was another affair of the same name fourteen years later, but it was not purely Canadian, being merely a demonstration of British and American diplomacy. Nevertheless, it almost caused a misdating of the real Trent Affair from 1847 to 1861, which would have been a grave injustice to the whole Trent valley. But George, by this time an overgrown lad jealous of his natal glory, and with the blood of his United Empire Loyalist forefathers seething in his veins, enlisted in the Canadian militia and stood ready to defend his people and his country. It is only just to say that he was not at that time killed in battle; and while the second Trent affair is sometimes mentioned by historians, everyone now knows that the real Affair took place in 1847, the birth-year of George Henry Ham. Owing to these things, but mostly to the fact that he repeatedly refused to run away from home at an early age, he still speaks with a slight Trentonian accent, though distinctly enough to be understood in nine Provinces, especially when making an after-dinner speech.

And that reminds me of an occasion when he was responding to a toast to the Canadian Pacific Railway. He said he would rather be President of that railway than be Mayor of Westmount or laid to rest under the tallest shaft of marble in the English-speaking world.

It is said that his right palm is callous from much hand-shaking. Whether it is or not, one thing is sure, his heart isn't. For if there is a big, generous heart in the world, it is George Ham's. But I was attempting to describe his appearance, not his besetting sin. I had got as far as the moustache. On either side of that adornment there is a deep wrinkle which an undiscerning person might mistake for a sign of old age, but which as a matter of fact is merely a result of the efforts of an optimistic man to play a joke on his friends by appearing to be pessimistic. For George Ham is fuller of optimism than some persons are of philanthropy. In that condition he displays a fine expansive figure, in keeping with his five feet, twelve inches of height when well heeled. He has indeed a soldierly appearance, due no doubt to the fact that he was the first Canadian war correspondent, that he enlisted in the Canadian militia at the age of fourteen, that he served during the Fenian Raids in 1866 and 1870, receiving a medal for merit; that he was with Major-General Middleton at Fish Creek, that he was on the steamer *Northwest* when she ran the blockade; and, lastly, that in 1914 he was appointed by the Minister of Militia at Ottawa an Honourary Lieutenant-Colonel of the Department of Intelligence. Any one wishing to study his early literary style may search *The Mail and Empire* (Toronto) of thirty years ago and there read his despatches from the front during the last uprising under Riel. He was a well-known man in the West, even in those days, and it

MR. GEORGE HENRY HAM

is said that he passed through the lines one night when if he had been any other man than George Ham he would have been shot dead on the spot. It was during the course of this rebellion that a friendship developed between him and Middleton. The friendship began one evening when George rode out upon the prairie, following the General, who had ridden away alone and who, George feared, might be surprised by Indians. Soon he perceived that the General had halted, and coming closer he overheard him speaking freely in the vernacular. For the General had rid-

den away to have a quiet smoke, and was trying, unsuccessfully, to light his pipe, a trial that is oath-provoking on the prairies. George offered to light it, and he succeeded—with the first match. Thereafter the General regarded him as the greatest man west of the Great Lakes. But George always was an adept at such tasks, even before he took to after-dinner speaking. But his speeches have not been restricted to dinners, for once by a speech (just before dinner) he earned the appointment of official station-opener. A station had been built not far from Toronto. George, being present on the occasion of the opening, was called on to do the act officially. He stepped forward, and in an apologetic manner said that he did not know whether to open it with a key, a crowbar, or prayer.

He felt like praying one time when, Hamlike, he surrendered his sleeping-berth to an unfortunate lady who was so fat that no one but a brute could go to sleep while thinking of her sitting up all night in the day coach. He was travelling in company with Mr. Edward Farrer, and when the two parted for the night Farrer told George not to worry about getting up in the morning as he would call him at the right time. But as George was about to retire, the lady came puffing into the corridor and announced that she had not been able to get a berth.

"Why, there's one right here for you," said George, without any pretence at gallantry, as he pulled aside the curtains of his own berth.

The lady, little suspecting that she was compelling an honest man to sit up and play poker all night, slept serenely in the berth until morning. That was well enough, but sometimes fate will not let well enough alone. And in this instance Farrer stood for fate. He knew nothing about the fat lady, and therefore, to ill-use a Baconian phrase, he hied him hence, in the gray of morning, and, pulling apart the curtains of the Ham berth, shouted: "Get up, you old villain! Last call for breakfast!"

One should not infer from this that George Ham has always slept on the bumpers, for on one particular occasion he shared the stateroom with the late William Stitt, General Passenger Agent. George says Mr. Stitt was the heaviest snorer east of the Kootenay. And Mr. Stitt used to say that George Ham was the easiest liar this side of Ananias. However that may be, George's revised version of the stateroom affair is that Stitt snored like a dustless cleaner. George was in the upper berth, so he reached down and gave the snorer a slight pressure under the chin. The snoring ceased suddenly and then a raucous voice asked, "What time is it?" George told him it was three o'clock. Half an hour later the snoring was louder than before. George struck downwards again.

"What's the matter?" growled Stitt. "Can't you let a fellow sleep?"

"My father used to tell me," said George, "never to go to sleep with a lie on my conscience."

"I don't give a hang about your conscience."

"Well, I told you just now it was three o'clock. As a matter of fact, it was three-fifteen."

"Oh, go to ....!"

George says he hasn't gone yet. And I do not believe there's a man anywhere who would like to see him go. For he is deservedly the most popular man in the Dominion. That would be a pretty strong claim for one who had never entered public life. But I cannot make it as such, for George Ham was at one time a sort of *Pooh Bah* in the city of Winnipeg. He was an alderman, a school trustee, a licence commissioner, and the registrar of deeds. I am not sure that he occupied all these positions at once, nor do I know whether he was commissioner of dog licences or a registrar of good deeds. In any case, no one begrudges him the huge emoluments of these offices. And although

he has been out of public life for about thirty years, there are in the Dominion but few men who are as widely known as he is. And to know him is to like him. For he is the kind of man whom you can call George fifteen minutes after first meeting him. Because he will call you Tom, Dick, or Harry right from the start, and thereby open the way for a lasting friendship. If I wished to strengthen my claim as to his popularity I could enlist the opinion of any railway man in Canada, any newspaper man in Canada, any politician—indeed, any all-round good fellow. For he himself is the prince of good fellows, and, to use a phrase that is much abused, he is as well a gentleman and a scholar. It might be expected, in order to make his attributes complete, that I should record him as a judge of good whiskey. But as a matter of fact, his judgment is better as to ginger ale, a beverage which, curiously enough, he had to eschew a few years ago owing to ill-health. He did not let the incident pass, however, without marking it by one of his characteristic observations. For, as he himself explained afterwards, they first cut out the appendix, then the thyroid cartillage, then, worst of all, the booze. His cheerfulness in time of sickness has been a marvel to his friends. And it is marvellous, also, what he has survived.

"You must have a great constitution," said a caller at the hospital one day.

"Yes," said George with a grim smile, "a great constitution, but no by-laws."

His good humour is irrepressible, and although it has been recorded only in the minds of his friends, he won the admiration of Mark Twain, who presented him with his portrait and autograph. I have never known him to be at a loss for a brilliant sally, and his wit has been summoned many and many a time when other men would have been at home in bed. At a luncheon tendered a few years ago by the late Senator Jaffray to Colonel Watterson, I was placed next to George, which is a privilege that Sir Wilfrid Laurier always requests when he attends the annual dinner of the Press Gallery at Ottawa. George was by no means well, yet his vivacity was not in the least affected. Opposite us sat Mr. (now Sir John) John S. Willison and Mr. Joseph Tarte. These two engaged in an argument that involved Quebec and Ontario. As Mr. Tarte seemed to be floundering, George, being a fellow-resident of Montreal, leaned forward and in a stage whisper urged him to "deal in glittering generalities."

It is quite right, and natural, to suppose that a man of George Ham's popularity would be the object from time to time of a great many presentations. He has run the whole gamut, from bedroom slippers to gold watches and travelling companions. He has received travelling companions almost to the point of embarrassment, just like the bride of thirty years ago used to receive cruet stands. And the worst of it is he has never liked the formality of a presentation, and he has been heard to say that he would rather receive an increase in salary any day than have to reply to a preentation of two gold cuff links suitably engraved. I recall an occasion when he tried to hide from a committee that had bought something handsome to give to him. He had accompanied the members of the Ontario Legislature to inspect the Agricultural College at Guelph, and on the way back, shortly after leaving the city, everything was ready in the last car—everything except George. He was not in sight. Two of the party went to fetch him. They found him somewhere up near the engine. It was a long train, and George had to walk back through car after car, until finally, as he entered the last one, he muttered to himself, almost inaudibly, "Great Caesar! They'll have me back in Guelph again, first thing I know." Then he received the pres-

ent, and replied with the kind of speech that has made him famous, not so much because of what he says as because of his inimitable manner of saying it.

His great popularity is due in part at least to his spontaneous human sympathy. In everything except politics he is liberal, so liberal indeed that he can be sorry even for Judas Iscariot or for one German Emperor. His sympathies are so wide in fact that they have earned for him the singular distinction of being the only man member of the Canadian Women's Press Club. Of course, his membership is honourary, and although it is many years since he quit the field of active journalism, he is *de jure* (the italics are mine) still a newspaperman. He began as a printer, and has been successively reporter, war correspondent, editor, and publicity agent. Just what his position is in the Canadian Pacific Railway service it would be difficult to define. Whatever it is, it is generally well known that his personality has done much towards making the road popular. At one time he was called the General Publicity Agent. But for a complete definition we have to go back two hundred years, to one Alexander Pope, in whose writings we find these time-honoured words, "Guide, philosopher, and friend." We borrow them, and here rival their author in the application. For they apply to George Ham with rare fitness. And almost every important party that has crossed Canada in the last twenty years has been accompanied by him in that amiable capacity.

Under such circumstances the roadbed is always smooth, the meals tempting, the porters obliging, the waiters good-natured, the time-table accurate, and the sun perpetually shining. For George Ham's is a shining personality. And it will go on shining long after many great men are forgotten. Then let us take off our hats now to this one on whom the sun never sets.

THE TESTING OF BOB

BY GERALDINE LENINGTON STEINMETZ

"DISGRACEFUL! How dare he do it! Mother. She works in a shop. And he never told us."

"He told me," said my mother very gently, "that he was going to marry Miss Marie."

"Miss Marie! Is that what he calls her?"

"My dear!" said mother.

Of course, I couldn't say any more, but I made up my mind then and there that I'd save my brother. There were lots of ways of doing it. I meditated.

As for the girl, I did not think of her. Why should I? Of course, I would break that engagement, break it for my brother's sake, break it by some means.

I made a party that week that I thought would have turned the head even of my steady gray-eyed brother.

I had Madge and Dorothea and Kitty, Jim Horseman, Tom Raynolds, and Archer. And before they came I had the tennis court rolled fresh, the boats overhauled, and lots of cushions in the hammocks on the verandah.

You'll notice I didn't ask as many men as girls—on purpose.

I said to Bob, Friday night:

"I say, Bob, Dr. Lawson has disappointed me. I haven't enough men to go round because Jim never gets very far away from me. But you're not going anywhere specially, are you, Bob?"

He had been, I knew. I could tell by his face. He was so disappointed. What sort of a girl was Miss Marie, anyway? But my brother knows what he had to do for me. He said:

"I was, but I'll fix it up. When do they come?"

"At one on Saturday."

"And when do they go?"

"Bob, how hospitable you sound. They go Monday morning."

"That means I'm on duty all Sunday."

"Bob, Madge is coming."

Bob looked at me quizzically. Madge was an old sweetheart of his. I suppose that even my out-and-out brother began to wonder what my little game was.

"And I've asked Dorothea."

"Dorothea Hazelwood?" Bob whistled. I *had* interested him finally. Dorothea is the most beautiful girl I know, and if it came to a try-out between Dorothea and the Miss Marie person, I had a guess which would win.

Bob hung around after dinner. I knew what he wanted—a clear hall to telephone in, for our hall is the sort that magnifies even a whisper. I was curled up in the hammock half asleep, planning an entirely new salad—something that even Kitty couldn't guess—when Bob finally got a number in town. I suppose it was some sort of boarding-house place where Miss Marie lived. Miss Marie—what a funny little name.

Bob spoke so quietly I couldn't hear all the name he gave. Then in a moment I heard him say:

"Is it you, dear?"

"Dear." I was cross. Apparently, it was "dear." Then he said:

"Not call you up so late? What time is it? Ten o'clock, I didn't know. I'm sorry. Won't do it again."

Imagine Bob so humble. So that was how she did it? Playing Miss Propriety? But perhaps she lived all by herself in that horrid boarding-house. Bob was saying:

"I've just called you up to say I had wanted to spend Sunday with you, if you'd go for a ride or for a picnic, or whatever you like, but my sister has a party on down here, and wants me to help her out. Do you mind? I hope you do, very much. . . . Thanks. Will you come out with me Monday evening?" I suppose she said she would. Bob didn't say any more, no nonsense, or talking, or anything, just, "Good night, dear," in a voice that sounded as if he meant it.

But I wouldn't give in. I would try Madge first, and if Madge's daredeviltry didn't break the Miss Marie spell, then I'd do it with Dorothea.

Madge played my hand unconsciously. I knew she liked Bob—for that matter, every girl likes my big brother. I settled Kitty and Dorothea, Tom and Archer at tennis. At first I thought Madge was going to be content to sit alongside and watch. But I might have known Madge better.

"Bob," she gurgled, looking up at him and fairly throwing herself at him, "Bob, I long for a canoe, my hands ache for a paddle, my soul—"

Bob smiled at her. I *thought* he'd forget Miss Marie.

"If that's all you need to make you happy, come on," he said, and I saw them going off across the meadow path to the boat-house.

I'd give Madge the afternoon.

Jim tagged after me to the dairy-house, where we spent the afternoon making ice-cream. That is, Jim made it, and I superintended. It was my idea that the temperature has a lot to do with a man's love-making. I chose the ice-cold dairy-house in the hope that the temperature would keep Jim from proposing, even if I did get pleuro-pneumonia and die as a secondary result. The device didn't work. Jim proposed and I refused him. I felt worse than he did, but I had made up my mind to refuse Jim three times, and this was only the first time. I don't know how I shall manage not to say yes the next time. But—

Bob and Madge came back about half-past five. I thought Madge looked disappointed and Bob a trifle bored—not, of course, that he'd let anyone see it if he was.

"Where'd you go?" we asked them.

"Across to Macready's Point, and through the woods," Bob said.

"The flowers are lovely," gurgled Madge, "Bob and I used to go there every week. It was just like old times, wasn't it?"

Bob said "Yes," but it was a dead sure thing to me that if it was like old times to Madge, it wasn't to Bob.

"Do you know," he said suddenly, "we're rather lucky to be here—in the country—aren't we? And you girls with your good looks," they laughed at him, but he went right on, "every girl can't paddle as you do. Every girl hasn't the chance."

I said, "Oh, Bob, keep your sermon for to-morrow," But I knew what he was thinking—that Miss Marie in town hadn't the fresh air and the fun and good times we had. Now, if he began to feel sorry for her, it *was* all up with my plan. Oh, dear, why did one's brother have to be the dearest fellow in the world to anyone but his own sister?

That night I slipped into Bob's room to say good-night and thank him for helping me with my party. I was curious. I couldn't help asking him what Madge had said in the afternoon. Bob shut his lips hard, and looked at me.

"What little girls don't know won't hurt them."

"Bob, *was* she reproachful?"

"Reproachful about what?" asked Bob savagely. "There's nothing to be reproachful about. But for my part, Angelica, I don't see *why* you can't have girls with some sense."

I felt rather weepy, for Jim had been trying, and now Bob, my always comfort, was cross. Bob must have seen I was tired, for he stopped scolding and came across to where I stood by the window, and kissed me.

"Isn't the lake beautiful in the moonlight, Bob?"

"I know someone else who is beautiful," said my big brother.

"Oh, and who is it?" I teased. Bob is the nicest person in the world to flirt with. Jim is much too serious.

I believe Bob was on the point of taking me into his confidence about Miss Marie, and if he had, I should have given in, for I do think Bob is the nicest boy I know, but he didn't say anything, and after a minute I turned away from the blue, moonlit water, the orchards, and the night, said "Good night," and went away, and my heart was sore both because of Bob and Jim.

But the next morning in daylight the moonshiny sentimentality drifted off the situation, and I considered putting my money on Dorothea.

I got Dorothea into a blue-checked apron—Bob does like domesticity, he is so sentimental—and I suddenly remembered the peaches hadn't been brought in for luncheon. Bob and Dorothea were told off to pick peaches. Dorothea certainly looked the part. She has wide open blue eyes and fair fluffy hair, and a manner appealing enough to appeal even to Bob. I found out later that there wasn't much "appeal" about Miss Marie. You never can tell, can you?

They came back in an hour—the time consumed to pick one basket of peaches was satisfactory. Dorothea's cheeks were pink; of course, that might have been the heat. Bob certainly was attentive, but then every man is attentive to Dorothea.

After luncheon, the Dinsmores came, and the Allens, and the Browns, and Bob was chiefly occupied in lifting iced tea around the verandah. Dorothea was paying a good deal of attention to Bob. I counted on the evening.

We went to church and I proposed we should walk back along the lake shore. We lost Bob and Dorothea, and when they came in half an hour late we learned that Dorothea had walked part of the way in her bare feet along the edge of the water. Dorothea was coming on. That was more like Madge. I watched Bob lighting a cigarette, and there was a curious sort of look about his eyes. I couldn't make out just quite what it was or what he thought of Dorothea.

The next morning Bob was up at sun-rise, while the rest of us were yet asleep, and had gone off with the car, to be gone all day down in the country buying stuff. But I thought the situation was promising enough to keep Dorothea. So I kept her, for I saw that if I kept Bob just this one more night—one more apology to the Miss Marie, one more night of Dorothea—

He drove in at six, tired and dusty, and turned the car over to the man with instructions to clean and make it ready. I thought, "He can take Dorothea and me for a ride, and I'll get tired at the last moment, and stay behind."

He dug up-stairs to tub before dinner, and I got some iced tea and went up after the splashing stopped.

"Good kid," said Bob, who was standing with two blue ties in his hand, one dark, the other pale. He drank the tea with a gulp, gratefully, and then asked:

"Which looks best?"

"Neither," said I decidedly. "Your face is like a lobster. That blue shows up every vein. Where's that gray tie I gave you a week ago?"

He meekly got out the gray tie and went about putting it on.

"Bob," I said, sitting down on his window-seat, "Dorothea stayed."

"Yes, I saw her," dryly. "Say, isn't this gray rather dead?"

"No. It looks cool. You leave those red ties until November."

"Oh, *all* right." He put up the red ties.

"Bob, will you take Dorothea and me for a ride?"

"Sorry. Can't. You said they'd go Monday morning. I've an engagement."

"Put off the engagement."

Bob turned and looked at me.

"Do you know?" he asked.

"Yes, I do," I said, "and I want you to put off the engagement."

Bob came over and, picking me up, sat down with me on his knee—this puts you at a tremendous disadvantage, if you don't know.

"Look here, kid, what are you driving at?"

"Well, Bob, you're going to see a girl we don't know, and I don't want you to go, or to be engaged."

Bob sat looking before him, and for a minute I wished I hadn't said anything.

Then he said: "I suppose that Jim man is just fooling around with you—not the slightest intention of being engaged or anything like that—"

"Bob," I howled, "he's proposed twice."

"A great mistake," said Bob. "He shouldn't have."

"Bob," I said, for I suppose there was some truth in what he meant, "Bob, is she *really* nice?"

"She's as nice as you, nicer to propose to. She didn't refuse me twice—better not."

I hung my head.

"Bob," I whispered, "do you really care about her?"

"Just this much, little girl, that if you cared as much for Jim you'd have understood and not kept me here dangling attendance on those idiots for two days, and working all day to-day until I could go—"

So he had seen through my scheme all along.

"What will I do with Dorothea?" I wailed. For if she hadn't been there, I should have telephoned Jim to come down, and—

"Dorothea?" Bob considered. "Oh, telephone to Jim to come down and—get Dorothea to play the piano."

"Bob," I said, for I was sorry, "I'm going to call on Miss Marie some day this week."

"No, by Jove, you're not," said my big brother. "You'll wait now. If you're very good you may go the week after next."

"What about mother?" I sulked.

"Mother," said Bob, "went last week."

THE LIGHT ON THE SEA

From the Painting by Paul Doherty, in the National Art Gallery of Canada

THE INFLUENCE OF ITALY ON BRITISH LIFE AND THOUGHT

BY PROFESSOR D. FRASER HARRIS

TO many persons it would seem either frivolous or satirical to speak at the present time of the influence of Italy on Great Britain, whether by influence we mean either a political or an intellectual one. If we except musical compositions, then in the estimation of most people it would seem that waiters, marble angels, table-tops, street pianolas, ice-creams, products for Italian warehousemen, and certain modes of cooking would comprise the contributions to English life emanating to-day from that fascinating peninsula. But we are not thinking of to-day. The truth is that many of us are scarcely at all aware of the very great influence which Italy exerted on the intellectual life, not only of England, but of the rest of Europe, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, an influence whose effects are still clearly traceable in almost every phase of life north of the Alps.

The Renaissance, though a movement which originated in Italy, could not be confined to that great meeting-place of East and West. It was quite impossible that the energy of a movement, which in the land of its birth had in one way or another permanently altered the aspect of every phase of Italian life, could be restricted within the geographical limits of a country in which the agents of the merchants of London met those of Constantinople on that unique common waterway, the Grand Canal. It was inevitable that Italy, then leading the world into the enjoyment of all in literature, art, and science that the New Learning had to reveal, should have profoundly influenced even so distant a country as the island England, which, although it had indeed slept through the night of the Dark Ages, had never been quite unconscious of certain notable phases of activity whose theatre was outside itself. The Crusades and later the Reformation had not been without influence on the intellectual life and secular thought of England.

But, of course, it is a sober fact that the Christian religion reached England through Augustin sent by Pope Gregory the Great direct from Rome in 590 A.D.

As Italy reached her intellectual zenith when England was just awaking from her sleep, so England, having learned a great deal from Italy and borrowed much that was best there, carried on the spirit of the Renaissance, at least in science and in medicine, long after the sun of Italian glory had begun to set. As in commerce, Venice had been the world's exchange when London was merely England's, so London was to be the world's vast meeting-place when Venice had become an architectural museum and an exhibition of pictures, a collection of magnificent relics sinking in sad splendour to their

grave in the Adriatic slime. The call of Italy has always had a great fascination for the best minds; Milton heard it and never forgot the autumn leaves of Vallombrosa; Addison obeyed it and was inspired to make the famous phrase, "classic ground"; while meditative Gray sent from Italy some of the best letters he ever wrote.

As in physical science the Italian Galileo had led, the English Newton, following, had universalized; so, too, in medicine, the University of Salernum was training surgeons and granting them academic licences and diplomas at a time when surgery in England was the affair of barbers and wigmakers. The English youth, William Harvey, in the first year of the seventeenth century, was already far ahead of his septuagenarian instructors in Padua. So in the eighteenth century, when the Hunters of the London School of Anatomy, and the Monros of the Edinburgh, were discovering what was to stand the severest test of time, little was being contributed from Padua or Bologna towards those very subjects, clinical medicine and pathology, which had had their origin in those southern universities. But it is equally true that when our forefathers in England were woad-stained savages, the highly civilized Etruscans were adorning vases and performing with an admirable technique such operations in dentistry as bridge-making in gold.

Most of us have no adequate notion of the magnitude of our indebtedness to Italy, for instance, in the handling of merchandise and all manner of trading, yet our everyday language is full of testimonies to it. Do not £.s.d. stand for *liri* (*livri*), *soldi, denari,* although we *call* them pounds, shillings, and pence? Bank and bankrupt are *banco* and *bancorotto,* the banco being the bench or banc at which the banker sat to transact his business. Our "journal" is but *giornale,* or that which came out every day (diurnal). Our word "gazette" takes us back to the time when a single sheet of news in handwriting was displayed in a certain place in Venice where each person had to pay a small coin or *gazetta* to read it. Again the word "policy," as an insurance policy, has nothing to do with policy in the ordinary sense of that word; it comes from *polizza,* a promise. Our word "quarantine" has no connection in itself with any disease, it is the Italian *quaranti* from the Latin *quadraginta,* or forty, the forty days' detention which a plague-stricken ship underwent in the port of Venice. The very form of the word "company" on the notes of the Bank of England at the present day is an Italian and not an English form at all (*Compa*). What, for instance, do we mean by *italics* in our printing? Nothing other then the use of a certain sloping type first used in Italy. And where did we get that sloping handwriting, the beautiful copper-plate caligraphy of our grandfathers? From Italy; it is sometimes called the Spencerian; it is really a copy of Petrarch's own handwriting, and it came to Britain from Italy in the sixteenth century as one of the minor results of Italian influences on us at the Renaissance.

To those of us who know Lucca at the present time, it is almost ludicrous to think of such a place lending an English king, our Richard I., funds wherewith to meet his part of the expenses of the Crusades. Not only was there much commercial reciprocity between England and Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but the galleys of Genoa and of Venice carried more merchandise to and from the shores of England than did all the English ships taken together. Italy taught England how to trade; she has certainly bettered the instruction. Villani, the Italian historian, tells us that the two great Florentine families of Bardi and the Peruzzi lent King Edward III. more than one million ducats, and that when at last these two great financial houses became insolvent, the failure disturbed the whole of Christendom.

But how comes it that every pawnbroker displays the sign of the three balls over his door? These three balls (*palle*) were the arms or crest of the world-famous family, the Medici, and you can still see them emblazoned in unfaded colours on the roof of the cathedral at Pisa. Now the Medici, besides being the virtual rulers of Florence, were the greatest bankers in Europe, and so it came to pass that their family arms were adopted as a sign by those who carried on transactions more or less analogous to legitimate banking. Every one knows that the name Lombard Street in the city of London dates back to the time when the merchants of Lombardy dominated English business.

As early as the middle of the fourteenth century, when the Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III., married Violanti, daughter of Geleazzo Visconti, Lord of Milan, London consisted of unpaved streets and thatched houses in which people slept on beds of straw. The contrast with the city of his bride must have been very great. Smoothly paved streets were flanked by lofty palaces of marble in one of which the wedding feast took place amid every sign of luxury and splendour. Presents were given to the two hundred Englishmen of the Duke's train; and the occasion was made memorable not only by the profusion of rare dishes, but on account of the display of suits of wrought armour, coats embroidered with pearls, jewels set in gold on the belts, and gold lace over crimson cloth. The greatest poet of his age, Petrarch, sat among the princes at the feast, the remnants of which could have fed hundreds of people. Such was the scale of magnificence in Italy when in England, wine, for instance, was being sold like a medicine.

It is not very widely known that the art of printing did not arrive in England until twelve years after it had been practised in Italy. When at the close of the fifteenth century there were printing-presses in seventy-one Italian cities, England had them in four of hers. Ornamentation on the bindings of books (gold tooling) was in Europe first seen in Italy; it had come there from the East.

It is a commonplace of knowledge that art in Italy was magnificent when elsewhere it was scarcely born; and long afterwards, when France, Germany, and the Netherlands had each a school of painting, the education of no artist was deemed complete until he had stretched his canvas under the Italian's sunny sky. But what is true of painting, is equally so of the allied arts of sculpture, architecture, and house decoration in stone, metal, wood, and plaster. Some of the choicest bits of ecclesiastical architecture in England — Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey, and King's College, Cambridge—are not native work at all but Italian, while the most beautiful plaster mouldings on the ceilings of many English and Scottish mansions, of Holyrood Palace to name only one, were fashioned and fixed there by Italian hands. An Italian garden was at one time the type on which all good English gardens had to be modelled; the terraces, grottoes, statues, and vases being of transalpine origin.

In music of a certain kind, Italy has always been *facile princeps*. The Italian opera, until the rise of the Wagnerian, was the paragon of operas; and if Italian music is not at the present moment so omnipotent a power in the art world as it once was, we have to remember that it has influenced the style of numbers of foreign composers, amongst them the mightiest tone-poets of France, Germany, and Austria.

The amount of Italian influence on English life in the spheres of diplomacy and statecraft was very great; it was in these as part of general culture that the training of the gentleman of the Renaissance was to consist. The courtier was the highest product of all the co-operant ten-

dencies of the Renaissance; its learning, its poetry, its interest in revived antiquity, its polish, its technical knowledge of art, and its skill in all manly, outdoor exercises were to be his. The exquisite result embodied in a Sir Philip Sydney or a Sir Walter Raleigh was quite Italian, and very directly due to humanistic influences. The very comprehensive culture of the Admirable Crichton of St. Andrews, for instance, was typically Italian, including as it did not only the knowledge of fourteen languages, but music, fencing, and horsemanship as well. The love of classical archæology was in point of time first an Italian passion, and women as well as men came under its power. As example of such ladies we might take Vittoria Colonna (1490-1547), and Isabella d'Este, the patron of Aldus Manutius, the Venetian printer, who was printing as early as 1476 those beautiful editions of the Greek classics which have survived to this day as exquisite examples of his art. Equally humanistic and therefore of Italian origin was the learning acquired by Queen Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, the Countess of Bedford, the Countess of Pembroke, the mother of Francis Bacon, and Mary Queen of Scots. This enthusiasm for learning for its own sake, though scarcely so widespread in England as in Italy, yet deeply and fruitfully affected the best English minds.

In the matter of Biblical criticism one tends to look farther north than Italy; and certainly the humanistic ruler of the Vatican who spoke of "this fable of Jesus" was at the spiritual antipodes from the monk at Worms; nevertheless alike in piety and erudition Peter Martyr Vermigli of Florence and Bernadino Ochino of Sienna were not a whit behind their Teutonic brethren. Both resided in England, the writings of both were translated into English, and the former occupied a chair of divinity at the University of Oxford. Of Peter Martyr the discriminating Beza said, "He is a phœnix born from the ashes of Savanarola."

Turning now to literature, nearly every one knows that the influence of Italy on our poetic and dramatic literature was of the deepest. The Italian novels (*novelle*) and the writings of Boccacio in particular, supplied the subject-matter of a great deal of lighter literature of England during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The setting and scenery of no less than fourteen of the plays of Shakespeare is pure Italian; so noticeable is this that the suggestion has seriously been made that Shakespeare must have travelled in Venetia. Not that our and the world's greatest dramatist was the feeble borrower of ideas from obscure Italian tale writers. Shakespeare used Italian scenes, plots, and dramatic situations to supplement what was lacking in the picturesque in the life of England. He used these foreign raw materials in working up by means of the transfiguring power of his own genius that which was to be for all men everywhere for all time. He borrowed, if you will, but he borrowed Italian bricks to hand them back to the world as marble. To the mint of his mind was brought base foreign metal, the great master issued it pure English gold with the stamp of the eternal on it. We should be more exact in speaking of Italian materials for Shakespeare rather than Italian influences on Shakespeare, for no one country or time could influence him who was to influence all for ever. There were Italian actors established in England before there were any English ones.

On many of Shakespeare's poetical predecessors the power of a very potent spell was cast by Italian poets, and especially by Petrarch, whose sonnets became for many a day the model for English poets to copy until some of their sonnets were little more than translations of his. Sir Thomas Wyatt, Henry Earl of Surrey, Sir Philip Sydney, and even Shakespeare himself in some of the sonnets were

all more or less consciously imitating Petrarchan mannerisms. It may even be said that they were plagiarizing, but plagiarism was not in the fifteenth or sixteenth century that deadly literary sin that it is in the twentieth.

The Italian influence on English literature was at its height during the reign of Elizabeth at a time when the national spirit was rapidly maturing towards a robust patriotism. Indeed it was the successes of the Italian circumnavigators, notably of Christopher Columbus of Genoa, and of Amerigo Vespucci of Florence, that fired the latent enthusiasm of Elizabeth's hardy seamen. It is certain that the geographers of Italy had charts and maps of the world as they knew it many years before any other nation. For two hundred years before the reign of Henry VII., Italian ships had carried nearly all England's merchandise; and our earliest books of travel are but translations of Italian works published during the period of the Renaissance. The classical Renaissance in Italy meant a great deal more than a study of the Latin and Greek tongues and the ability to write in those languages, a relic of which is, of course, still with us in the public schools' insistence on the writing of what is called Latin and Greek "verse." It meant for all persons desirous of being thought educated a degree of acquaintanceship with matters relating to classical antiquity not even attempted to be attained in this day save by professional scholars. The medical man of the Renaissance was a scholar. Linacre, physician to Henry VII. and Henry VIII., and the founder of the Royal College of Physicians, was a great deal more than an Oxford graduate in medicine. Thomas Linacre and John Chamber, his brother physician to Henry VIII., had both studied medicine at Padua, of which at that time great university they were doctors of their faculty. Linacre, along with the erudite Grocyn, had as their pupils at Oxford students who were afterwards to be known to the world as Sir Thomas More, Dean Colet, Cardinal Pole, and the mighty Erasmus himself. Oxford was the first place in England to feel the influence of Italy; the order of subsequent reception being Cambridge, the court, the nobility, and the public schools.

We are indebted to Italy for the models of two out of the four Scottish universities, and for much else that is characteristic of academic life in Scotland. By 1065, a year before the Norman conquest, there was established at Salernum a *studium generale* to which flocked students not only from all parts of Italy, but also from France and Germany. Petrarch called it "Fons Medicinæ." By 1096 its reputation as a school of surgery was such that Robert, Duke of Normandy, a brother of the Conqueror, returning from the Crusades, halted at Salernum to have his wounds professionally treated. Thus about six hundred years before surgery was an academic subject in England, it had its professors and its practice in what is now an unimportant town on the shores of the Mediterranean. There was a faculty of arts also, for the students of medicine were required to study arts for three years before giving no less than five to the study of medicine; not a bad curriculum for the eleventh century!

By 1088 this great University of Salernum had added to it a faculty of law, and it continued to be the most celebrated school of law until, on its decline, the centre of medical gravity was transferred to the northern city of Bologna. In Bologna the study of medicine and surgery flourished greatly, wholly due to the insistence of its professors on the dissection of the human body. The University of Bologna is interesting to us because it was explicitly on it as a model that the Renaissance Pope Nicholas V. founded the University of Glasgow in 1450. Architecturally the original university buildings were Renaissance in their design; the stones

fortunately remain in their relative positions and constitute the gateway of the beautiful new university buildings in the west of Glasgow. Glasgow then, academically, was a daughter of Bologna. Another Pope—a man very different from the book-loving Nicholas—I mean Alexander VI.—founded, in 1500, the third University of Scotland that owes its existence to foreign influence—Aberdeen. It was the Spaniard, Alexander Borgia, who was instrumental under good advice in founding a seat of learning in the then wild and bleak country of the north of Scotland. The University of St. Andrew's had been founded in 1411 by Benedict XIII. (Peter de Luna) the anti-Pope at Avignon.

Since Oxford owed its existence to Paris, and no less than three out of the four Scottish universities were created by foreign influence, we see what was the indebtedness of the world of British learning to forces moulding it from afar.

The next feature of our intellectual life which came to us very directly from Italian sources was the learned society or academy. Our own Royal Society dates only from the middle of the seventeenth century and did not get its charter from Charles II. until 1662. But all the learned societies of Europe were modelled on the type of that at Florence, the Florentine Acadamy, founded by Cosimo de Medici before 1485. When England was being riven by the wars of the rival roses, the Florentine savants were discussing the importance of the study of Greek in general and of Plato in particular in an atmosphere if intensest enthusiasm for learning of every kind.

To return to the court of Henry VIII., it was, in a word, Italianated, for besides the two Englishmen, Linacre and Chamber, both of them Italian-trained, Henry had two other physicians who were Italian-born, Battista de Boeria and Ferdinando de Vittoria. We are not at all surprised to know that the court surgeon was also an Italian, Antonio Ciabo. Another at the same court, Ammonio, a personal friend of Linacre, knew the great Erasmus well; while still another Italian, Petruchio Ubaldini, served in Henry VIII.'s unjustifiable and devastating war against Scotland. Adrian de Castello, at this time papal Nuncio for Scotland, wrote a Latin poem published by the world-renowned Venetian, Aldus, who was also Linacre's publisher. Corneliano, another Italian, wrote a Latin poem on the death of James IV. at Flodden, having so many false quantities that Erasmus derived immense amusement from it. In the next reign, Peter Martyr Vermigli, after eight years' study at Padua, was invited by Cranmer to come to teach at Oxford, and the unfortunate philosopher, Giordano Bruno spent two years (1583-1585) at the court of Elizabeth. Bruno lectured at Oxford as a neo-Platonist on the immortality of the soul; in physical science he expounded the Copernican philosophy then described as new. Bruno's publisher in England was that same Thomas Vautrollier who spent seven years in Edinburgh (1580-87) and published no less known a work than Knox's "History of the Reformation in Scotland." Jacopo Acontio, an Italian living in England at this time, wrote a treatise on the "Philosophy of History," in which he demonstrated the influence of the environment on the individual and exhibited man as the product of his age. So well-known an Englishman as Thomas Cromwell had studied at Padua, where you may still see his coat-of-arms on the wall of the cortile; Padua had sheltered John Panketh as well as Sir John Cheke, who had lectured there and had counted amongst his friends that strange man of universal learning—Jerome Carden (Hieronymus Cardanus). The links between Oxford and Italy were neither few nor unimportant. Henry Chicheley, the founder of All Souls and the giver of gifts to Oxford, had long re-

sided at Sienna; Alberico Gentile, who had come to England in 1580, was seven years later appointed Regius Professor of Civil Law in England's premier university; Richard Croke, the friend of More and Linacre, had studied in Italy; Thomas Starkey, of Magdalen College, one of the lecturers at Oxford, had been at Padua; while Robert Parsons, of Balliol, had studied medicine in the same halls. This great university of north Italy had been Alma Mater to such different Englishmen as Peter Courtney, later Bishop of Exeter; Richard Pace, and Sir Thomas Hoby. To Pace, Erasmus addressed more letters than to any other of his learned friends.

Many were the Englishmen, who though not matriculated at any Italian seat of learning, yet travelled through the country to enrich their minds; of such were the elder Sir Thomas Wyatt, Inigo Jones, the architect, and John Dowland, the musician. Occasionally one of our own countrymen attained to high honours in his adopted land; we cannot forget how Crichton held his own in learned disputations against all-comers on the continent, and how Peter Bisset, a graduate of St. Andrews, died Professor of Canon Law at Bologna. On the other hand, Erasmus, the prince of humanists, did not at first go to Italy but to Oxford to study Greek, his reason being that all that Oxford possessed of classical learning she had derived from Italy, and that this in Oxford had gone on to a quite independent growth. But it was at Cambridge, as we all know, that the Italian model was most closely followed in the refoundation of Gonville Hall by John Keys, M.D. (Johannes Caius), a man as deeply versed in humanistic lore as any of the others who had left Oxford for Italy, a man who had not only studied medicine at Padua, but had remained there for some time to lecture on Greek. There seems little doubt about the correctness of the statement that Caius at Padua lodged under the same roof as the great Vesalius. If Caius studied medicine at Padua, then the father of modern anatomy must have been one of his teachers. The college which Caius founded at Cambridge was from the first intended to be a medical one, and both in constitution and architecture it was on an Italian model. Its gates of Humility, Virtue, and Honour are in the florid style of the Renaissance. Caius stipulated that the holders of its travelling medical scholarships should study either at Padua, Bologna, Montepulciano, or Paris. But in constituting thus this characteristically medical college, he introduced into England the study of practical anatomy, that is, the dissection of the human corpse, the basis of all surgery and the practice of the medical art. An original member of the College of Physicians, Caius may certainly be regarded as one of those who laid "truly and well" the foundation-stones of English medicine, and if that is so, it is evident that it drew its inspiration and was given the leading lines of its action very directly from Italian sources.

Possibly few know that when Francis I. in 1542 wished to establish the School of Medicine in the Collège de France he sent to Florence for Guido Guidi (Vidus Vidius). Guidi did his work of organization so efficiently that when he resigned in 1548 and went back to Italy, the wits exclaimed, "Vidus venit, Vidus vidit, Vidus vicit." His name remains with us to this day in the "Vidian nerve."

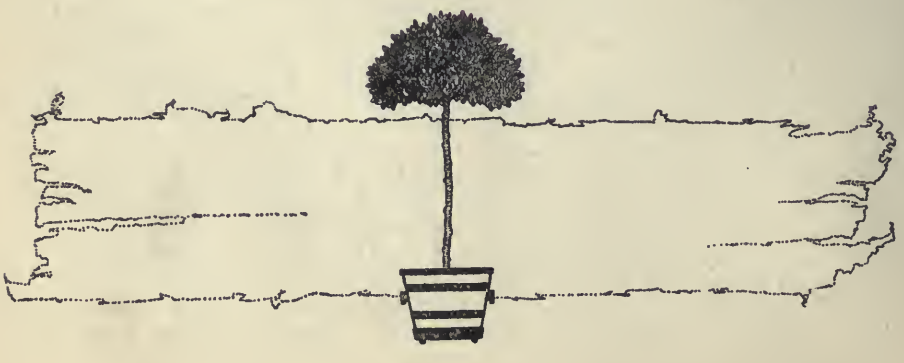
However ready the well-informed person may be to admit that Italy led the way for Europe to follow in classical learning, in fine arts and architecture, in poetical and other literature, in diplomacy, statecraft, circumnavigation and cosmography, yet the statement that she also as distinctly led in the physical and biological sciences would scarcely be so readily assented to. One instinctively thinks of the Italy of yesterday, poor

and disunited, the most unlikely country to lead in anything anywhere, least of all in science, the British Empire. But we should think of the Italy of the Medici in their zenith, a time when there was no United Italy and no British Empire; both are recent, the one a synthesis, the other an evolution. The Italy of the Renaissance was indeed geographically many states, but their courts vied with one another in the passionate love of culture and of what science there was and in extending patronage to men of letters and to men of science. English science had not been born, it was barely conceived. Roger Bacon was indeed an Englishman, but he was of the thirteenth century, a prophetic voice calling unheeded but not unpersecuted in a desert of theological bigotry and intellectual vacuity. England was a nation, but of shopkeepers and sailors; she had men of commerce, men that went down to the sea in ships, men that did business in great waters, and men of letters, too, but as yet no outstanding men of exact knowledge.

Was not one of the first stars ever seen through a telescope seen from the summit of the campanile at Venice by one of Galileo's "optical tubes?" Was it not the swinging of that candelabra in Pisa's cathedral that, viewed by Galileo, brought all the pendulums of Europe into being? Was it not from Pisa's leaning tower that ocular demonstration was made, once more by Galileo, to the Senate of the University to the effect that as regards the laws of falling bodies the aeon-revered Aristotle was absolutely in error? Did not Galileo devise the thermometer? Was it not on the roof of a house in Bologna that the first scientific observation was made, by Galvani as every one knows, in regard to electricity, concerning which form of energy we know not whether to admire its adaptability to our uses or to wonder at its mysteriousness? Was it not at Padua that the revelation came to the young English student, William Harvey, as he watched the Italian dissecting the venous valves—the revelation of the ever-moving blood; and was it not again an Italian, once more in Bologna, who first of all men, realizing what he saw in the light of what Harvey had taught, beheld through his microscope the living blood moving as Harvey had said it must?

The eye of an Italian was the first to gaze on a star through the space-annihilating telescope, the eye of an Italian was the first to behold the innermost recesses of life through the space-creating microscope—sufficient leading this in astronomy, physics, and biology.

Her own sons to-day admit as just the description of Italy as the "land of the dead"; but the Italy of the past might with equal justice be described as, intellectually, the land of the first-born.



A PROMPTED MASTERPIECE

BY ALFRED G. PALMER

IN an untidy atelier of one of their confreres a small knot of artists were gathered around a newly completed painting. It was a full-length portrait of a sprightly girl, nearing that exquisite period of female existence, the threshold of womanhood. The little maiden was holding a fan in as dainty a way a young and pretty girl would when attempting her first essay in coquetry. Her face, in partly unconscious challenge, was turned towards the spectators and she stepped across the polished floor in a manner at once gay and graceful. The portrait was pleasing and attractive, although the colouring was unusual as the somewhat flat gray tones predominated throughout. The atelier was that of the "Guy."

This, of course, was a mere fanciful name; everyone in his circle had such a fanciful one.

The artist was one of an aggressive circle of young aspirants of the brush, self-named "The Fraternity." This "Fraternity," launched with the greatest bluster, fluster and enthusiasm, was well sustained by the boundless ambitions, the strong friendships, and the rainbow hopes that influence vigorous youth. It was already notorious as the rallying place for all the wild and luxuriant imaginations of the younger art world, and here they gathered for mutual protection and inspiration; its mutual sympathies afforded them the delicious opportunities of advancing their original and daring ideas unchecked and unchilled by the cold eye of custom and the established order; it was a place of security, a citadel from which they could hurl their thunderbolts of criticism and attack against the traditions, the teachings and the formalities of the Fathers of the Art World, past and present; and especially against, what they termed, the *limitations*. This was their favourite foe and they never seemed to tire in their attacks upon him. They were, however, just as unsparing, just as vigorous, in their criticisms of the productions of their own circle, and many were the historic battles and Homeric duels that were waged within the camp.

The present time was one of tense excitement, even, for these consistently excitable folk; it was the eve of the annual exhibition in which they hoped to be successful in displaying the fruit of a long year's labour; to show the sum of proficiency thay had attained in their craft. Many of their pictures were avowedly painted in the "Fraternity" spirit; were intended as challenges, in a more or less degree, to the council of the exhibition, in fact, to any council of any art exhibition in the world, so limitless, and of such gravity, was the mission of these young Raphaels and Rembrandts and Turners still in the seed.

The "Guy," so named, was a young persevering artist, a Walter Sculthorpe, who had earned his sobriquet from the "Fraternity" by reason of his fairly successful painting in the previous year's exhibition, a portrait

of a Spanish grandee, a Guido somebody, a picture somewhat after the manner of the old Spanish master, Valasquez.

He was now leaning against a small table that served him as a palette or paint-mixing board and was evidently in a distinctly angry mood. He pulled at the ends of his moustache and chewed at them as he listened to the flow of noisy comment from his friends assembled.

Someone had interfered with his intended exhibit.

"Who would do such thing? No one surely in the 'Fraternity!' No, a thousand times, no! I agree with the Broncho!" This remark, with increasing emphasis, came from a small red-headed man in a rather easy-going state, who peered in a shortsighted way into the features of the portrait.

"No, to be sure; the idea is unjust, absurd," added a fair-haired young woman, waiving her hand as if to dismiss an unpleasant thought, then, she folded her painter's smock about her in a thoughtful pose. She was the "Broncho." She had acquired this startling sobriquet on account of the subject matter of her pictures being of western incidents and scenes. She was one of the most assertive spirits in the "Fraternity."

"But, who from the outside would do it?" queried a thin young man with a very thin young beard, blowing as he spoke a thin cloud of cigarette smoke across the face of the little lady in the picture. "*Who on* the outside?" he repeated, in a shrill French accent, throwing up his arms and shoulders in a characteristic gesture, "Who would steal into your atelier like an assassin in the night and pink-tint your little chic gray mademoiselle, and put these smiles into her eyes and upon her lips, all so excellently performed too? *Who* would thus dishonour himself and us? *Who*, my dear 'Guy,' *who?* I am amazed. Peste! Distraction!"

As he finished, the "Broncho" appeared to have a sudden thought; she turned and confronted the "Guy," looked into his face in a searching way for several seconds:

"Come, come, old 'Guy!' You are fooling us; you have done this yourself?"

"I? Pshaw!" retorted the artist, scornfully and harshly.

"No, really, 'Guy!' Is this not some spectacular stepdown, some concession to us philistines, and especially to the good efforts of the 'Poet' for resurrecting you from those sepulchral grays with which you have enshrouded yourself and your recent work? A confession, come?"

His harshness and scorn increased:

"I, indeed! No, please believe me. No!"

"And please believe us. We are all mightily concerned—perturbed. This act of vandalism then is an affront to us all."

"So! Well, listen. That villainous pink was daubed into my picture last night. Dickey and I left the atelier late, very late last night; the picture was not so then. I never came near until I came to work this morning, then, it was—bah!" he jerked his hand contemptuously at the portrait.

"Whoever did it is a rotten meddler, and, by George, he had better keep out of my knowledge. He hadn't even the decency to wipe off his splashes from the bottom of the canvas."

"But, have you a conviction that anyone *in* the "Fraternity" did this dishonourable and disloyal act?" she insisted.

Before he could answer her the door of the room opened and two young men entered, the one a tall dark lank man, known among them as the "Rubens," or more often as the "Rube," the other, a florid, stout-built man of middle height and striking personality; this was the person previously referred to as the "Poet," occasionally they called him "Shakespeare."

"Hullo! Hullo! What's on? A hanging committee — or what?"

shouted the lank newcomer and immediately commenced singing:

Oh, hang Proffy Smiff's in the centre of the line,
And hang Dully Brown's in a good place in the line,
But, any bally picture with the ghost of a show to shine,
Why, sky that away up aloft.

The "Guy" glanced at the two men, then turned moodily towards his picture.

"Oh, shut up, 'Rubens.' Something nasty has happened. Some meddler has been daubing pink into the 'Guy's' exhibit."

It was the "Broncho" who spoke and, although she addressed the lank man, her glance was on the other and her words seemed directed at him.

"Eh! Sacre—mento! Assault on Lady Jane Grey! Let-me-see!"—with an exaggerated show of consequential interest the lank man drew a lady's lorgnette from his pocket, applied this to his eyes and placed himself in an extravagent attitude before the portrait: "Hah!—the devil! Jee-osophat! This is not your work, Guy! you couldn't do it. Lady Jane is blushing blushes—she has dimples now, and oh! girls, the little Quakeress has rouged her lips. She's positively laughing at us—she's flirting. But—but, it's beautiful and—clever, really. Here 'Shakespook,' here's something that has the whole sheebang of us beat to a whimper."

The hand of the "Poet" was on his shoulder, it moved him politely aside and the owner of the hand took his place. The "Poet" gazed very intently at the picture with his large mild brown eyes, his wide brow was without a ruffle and his calm face was without a tinge of disturbance. This band of wild artists that appeared to defy all authority seemed to pay a marked deference towards him. He was silent for a few seconds, then in a running comment, more to himself than to his audience, he spoke:

"This fleshwork is not the 'Guy's'; he never sees the flesh, the colour of life beneath the skin. A cool moist gray haze always obtrudes between him and his subject. He thinks he is following his old master Velesquez in this—I think he is in error, as most of those are that affect this master. They are deluded by the present state of his paintings. I am of the opinion that age has dissipated the warm tintings and has left us the cool grays in undue prominence. This added effect to the Guy's gray portrait proves this more than all my former arguments."

The "Guy" shrugged his shoulders impatiently under this lecture, while the "Broncho" looked concernedly from one man to the other as if fearful of a resumption of the tremendous duel that had been waged between these two men on this question. The "Poet" continued:

"None of us can gray as you can, 'Guy.' Who could have added this effect? Who is clever enough to do it?"

"Oh, not such a hard guess, either," growled the "Guy," in a bitter tone, "one of your rose-pink school without a doubt."

The calm, but sensitive face of the "Poet" flushed and his mild eye winced under the thrust; he let the remark pass and attempted to mollify the anger of his brother artist, although he did this in a clumsy enough fashion, because he again drifted into his former line of comment:

"Oh, do not mistake me. It is sacrilege to add to any man's art. No one should have done this to your picture or to anyone's picture. It is a reprehensible act, although the addition is so wonderfully done. That oasis of warm colour concentrates attention upon the features, which, of course, should always be the pivot of attraction in any portrait. The movements of the body and limbs are secondary indications of vitality. these now bathed in unobtrusive grays are in perfect accord; it is approaching the peculiar charm of Greuze's

faces. A remarkable achievement!"

The "Guy" pulled harder at his moustache; the "Poet" became more absorbed in his contemplation of the portrait and oblivious of the mental agony of the artist:

"The drawing of the altered face is not quite smooth enough to accord with the precise lining of the rest of the figure. The ends of the mouth should be more drawn in, the growing smile firmly accentuated by a slight, ever so slight, protrusion of the lips and the corners of the nostrils and eyes should—"

"You and your pink business go——"

The "Broncho" cut short the "Guy's" fierce retort; her hand was upon his mouth and her arm on his shoulder. The "Poet" had started backward as if he had been struck, recovering himself from the confusion he had been thrown into, he apologized in an agitated manner and withdrew from the room.

"'Guy'! Why did you wound him so!" exclaimed the "Broncho" in a tone of reproof. "He is utterly devoid of malice. He was absorbed; it is his way. Has he not always, to the neglect of his own talents, devoted himself to the assisting of others in their struggles? How much do we all owe him? Oh, 'Guy,' you acted like a savage, and I am almost as angry as yourself."

"If you please, good kind arbitrator," began the lank "Rubens," sidling up to the pair, "Arbitratress, I should have said. Please to remember our poor old 'Guy' is hurt also, and the face, if not the feelings, of out little gray Quakeress here. Our drawing-room manners are unfortunately packed with our dress suits, don't you know! All you say is right; you are always right, and he *is* a savage, but, are we not all some brute?"

He struck a comical attitude of submission, holding his chin with the palm of one hand and supporting the elbow of that arm with the palm of the other hand. It was his role of pacifier and in this crowd of wild spirits he was irrisistible as such; he succeeded now. The "Broncho" immediately melted, calling him an "idiot," took his arm warmly within her own and passed the other through the arm of the "Guy." It softened the harsh look on his face, and the babel again broke out.

For the rest of the day very little work was done in the ateliers. The incident had stirred the artists into the wildest of wild discussions and conjecturings as to the author of this unheard-of act of vandalism.

The "Guy" broke away from his agitated friends and prowled about the streets alone, sullenly nursing his rage against his unknown foe. A mischievous whisper, fatal to his peace of mind, came continually to his ear, this foe, this vandal was someone very near him. When utterly tired out, he went into a German beer hall. At a table opposite to his sat a young German woman with her lover. The pair were in high spirits. The "Guy" could not keep his eyes off her. Her flaxen hair and flushed cheeks, her deep red lips between which, from time to time, her gleaming white teeth appeared, her fleshy red hands and even the rocking movement of her body as it followed the animation of her chit-chat with her lover, served to feed rather than to lessen the ire he felt towards his mysterious adversary. With this woman before him the "Poet's" phrase, "the flush of life" jagged into his brain. In her face the very crimson tintings that had been added to his picture seemed to stand out, to leer at him, to mock him and his silver gray theory. It maddened him and he left the place angrier than when he had entered it. He went through the streets at a tremendous pace. However, the chill of the cool night air and the deep silence of the streets gradually subdued his heated feelings, so much so, that by the time he reached his lodgings he had com-

menced to calculate as to the best way to restore the portrait to its original form and colours in time for the exhibition. When he retired to bed he had the scheme well outlined and went to sleep in a much better state of mind than he had been in all day.

As he dressed next morning he reviewed the scheme made the night before; it now seemed even easier to accomplish, so he went up to his atelier, which was at the top of the house, with one thought, namely, to restore his work as quickly as possible.

As he opened the door of the room his eyes went instinctively to the features of the little gray lady. His hand immediately stiffened on the door handle, his body became rigid and his face set in amazement. Not only was the glow on the lips and the cheeks of the little lady heightened, but it had crept into the nostrils and into the corners of the eyes. The lines of the face stood out in bolder curves and it was more flushed. The hitherto slight smile was accentuated. The sight stupefied him; he doubted his eyesight and even his reason. He remained thus quite a time when a sudden paroxysm occurred, then he relaxed and became limp until his wrath broke out. He shook his fist at the picture, but did not go into the room; he retreated gradually from it on to the landing, then rushed across and burst into a room opposite. It was the atelier of the "Broncho."

She and "Rubens" were already absorbed in their work on pictures, intended exhibits. They were undisturbed by the intrusion, so accustomed were they to such noisy entrances from their numerous friends, it was the ensuing silence that caused them both to look around at the intruder, who had come to a halt in the middle of the room.

The "Broncho" caught the indescribable wild look on the "Guy's" face, but, the careless-minded "Rubens" missed noticing it, for he at once commenced his usual banter:

"Hullo, 'Guy,' and how's our little hectic Quakeress this morning?"

"How?" shouted the "Guy," loosening his voice like a sudden thunderclap and walking up close to the startled pair. "How? How is she? Come and answer the question for yourselves."

Both glanced from him to each other. It was an alarmed questioning glance; they were now both alive to the wild state of his mind. Had they not seen others of their circle, close students, too close students, to their art, as this man now was, with frenzy in his eyes and a wrath shaking his frame. They had seen such disappear from their circle, of whom rumour had afterwards whispered that they were in the homes of their loving watchful friends, and others less fortunate were kept even closer in public institutions. In a word, they thought he was crazed.

He took her palette firmly from her hand and put it aside; then taking her by the arm, led her into his atelier. The "Rubens" followed with much misgiving, wondering what was about to transpire. The "Guy" did not release his hold until he had placed them before the portrait, then he closed the door, walked back to the easel and faced his now amazed friends. Their faces were studies of bewilderment.

"Well, how do *you* think she is now?"

His voice was billowy with a restrained emotion. His condition was too dangerous for any light reply, so the "Rubens" held his tongue. The suspense became too much for the "Broncho,"; she asked him, not meaning to say what she did:

"Did—er. Oh, 'Guy,' did—er, you——"

He interrupted her in a tempestuous fashion:

"Did *I* do it? Hah, hah, you would flatter my limited ability. My strictly limited ability that is struggling in the gray haze. My ability that is strictly limited to mere surfaces.

What! a shallow fool like I do this?''

His face was so harsh and forbidding that she actually felt afraid. The ''Rubens'' blurted out:

''Jee-osophat! Surely no one else has been at your picture?''

The ''Guy'' turned at him with a vicious gesture:

''No! No one else. The same damned meddler.''

''Who, who can it be?'' exclaimed the ''Broncho'' in real distress.

''Who? Who? You ask me, who?'' Don't both of you know, who?

Both protested their ignorance.

''Humph. What do you think of the collaboration, anyway?'' He became icy. ''Come, we were always good candid critics of each other's art, in fact the 'Fraternity' has the reputation of being—well, notorious for its candour.''

''And, I trust, it has not become so feeble as to lose that candour,'' retorted the ''Broncho.'' ''Although, there are cases—'' She stopped.

''What cases?''

''Oh, 'Guy., Your trouble has made you unkind. You are dense.''

''Why, dense? How?''

''Why, your case, your feelings—''

''Oh, never mind feelings. Candour before feelings.''

''Well, your pride; your pride in your art.''

''My artistic pride! Pshaw, pride! Uncle has that forfeited along with our unredeemed pledges.''

''Oh, you vex me past my patience, 'Guy.' Our good fellowship—''

''Fellowship! Umph! with this as heirloom of that same good fellowship.''

The ''Broncho'' blazed out at this aspersion on the ''Fraternity.''

''You are still labouring under the delusion that one of our circle has done this. I will not believe it. If you suspect anyone, tell us your suspicions for we are all concerned. But, still, whoever has done this, I am astonished at the art and harmony of the combination, and if you insist upon candour, then when you have overcome your feelings at the interference with your exhibit you will admit with me that it will be vandalism to remove what this meddler has so daringly added to your creation.''

''Thank you, that's kindly said. I am convinced we are still as strong as ever in the matter of candour; it *is* refreshing to find that excellent quality still flourishing. And you, my old colleague, and—you concur?''

''Why, hang it all, 'Guy'—anyway, I am not strong on the critical, or the candour; or on these pinks and grays; but——well, yes, I do think just the same as the 'Broncho.' ''

''The 'Guy' gave an irritable grating laugh:

''Good! So really we must all be converted to the pink flush theory; we must sit at the feet of this Gamaliel of art. Stubborn heretics must be converted. Do you get me? Come, come! Do you imagine me as enough not to recognize the hand that castigates me? Yesterday, came my first lesson, a mild one, one would say; this morning I am honoured with a second, somewhat more emphatic. Was it not yesterday the lady needed a smoother finish, the ends of the mouth drawn in, the lips protruded—''

''Great heavens! You don't mean ——No, No, 'Guy,' you don't suggest our ''Poet'' has done this?''

''Suggest! Woman! Suggest! I have not spoken plainly enough then. I say it now. It was none other than your magnanimous 'Poet' that created this masterpiece it would be so much vandalism to touch.''

''Impossible! Impossible!'' exclaimed the ''Rubens'' excitedly; he pulled out his lorgnette with all seriousness now and closely scanned the painting. He grew suddenly silent, drew back in astonishment, then examined it again very intently, drew a deep breath as if wrestling with some obstinate and apparent fact, he added: ''Impossible! He is honour itself. It's strange, by jove, it's

strange; this is his manner of drawing in the colour from the edges and ——"

"What, 'Rubens,' what?" The "Broncho" stood in consuming agony.

The "Guy," who up to this moment had suppressed the tempest within, now let loose his wrath like a madman. He seized a large palette knife, thrust "Rubens" aside and would have slashed his picture had not his foot caught the leg of the small paint table and brought him stumbling to his knees at the foot of the easel. The lank artist recovered himself and threw himself upon the enraged man as he was rising to renew his attack upon his painting. The "Broncho" joined in this wild struggle and endeavoured to twist the knife from his fingers. Easel and picture were overturned and the infuriated artist who was again on his feet, endeavoured in his Berserker rage to stamp his canvas under foot. He was on the point of breaking from the long sinewy arms of "Rubens" when the "Broncho" succeeded in dragging the picture away and out of the room.

The absence of the offending picture calmed him somewhat, so the "Rubens" was enabled to force him into a seat. When his frenzy subsided it left him in a state approaching collapse. He sat with his head in his hands and continued to mutter violent threats against the safety of the "Poet."

The "Broncho" and the lank artist, of course, kept the matter to themselves. They had a very serious talk, the upshot of which was that they should take upon themselves the task of watching the "Guy's" atelier that night, on the chance that the offender might pay another visit.

It was an inspiration of the "Broncho" to place on the easel, hitherto occupied by the unfortunate portrait, a blank canvas. She secreted herself in the "Guy's" atelier in an alcove where the models retired to robe and disrobe; the "Rubens" was stationed as lookout from the fanlight over the door of the "Broncho's" atelier. With an enormous pipe and a plentiful supply of the comforting weed to console him during his long vigil, he ensconced himself seated in a high chair placed upon a table. From this place of vantage he was able to observe anyone approaching the door of the "Guy's" atelier. The lank artist proved a faithful sentinel.

The "Broncho's" nerves were in full tension when she took her lonely post, and it was not long before her vigil began to prove, not only irksome, but the increasing gloom produced an eerie feeling difficult to combat. She tried to stifle the fear and lonesomeness by repeating softly to herself all the poetry she could remember, but, somehow, she could not call to mind any consecutive cheerful stuff.

It was past midnight when her closed eyes received a slight shock. She arose as one dazed from an overdeep slumber. In this unprepared state she parted the curtains. The scene that met her eyes struck all power of motion and speech from her control.

Before the blank canvas stood a familiar figure, but with a face so strange, so ghastly, so devoid of any expression of life; it was a corpse that moved. With brush in one hand and a lighted lamp in the other, it painted, painted, with unctuous care. Behind this figure in the half gloom stood the lank artist "Rubens" in an attitude of dumbfounded amazement, his staring eyes fixed, his face at once haggard and alarmed. A terror, like a chilly snake, crept in an icy wave over the horror-stricken woman; all before her seemed so unreal, she doubted herself as the ghastly hand unceasingly moved the brush over one small oval space on the canvas before it. She felt herself sinking; everything around her was sinking, except the figure with its easel, this began to rise in a spectral mist; then

she found her voice in the approaching wrack, she screamed out wildly: "Guy! Guy!" and fell forward in a swoon.

The exhibition had opened. The "Fraternity" was in a high fever of excitement, especially as an event of exceptionally exciting nature had occurred; one of the circle had been awarded the gold medal. The picture that had secured this coveted prize was the portrait of a little lady with a fan, the same smiling maiden whose completion had been accomplished in our poor "Guy's" atelier under such tragic circumstances.

The painting remained in the same condition as when the "Broncho" removed it from the sight and fury of its creator.

The lank "Rubens" was one of a group of artists gathered at the exhibition on the morning the result was announced; immediately the news came to his ears, explosively, as a suddenly maddened Malay running amuck, he, with as little ceremony, thrust his companions left and right and bounded from the building into the street. Then, regardless of the traffic, the street crowd and all sense of docorum and propriety, he dashed away through the thoroughfares at a mad speed.

On reaching his lodgings he bounded upstairs to the "Guy's" rooms, bumping himself in his frantic haste on all sides. He reached the landing quite breathless. Before him outside the door of the "Guy's" room stood his colleague, the "Broncho."

"He's — taken — the — gold — medal," he pumped the words out amid the labouring of lungs.

One would not have recognized in this sorrowing woman the once light-hearted irrepressible "Broncho." Her eyes were red and swollen and her face gray with grief.

"What did you say?" she asked as one dazed.

"He's won—the medal—the medal —everyone — masterpiece — wonderful, wonderful," gasped the still panting "Rubens."

"Did you say—the medal? The little gray lady—the medal? Oh, oh!" she sobbed.

The door of the room opened as she was speaking and a man stepped beside her; it was the "Poet."

With gentle command the "Poet" drew her to him and in the spirit of the pure old chivalry he kissed her forehead as if to impart a consolation more potent than words could express. He then said softly and slowly:

"Our griefs are inseparable. He is now in the dark valley. They tell me he will never emerge; if he does he will go—Oh, horror!—to the asylum, a place worse than the grave. Two warring forces within him are wasting him in a mysterious internecine strife, a conflict of colours, under this he droops like a devastated and ravaged country.

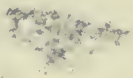
"I am the arch-culprit in this tragedy, although, Heaven knows, a culprit without intent. I destroyed his art by prompting his own hand to work that destruction. He hasn't the power left to reproach me. He would hate me and we know his pride would spurn these nearly posthumous honours and the medal as none of his. Who would have thought, have dreamed, that my simple suggestions would have moved this talented and self-willed man against himself and incite him in sleep to defeat the set purpose of his waking hours? Mind! What do we know of the mind?"

He was becoming absorbed. The poor woman at his shoulder gently touched his arm. He instantly ceased, kissed her again in the same chivalrous way and took the wistful "Rubens" sadly by the hand, saying with a sigh:

"Hah, 'Rubens,' we must still to school with Horatio; for there are deeper mysteries yet than our philosophers have fathomed. Hush! We must go in. We must be with him when—he passes."

ST. MARK'S VENICE

From the Painting by Henry Sandham, in the National Art Gallery of Canada



THE EAGLE

BY GRACE MURRAY ATKIN

IT was two o'clock in the morning in the winter of 1910, as Mary Montague, Countess of Cher, left her brougham and toiling wearily up the steps of a little house near Park Lane, stood waiting for the door to open. Her sable cloak was slipping from her bare shoulders and she shivered as she gathered it together at the neck with one hand. Seeing that the carriage had not moved away she called to the coachman crossly that he had no need to wait. After a few moments the door opened. She passed in and ascended the stairs to the first door, pausing on the threshold of the drawing-room.

Two men were sitting at a card table. One, hollow-chested, with a sallow, wan face, had a rug thrown across his knees. The thin hair on his temples, turning gray already, gave a look of premature age to his face, bright spots burned in his cheeks and he looked feverish and out of health. He was the Countess's husband, Lord Cher. For a moment Lady Cher stood motionless, leaning lightly against the frame of the doorway, wholly absorbed in her scrutiny of the man who was playing with her husband. Meteoric rises are frequent enough in the world, but this man had so suddenly become famous, no one exactly knew how, or why. Questions were raised. Had he any relations or friends? Was he rich, or poor? No one could give an answer. A cloud of dust had appeared upon the horizon, and before men could distinguish the horseman had arrived.

The Countess gazed longer than she intended. She was vexed with herself for feeling so strongly interested.

"I have won," said the stranger, turning to his opponent. "I shall give you safely into Lady Cher's keeping."

"Always the invincible eagle," exclaimed Lady Cher.

"You are late," her husband remarked peevishly.

"Yes, I'm late. And there are some uneducated people who say our class does not work! We, who have the impossible task of turning night into day."

The Eagle smiled, took a step forward, and grasped his hostess' hand.

Lady Cher looked at her husband. "The lights are burning in the hall, but Bradford has gone to bed."

"Don't let me trouble you," said the Eagle. "I can let myself out."

They heard him going down the stairs and after a few moments, the sound of the hall door closing.

The Countess leaned her hands on the corner of the mantlepiece.

"Cher," she said. "What do you make of him?"

"I make this of him, that he is the only man I know who always beats me at piquet."

"How much did he win?"

"About a hundred pounds."

She shrugged her shoulders. "You've no luck," she said. "It's ridiculous of you sitting there with your back to the fire and a rug over your knees. Why don't you go to bed early? You might as well admit it. Your devilish days are over. If this

goes on, I'll be earning my own living and worshipping the Moloch of retail trade."

She raised her eyebrows and looked into the fire.

"I wonder why he comes," she said. "From what one hears a hundred pounds are nothing to him. There's some reason. He is certainly not cast in our mold. I'm always afraid he will break the chairs. There is something lawless and untamed about him and his eyes gleam like flames."

"A good English school would have done it. If one felt that he had once been up for a caning, one would be more sure of him, as it is ——."

His wife had moved to the door and was stifling a yawn.

"Good night, I'm off."

"Good night." He rose and looked towards her. Involuntarily he held out a hand in her direction. "I say, Mary, won't you kiss me, good night?"

She threw back her head and laughed a bitter, derisive laugh.

"Kiss you! You funny old Cher. Why should I? The world is asleep. Not even the servants as an audience. It is hardly necessary."

"No," he said. "Perhaps not."

He turned shivering to the fire as Lady Cher went up to bed.

There are many women like Lady Cher. Women with no faith left in any thing, splendid in appearance and a little shabby in soul. Life resolves itself into a game for them, a game to take what they can.

When she reached her room she undressed quickly, leaving her clothes in utter disorder; her dress lay crumpled on a chair, a fan had fallen on the floor, her jewels were heaped carelessly on the dressing-table. She got into bed, leaving the night-light burning, for she was afraid of the dark.

Her mind was full of restless thoughts. Quickly the images flashed upon her brain following each other in rapid succession. She was a girl again, living in Ireland. She remembered the lake near her father's house, the whirring of the wild birds that flew around it and the trees that left dark shadows on the water in the moonlight. Youth passed and Cher had come with his knowledge of life and London, for a lure to take her away. Her motives for marrying him were vague, complex and many, but chiefly she had wanted freedom. The vows she had made so lightly had become a heavy burden. The clock in the downstairs hall chimed three. She turned restlessly in her bed, but the more she sought sleep, the more restless she became. She silpped on a tea-gown of silver tissue and decided to get a novel from downstairs. As she reached the drawing-room, she imagined she heard a noise. She waited, but all was still. She stirred up the fire, but before she had been there many minutes, she distinctly heard a movement downstairs. It was as though a book had been dropped on the floor. Determining to see for herself, she descended the stairs very quietly, the light was still burning in the hall and the adjacent rooms were in darkness, with the exception of a small streak of light which came from her husband's study. The door was open about two inches. She came close to it and looked in.

In the centre of the room was a desk, one of the drawers had been taken out and placed upon the top. And leaning over it, his thin hands moving quietly, was the Eagle, quickly going through the contents. She stepped in, closed the door and stood with her back to it.

"I'm afraid you won't find anything very valuable," she said.

The Eagle turned quickly round at the sound of her voice. Not a muscle of his face betrayed the slightest emotion, he might almost have been expecting her. She remembered as she watched him having read somewhere that Napoleon had never felt his heart beat. And this man's wonderful coolness compelled her admiration. He stood for a moment, a

package of her husband's papers still in his hand, quietly making up his mind.

"Lady Cher," he said. "I have always completely disregarded the ordinary rules of life, otherwise I should not be where I am. When I want anything—I try first to get it by ordinary means. I am patient and I try several times. But I am indomitable and if they fail"—He fixed his eyes on hers—"Why I use other methods. The means, to me are not to be considered, the effort and the end are everything."

"You wonder what I'm out for, why I'm here? Well I'll tell you. Three months ago I heard your husband had in his possession the plans of a German arsenal. He has them on account of his connection with the war office. How? I don't know. Where he got them? I don't know. If they are genuine, someone was bribed. I have come here night after night hoping Lord Cher would let something fall. I merely wanted to know whether they were genuine, or whether they had been cooked up for the object of making money—And—"

Lady Cher broke in. "I am glad I have come in time to prevent you doing any such thing."

"I was just going to add," said the Eagle. "I found the plans last night, they are quite unreliable, but I've made a copy and am just returning the original."

"I shall ring for the servants," said Lady Cher.

The Eagle shook his head. "The deed is done. The copy is on its way to Germany."

He let the package of letters fall on the table and crossing his arms, bent his gaze upon her.

"You've a perfect right to ring the bell and give me up. I'm no ordinary housebreaker. I won't try to escape. If you ring the bell—" She stretched out her hand towards it."

"Wait a moment," he said sharply. His eyes shone and he seemed invested with extraordinary power.

"Supposing you don't ring the bell. The harm's done now in any case. I give myself up to you. You have caught me, I'm your prey. Well, I'm your captive and what then? Instead of being tried as a spy and acquitted—for I would be acquitted—I've enough money for that. Supposing you try me—cross-question me—put me through my paces and—fine me." He lowered his voice and looked steadily at her.

"Oh! I know your set. It does not talk of money, but it thinks of it and it needs it just the same. Money is the greatest power in the world. There are only two things it cannot buy. One is health, the other is—love. And men like your husband are not taught to make money. And women like you"—he came closer to her, "must have it. I'm caught and I'm quite willing to be punished for what I've done, but—though I'll pay for it I would rather pay—to you—"

Lady Cher looked across the room. She was silent.

"Let me go," he said after a moment, "and to-morrow you will have a cheque for a hundred thousand pounds."

"One hundred thousand pounds," she said breathlessly.

She put her hand to her throat and suddenly she remembered—she was only partly dressed.

"Very well," she said. "Only go now at once."

She opened the door and motioned the Eagle to go.

As he passed a smile curled his lips. "You won't regret it," he said. The Eagle went out into the night. He stepped over a moonbeam that lay across the doorway and took a deep breath of the cool air. He walked to the corner where his hansom was waiting and a few moments later Lady Cher heard the sound of its bell as it drove towards Piccadilly.

The Eagle was driving away. But she did not know that in his pocket were the plans intended for Germany.

AN UNREPEALED LAW

BY PAULINE C. BOUVRE

JACOB ELICH sat on the back door-stoop and gazed upon his tulip beds complacently. As the rings of blue smoke were blown upward from his T.D. pipe his eyelids drooped until there were only two very narrow rims of greenish blue visible to the flaxen-haired girl who sat on the step below him, knitting a long gray stocking. The flush on her soft round cheek seemed to be the result of some inward rather than external warmth, and the long lashes that fringed her eyes quivered ever so slightly now and then, and the plump little fingers were long picking up the stitches that would drop, no matter how hard the small hands tried to hold the long steel needle steadily and evenly.

"So," said Jacob Elich at last, after an unusually long puff, "so you would marry that young Hosenklaver and leave your old uncle and the house here to do as best they can?"

The flush on Minna Stofer's pretty face deepened to a rich crimson at her uncle's words.

"Yes, uncle," she said in a very low voice. "But I could come every day and right you up, Claus would not mind and—"

"Claus may go to the devil," said the old man testily. "I care nothing for Claus. He's an idler and a spendthrift and will come to want and ruin and bring you there with him."

"That is not true of Claus!" The voice was quite steady now and a pair of flashing brown eyes were turned upon the old man proudly and defiantly.

Jacob Elich refilled his pipe leisurely, rubbed his bald head reflectively, and then began to puff away again.

"'Tis always the way of a woman," he remarked, gazing upward on the barn roof reflectively. "They never remember the proverb 'Wedlock rides in the saddle and repentance in the crupper.' If you must marry this Claus, niece, why, then I suppose you must. You are your own mistress since last November, when you had your twenty-first birthday. Only, he may understand, you will have no dower from me."

"We want no dower, Uncle Jacob—only, only—if you could spare me a little to buy some clothes—I should not wish to go to my husband like a beggar bride."

"Clothes, clothes, clothes," grumbled the old man. "A woman is always begging for finery."

"Begging," cried the girl, "is it begging to ask you for a few clothes when I have worked and slaved and toiled to make you comfortable ever since I was old enough to sweep and bake and sew for you? Begging, indeed! I am only asking for what is mine by every law of right and justice. That is what Katrina van Tassel and all of the neighbours say." And Minna, no longer able to control her long-pent-up tears began to sob convulsively.

Jacob Elich pulled his heavy steel-rimmed spectacles from his pocket

and surveyed his niece with calm disapproval. The pretty, plump Minna Stofer was nearer to his somewhat flinty heart than everything else, except his money. His neat little house, with its trim garden and flower-beds, was dear to him because it stood for just so many round dollars. The feather beds, old Dutch linen and china, and squatty mahogany furniture, which were his by inheritance, he regarded merely as articles that might be converted into cash and he respected them accordingly. His pigs, his poultry, his bee-hives, and entire property, from real estate to his kitchen tinware, represented to him, not comfort and respectability, but the mere fact of possession, and were dear to him in greater or less degree, according to their intrinsic and pecuniary value.

Jacob Elich was a most respectable citizen. He had the greatest veneration for law and order and propriety, but he was undisguisedly and frankly a miser. He spoke of himself as a man of forethought and prudence, giving measure for measure and taking those business advantages only to which the law entitled him. His neighbours called him a skinflint and a miser, but Jacob smiled shrewdly when such remarks came to his ear and fell to quoting the proverb, "Every man's friend is every man's fool." For every occasion in life he had a proverb tucked away somewhere in his shiny bald head, and it was the reiteration of these familiar old sayings that had come nearer to making Minna ill-tempered than anything else in her somewhat dull young life. But her life was not dull now, for Claus Hosenklaver had asked her to be his wife and she had said "Yes." The course of true love had run very smoothly with the lovers, but, as the wedding-day approached, a very serious (or so it seemed to proud little Minna) impediment stood in the way. She had no possible means of buying a wedding-gown. And she could not, *would* not, let Claus buy it for her.

Jacob put his spectacles on, took them off, put them on again with great deliberation and then said:

"So, Katrina van Tassel said that, did she?"

"Yes, and she said you ought to be made to give me a silk dress!"

"Katrina van Tassel is, is — a female peacock. No, Minna, you have had a comfortable home, my care and protection and your food and lodging since you came to me a child, and you are welcome to the same as long as you live under my roof. But as for giving you money for a silk dress —that I shall certainly not do. Women are vain and frivolous enough without such follies. As for Claus Hosenklaver, if he wants a silk-gown bride, let him seek a wife who is able to make a fool of herself without aid, or get the gown himself."

"Claus would get me everything if I would let him, but can't you see what shame I should feel? *Lend* me the money, Uncle Jacob, and I'll earn it afterwards and pay it back. Sometime in your life you must have wanted to marry some one—you can't refuse to *lend* me the money!"

"Lend you the money, indeed! The minute you were married your debts would become your husband's and where would I be? I'll trust no Claus Hosenklaver for a penny! As for marrying, I never would have been able to save a cent if I had a woman after me for bonnets and dresses and ribbons and feathers and what not. No, Minna, marriage is an expensive luxury I could not afford. If you and Claus choose to imagine that you can afford it—you are twenty-one—I've nothing to say except that I won't give you a red copper. Remember this, however: 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.'"

Minna folded up her stocking and walked to the door.

"I won't ask you any more, Uncle Jacob, but some day you'll be sorry for this."

"Maybe," replied Uncle Jacob,

with one of his metallic laughs. "Tell your friend, Katrina van Tassel, that I am a law-abiding citizen, and when the law compels me, I'll give a silly young woman a silk wedding dress. Until such a law is made, I'll do what I please about spending my money."

Miss Katrina van Tassel stood in the Lykens public library, with her hand on a musty volume and a happy smile on her red lips. She took out a card from her case and pencilled a number and a title on it and then replaced it carefully, snapping the clasp of her alligator combination purse together with an energy that bespoke secret triumph. She then entered her carriage and ordered the coachman to drive to an office in the business part of the town. There was a merry light in the young lady's eyes as she entered her brother's office.

"I've a case for you, Fred!" Then she stopped and blushed as Charlie Shackford rose up and offered her his hand.

"May I be assistant adviser?" he said smiling down upon her.

"Yes," she replied gaily. "But neither of you can guess what it is; I have the most delicious scheme you ever heard of. Oh, Fred, is 1912 divisible by four?"

"What on earth are you driving at?" said the young lawyer in a bewildered voice. "Aren't you feeling well this morning?"

"I haven't felt so well for a year. Wait a minute, have you got this book over there?" And she handed her brother the card she had pencilled in the library and passed to the bookcase.

Shackford glanced at it over her shoulder and then taking the volume from the shelf, looked at her in a perplexed way.

"Read that," she said.

"Gad!" said her brother; "that's queer."

"It's odd I never noticed that before," said Shackford.

"Sit down, and I'll explain," said the young lady. "Turn to the page I numbered." Then she bent forward, and in a low, rapid tone, outlined her plan. When she finished, two long low whistles followed by long and uncontrollable fits of laughter that seemed to threaten the two dignified young counsellors-at-law with a combination of apoplexy and dementia.

"It's the bulliest scheme ever unravelled by a woman," gasped Fred, when he could command his organs of speech.

"It's a flash of genius, Miss van Tassel, you may count on my co-operation."

"But how are we going to get the girls to do their part?" asked Fred, who was eminently practical.

"If you two will do the legal part of it, I'll guarantee the rest," was the confident reply. And then, after a prolonged consultation, Miss van Tassel drove home to lunch.

The next day Minna Stofer was sent for to come to the van Tassel mansion to take an order for some crewel-work, in which she excelled, and which enabled her to provide herself with a few little articles dear to girlish hearts.

"Now you've given your word," said Miss van Tassel, as her little friend said good-bye. "Remember you have nothing to do with it."

"Oh, Katrina, I wish I hadn't told you he called you a peacock," wailed Minna.

"Never mind," said the descendant of a patroon, "I'll have something to be as proud of as a peacock before long."

Miss van Tassel, to the surprise of her intimates, joined several church guilds that year and became the most popular girl in Lykens with the very girls who had, before this period of religious, philanthropic fervour, been wont to call her "a society girl" and "a woman of the world, she doesn't care for women." Her mother grew

quite anxious at this sudden change of heart fostered by a change of life. Mr. van Tassel pulled his whiskers and smiled. "She has a scheme to put through," he said to himself, while Fred let fall various hints to the purport that "Katie was a corker"; and young Shackford made sundry and various pretexts to call and "talk over little plans" which was disquieting to the prudent *pater familias*.

"Well," said Mrs. van Tassel one morning, at breakfast, "little Minna's wedding comes off next week. I think you might give her some of those Paris dresses you've outgrown, Katrina; it would be a great help to the child, and that mean old uncle is too stingy to provide her with anything."

"Oh, he'll come around," said Katrina carelessly, and the subject drifted into other channels.

Minna's marriage was to be solemnized at the chapel of the Church of the Holy Trinity on Wednesday morning. On the preceding Friday Mr. Jacob Elich had been taking his forty winks in a little back parlour when he was sumomned to the door by a sharp ring. He was rubbing his eyes and yawning as he opened the door and was greatly surprised to see Lizzie Brulaker, the daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood, standing on the threshold.

"Good afternoon," said Jacob crossly, "Minna's not home," and was about to retire, but Miss Brulaker slipped in uninvited.

"Well, no matter," she said, in rather a flustered voice: "I—I came —I came to see you, Mr. Elich."

"Me! What do you want with me?"

Miss Brulaker eyed him for a moment and then said, hurriedly, "I thought as Minna's going to leave, you might be lonesome and need some one to keep the house and do your baking, and—and it's leap year, you know—so I came over to ask you to marry me, sir."

Jacob Elich's jaws opened, his eyes bulged, his whole being shook with amazement and anger as he looked at the girl.

"To do what?" he stammered.

"Marry me!" said Lizzie with a sudden boldness.

"I won't," half shrieked Jacob. "You're out of your head. Go home to your mother, you bold girl. I won't!"

"You refuse?" said Lizzie stolidly.

"I am a respectable man," said Jacob wrathfully, "and I certainly refuse!"

"That's all right, good afternoon," and Miss Brulaker descended the steps and walked down the street, leaving Jacob staring after her. Was she crying? Her whole frame shook convulsively as she moved quietly out of sight.

"She is a disgrace to her family," said Jacob, as he closed the door. "Thank God I have no daughters!" Then he went in and sat down, put on his spectacles and took them off again a great many times in an aimless fashion. "What is this generation of women coming to? What, indeed!"

The fire had died down, but Jacob had not noticed it. He was sitting gazing at the dying embers, when Minna came in.

"Why, uncle, your fire is nearly out; what ails you?"

"Nothing ails *me*, Minna," said Jacob. "I am as usual, only I was in a brown study. I had forgotten the fire. Do you know farmer Brulaker's daughter, Lizzie?"

"Yes, uncle."

"What manner of girl is she?"

"She is so clever that some people call her brilliant."

"That may be, but she is no fit companion for a modest maid, Minna. 'A brilliant daughter makes a brittle wife' is a wise saying, and we might well heed it."

Hardly had the grouty Jacob finished his words when there was a loud peal at the bell.

"Go see who it is," he said shortly.

"It's Mrs. Bagley; she wishes to see you, uncle."

Pulling himself together, but with reluctance in every line of his gaunt figure, Jacob rose up to greet the young widow of his lately deceased friend, Caleb Bagley, the miller.

"Is it about the lease of the mill, that you have come, Mrs. Bagley?" said Jacob politely.

The widow sighed and shook her head. "No, Mr. Elich, it isn't the mill exactly, and yet I can't say but it indirectly concerns the mill. The fact is, I know that I am a good hand to keep things trim and cozy, for Mr. Bagley always said as much to every one, and I know that you are a good hand to manage and put by; so I thought as how it might be a good thing to unite our forces—make a combination arrangement, you know—and, as it is the woman's privilege this year, I have concluded to make a little matrimonial proposition to you. Of course you can refuse to—"

"Mrs. Bagley, I *do* refuse, I most certainly decline to become a party to your combination. I can't afford to marry, Mrs. Bagley—I must say no to your very—very—er—"

"So you won't accept me? Very well, Mr. Elich, you will remember this before long," and before he could say a word more the front door banged and the rejected widow had gone. He looked around in a frightened way, but Minna was gone—she had evidently heard nothing, for she was singing in the kitchen.

"This is very strange," said Jacob—"very strange, indeed. To think one small town could contain two such fools at once. If I were going to marry I would not 'hang my sickle on another man's corn.'"

That night Jacob slept poorly and dreamed of being convicted of bigamy.

The next day Minna went to visit a school friend, from whose house she was to be married, as her uncle said he could not be at the expense of a wedding breakfast.

"I hope you won't be lonesome," Minna had said as she left. "Perhaps some of the neighbours will drop in to keep you company." And her uncle had replied "God forbid." But evidently the overruling Providence was not on his side, for on that day and the next, seven unmarried women came on the same errand that had occasioned Lizzie Brulaker's and the widow's visits. Each one gave a different reason for her action—two urged his loneliness; one suggested that in his old age he would need a young head to look after his business affairs. One recommended herself as a good cook, one commended her piety, and the last—a saucy girl—had hinted that he needed a wife to teach him to be happy!"

To each one of the six, he had politely but firmly declined; but the saucy girl had shocked him to such an extent that he felt compelled to threaten to tell her parents and the pastor of her behaviour.

"Do," said the girl. "It will be the funniest thing that ever happened to hear you. It will be better than the theatre. Do, Mr. Elich!"

On Sunday Jacob stayed indoors and early Monday morning he closed every blind in the house and forbore to build the fire, thinking to give the impression that he was not at home. But the postman stopped at every round he made and slipped letters under the door. They were all offers to share his fame, fortune, and name. They all referred to it being "leap year" and they all wound up with such phrases as: "If I do not hear definitely from you by Tuesday night, I shall take it for granted that my proposition is favourably considered"—or, "If I do not hear from you at once, I shall conclude that you accept the unsolicited love of a modest heart made bold by a desire to confer a benefit," et cetera.

To each of which Jacob penned, in small crabbed chirography, this brief but unequivocal reply: "I cannot marry you. Jacob Elich."

On Tuesday afternoon Minna returned home and was much surprised to find no sign of life about the house. She managed to open one of the cellar windows and made a burglarious entrance into the house. As she approached her uncle's bedroom, she heard him wail out: "Don't come in. I won't marry you. I won't marry any woman. Go away!"

"Uncle Jacob," she called out cheerily, "It's I, Minna—let me in. What's the matter?"

In response to a relieved "Come in" Minna entered. Lying in bed, with wet towels about his head, lay Jacob Elich in a collapsed condition.

"Minna, send for the doctor," he said brokenly; "but don't come too near me, don't! don't! don't!" as she approached.

"But, uncle, why not. What is the trouble?"

"I am crazy," moaned Jacob piteously. "I have had terrible hallucinations—I may become violent—I am a madman!"

"Why, Uncle Jacob, how you talk."

"That's just it, you won't believe me when I tell you I've had horrid dreams. Twelve women have asked me to marry them, but I said 'no' to each of them. Yes, Minna, I said 'no' to every damned—excuse me, but I am not responsible, I am a madman. I tell you it is the only solution."

At this moment there was a ring at the front door-bell.

"There, there's another one wants me to marry her. Tell her no—no—no!" And Jacob, with his hands clasped about his head, fell back upon the pillows.

"This isn't a suitor, uncle," said Minna; "it is a lawyer's letter to you."

"Read it!" said Jacob weakly.

Minna broke the seal and opening the document, read:

Mr. Jacob Elich:

Sir,—I wish to inform you that twelve ladies of the town of Lykens, Pennsylvania, have placed in my hands suits against you for the payment, either in money or merchandise, of twelve silk gowns, or their equivalent in gold, specie, or bank notes, to be paid in twelve equal parts to the said twelve ladies, whose proposals of marriage you have declined. These claims are based upon a statute of Pennsylvania enacted in 1723. You will find it upon page 432 of Colonial Laws in Pennsylvania.* The statute referred to, reads: "If a woman, during what is called Leap Year, taketh advantage of her privilege to ask a man to marry her and he refuseth, then shall he be liable to the law, if so be that the woman require, to give her one silk gown or the purchase money wherewith to buy such a gown. And if he refuse to pay it, he is liable to a penalty of one hundred pounds or to twelve months' imprisonment." As this singular law has not been repealed it may still be enforced. We are therefore commissioned to advise you that the twelve ladies whom you have refused to marry within the past week have put their claims into our hands for collection. Hoping that you will settle the same claims at once and avoid the very disagreeable publicity a refusal would entail, we are,

Respectfully yours,
L. VAN TASSEL,
C. SHACKFORD,
Counsellors at Law.

"Damnation," roared Jacob, who was ordinarily a man of sober words. "I have been duped by a pack of brainless women! Give me the letter!" Minna handed it to him.

"I knew it," he said, pointing a gaunt finger at the signatures. "That minx, Katrina van Tassel, is at the bottom of this trick."

"Hark, uncle, she said, "here she is."

"Bring her here," he commanded, "but first bring me my dressing-gown."

Sitting in bed, enveloped in a red dressing-gown and looking like a distracted flamingo, Jacob Elich awaited the advent of Miss van Tassel, who entered, wreathed in smiles.

"Oh, Mr. Elich, are you sick? I am so sorry. I came to bring you a message from my brother."

"I am not well," replied Jacob. "Sit down; what did your brother say?"

"Why, he said that he had spoken to each of your admiring friends,"

*This law was never repealed.—Author.

replied Katrine, "and they have all agreed that they would renounce their claims—"

"God be thanked!" cried Jacob, closing his eyes.

"Wait," said Katrina, "on condition that you would make over to Minna a sum large enough to cover the expense of the twelve silk gowns, as a sort of nest-egg for housekeeping, you know," and Katrina smiled seductively.

Jacob groaned. There was no help.

"'He that hath a head of butter must not come near the oven,'" quoth the sufferer. "Get me my cheque-book, Minna. Here is the key to the lock cupboard."

"Now, that's a great deal the best way out of a bad bargain," said Katrina. "I am sure Minna will be grateful."

"How much does a silk gown cost?" asked Jacob miserably.

"Why, ten yards at one dollar and a quarter—you can't get good silk any cheaper—will be, twelve dollars and a half—and twelve times twelve dollars and a half is, let's see—one hundred and fifty dollars."

"'When the wolf grows old, the crows ride him,'" said Jacob bitterly. And with trembling fingers and glassy eyes he wrote out and signed the cheque.

"Here," he said, "give that to your brother. And—you are a woman, but you have a clever brain, notwithstanding; if you will keep the other women quiet, I'll put in an extra hundred for Minna."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Elich, I think I can amage that."

Jacob took out from between the two feather beds a pouch, from which he counted out twenty five-dollar gold pieces into his amazed little Minna's hands.

"Say nothing to Claus," he said in a tone of entreaty. "'It's bad marketing with empty pockets,' I wish you good luck. Now leave me. I would be alone."

The girls stepped out together, leaving the miserable Jacob alone with his thoughts. At the door stood Charlie Shackford and Claus Hosenklaver.

"How did it work?" the counsellor asked breathlessly.

"Like a charm," said Katrina.

"Come," said Claus to Minna, "the minister must be waiting for us."

"Look, what he gave me," whispered Minna. "And here is the cheque for one hundred and fifty dollars," cried Katrina, handing it over to the young lawyer. "Just think what a lucky thing that I found that unrepealed law!"

"Very lucky," murmured Charlie as he took both the cheque and the hand and held it in his own.

"I suppose you think you deserve some of the credit?" said Katrina. "I shall have to save up for a month to settle your bill, I dare say."

"What is won by law may be kept by love."

Katrina's blue eyes were lifted to the young lawyer's for a moment as she said shyly:

"Is that another unrepealed law?"

There wasn't anybody in sight except a baby in a go-cart, and Charlie's answer was a kiss.

THE HOUSE SURGEON

BY EDGAR WALLACE

I REACHED out of bed, and turning down the lamp, tried to sleep. The knowledge of the fact that one has, by a single foolish action, placed himself on the verge of bankruptcy is scarcely conducive to mental quiet, and it was only after what seemed to me hours of wakefulness that I sank into a fitful sleep.

I could not have been dozing more than half an hour when a knock at my door aroused me. A knock at such an hour, could only mean one thing to a house surgeon, and getting out of bed, I opened the door to admit, as I had expected, the night porter.

"Case just come in, sir," he said tersely. "Dr. Thompson don't think he's likely to live."

"What sort of case," I asked sharply, for even one liable to end fatally did not necessarily require my attention, "and when was he brought in?"

The porter was rather taken aback at my brusqueness, for amongst my subordinates, I believe, I bore a reputation for courtesy.

"Brought in a few minutes since, sir," said the man. "Came in a cab with a policeman. 'Pears as how he was goin' home from his club, and passin' down Holborn the horse bolted and came bang against a pillar at the corner of Chancery Lane, gent was thrown out of the cab and fell against the kerb."

By this time I was ready, and after bathing my face to waken me I followed the porter down the dimly-lighted corridor that connected my quarters with the hospital, along the broad stone-flagged central hall, with its many glass doors opening into various wards, till my guide stopped before No. 11, the accident ward.

I entered and softly closed the door behind me. Screened off from the rest of the ward, on an operating table, lay the form of a man, who was in evening dress, the coat of which had been removed to allow the surgeon to commence operations.

By his side stood the night nurse and Thompson, who nodded as I entered. I went nearer to the table and looked into the face. Good God! Newton!—Newton whom I left a few hours before in the bloom of health —and now!

For the moment I forgot our last interview when I had left my club, a ruined man, with the haunting remembrance of Newton, a sympathetic smile on his florid face, making a bundle of the notes and bills that I, in the true gambler's spirit, had plunged with to recoup the trifling losses of the previous evening. The sympathetic smile was part of his stock-in-trade, and was the result of long practice. Believing in that ancient fallacy, luck must turn, I had plunged and plunged, till I suddenly realized that I had lost every penny I had in the world.

In that evening I had entered the private card room a comparatively wealthy man, and had left it with my year's salary mortgaged. I had read of such cases, but had always accept-

ed them with a grain of salt. For how, I argued, can a man continue to play a losing game? Why does he not desist when he finds luck against him? Even now I couldn't say why I hadn't; I only knew that I had played doggedly on, expecting my luck to turn.

In the bitterness of the moment I had said some hard things concerning Newton's "luck," which I more than hinted was assisted by the lucky one's dexterity. He had retaliated with words that had made me wince; he had told me that by such fools as I—those were his words—he managed to make a living. There were other stinging, maddening things he had said, such as only an educated man could have said, but now for the time I forgot his insults, forgot that he had ruined me, and only saw the poor battered form that lay awaiting my skill. "What are the injuries?" I asked, regaining my composure.

"The scalp wound that you can see," was Thompson's reply. I nodded; one could not help but see that ugly gash that stretched across the head from eyebrow to ear. "Anything else?"

"I haven't looked," he answered. "I thought I'd wait till you came. The bleeding ceased soon after his arrival. I have had him washed up. Will you examine him?"

I took off my coat, and, rolling up my sleeves, proceeded to inspect the wound.

It was, I could see at first glance, a serious case.

I ran my finger gingerly along the bare skull that lay exposed till I felt a little swelling beneath my fingers; unlike the ordinary bump, it was splintered across in two or three directions. I looked up and met Thompson's inquiring eyes.

"Fracture?" was the question. "Yes," I answered slowly. A small fracture above the brain. Just see if there's anything else."

Carefully and tenderly Thompson passed his hands over the body and limbs of the insensible man; "a fractured rib," he muttered, half to himself as surgeons are wont to do. "That's nothing; face cut up, evidently from a sharp stone—that's nothing, other limbs seem all right. What are you going to do?" This last remark was addressed to me.

I gave the wound another glance and then decided. "Get the instruments ready for trepanning," I said, "it must be done at once, or it will be too late. There is, undoubtedly, a compression which must be removed."

As my assistant and the nurses hastened noiselessly to obey my orders, I was left alone with the inanimate form.

It was a scene that could not have failed to impress the most callous observer.

The long airy room was just sufficiently lit to allow the attendants to move about without injury to limb. The first faint streaks of the dawn were struggling through the windows at the farther end of the ward, its ghastly light making the flickering night lamps a bilious yellow. This was no novel experience to me; I lived my life amidst these rows of sufferers.

Even the sweet scented flowers that stood amidst the queer shaped instruments on the nursing sister's table were so inseparably associated with the internal decoration of a hospital, that a visit to the fairest garden amidst the most picturesque surroundings had no other effect than to recall the scenes of suffering that I had left behind. They were so familiar, too, those neat cots with the overhanging pulleys, and the little Scriptural texts above each patient's head.

I looked at Newton. How still he lay! To all intents and purposes dead. I had served a long and hard apprenticeship, and suffering and death had long ceased to cause me mental pain. There had been a time, when the sight of a blood-splashed

knife had made me feel sick and giddy, and the memory of the patient's agonized cries had haunted me through the long hours of the night. These times had passed, but in passing they left a few lines on my forehead, and had given a tinge of gray to my hair as a souvenir. In spite of practice a feeling of pity came over me for this unfortunate man, who had probably only a few hours to live.

His "choker" collar and his white tie had been removed to allow of his breathing, and from the front of his dress shirt, crumpled and stained, a single brilliant winked and glittered. I turned my head with half a sigh, when almost at my feet, I saw what, in the dim light, appeared to be a sack. Methodical, even in my abstraction, I stooped, with the intention of removing it to the outside of my ward.

The moment my fingers touched I realized that what I had taken for a sack was a dust coat—evidently Newton's.

I switched on the electric light under which his head had been placed; the coat was soiled with that mixture peculiar to London street accidents—mud and blood. As I turned to put the coat with the remainder of the clothing on an adjacent locker, something fell from the pocket; it was a pocket-book. I bent down and picked it up, and was about to replace it, when, like a flash, I remembered that in this book were the bills and notes that Newton had won from me the same evening.

For a moment I stood irresolute.

Here lay a man on the point of death, a man who had as good as confessed that he lived on the wits of fools—such fools as I. He had not, I knew, a single relative in the world, no prying heirs to raise awkward questions.

Half unconsciously, I pressed back the clasp, and opened the flap. Yes, there snug and crisp, lay the little roll of notes and papers; in two or three places I could see my signature, "Donald Fraser," written at the foot of divers bills that spelt ruin to me. What a fool I had been! And what a fool I was. Within my grasp lay all that I desired, and who was to know? He had left the club at the same time as I. I knew there was only one small chance of his recovering; if by that chance he lived, I could restore the money, and if he died—. After all, was not this money mine? Yes, I would take it. This episode should be a lesson to me for all lifetime. I would never again touch a card.

Thompson would soon be returning, I refastened the clasp of the book and, raising my eyes, I met the fixed gaze of—Newton! For a moment I was speechless; the shock of encountering the glare of those eyes that I had thought closed in insensibility, produced a momentary paralysis. For the moment I imagined that I had been speaking my thoughts aloud, but recovering my mental equilibrium, my professional instincts came to my rescue.

"You must remain perfectly quiet," I said in a subdued tone; "you have met with a bad accident." He did not speak, but his eyes rested for a second on the pocket-book, and then rose to my face, into which, in spite of a determined effort, and for the first time in my life, a blush of guilt was creeping. He evidently noticed my distress, and mistaking the cause, he said faintly. "It's all right, Fraser, don't trouble, I'm not afraid of your holding these things, I know you are straight!"

The blush deepened, and I tossed the accursed thing that had made me forget duty, as a gentleman and a physician, on to the heap of clothing. If he was a sharper, what was I, a thief? Had the tables been turned, and he, instead of I, been the loser, should I have considered his feelings? I looked at Newton; he lay with half-closed eyes, breathing very quickly, and I could see he was lapsing again into insensibility. Thomp-

son at this moment came up with an apology for keeping me so long; he bore a tray containing the instruments. The nurses who accompanied him placed the necessary waters and antiseptics in the various basins, and all was ready.

Thompson looked curiously at the patient.

"Has he regained consciousness?" he asked, proceeding to divest himself of his coat, and fastening back his cuffs.

"For a short time, yes," I answered. "He is half-conscious now; these periods of lucidity are not uncommon in cases of compression." I felt the pulse—it was normal; with a stethoscope I examined the heart, this, too, was sound.

"I shall give him chloroform," I said, by way of explanation, "and endeavour to elevate the splintered bone." Newton opened his eyes, and glanced from one to the other; at last his inquiring gaze rested on Thompson.

"This is Doctor Thompson," I said, thinking to inspire him with confidence; "we are going to operate on you, there will be little or no pain—" He stopped me with an almost imperceptible movement of his head. "I want to talk alone," he said, and there was a suspicious thickness in his voice that warned me that any interview would have to be short. "I want to talk alone with Dr. Thompson." I started in astonishment, for I knew they were not even acquainted. "Do you mean me?" I asked, thinking that the injury might have affected his brain.

"No, no!" he said almost impatiently, "I mean that gentleman." It was a strange request, but I could see that every moment now was precious. At a motion from me, Thompson took his place by the side of the patient's head, and the nurses, with myself, withdrew. Why should he wish to speak to Thompson? I could see them from where I stood, the patient speaking slowly and evidently painfully, and Thompson's nod of acquiescence. Suddenly the conversation came to an end, and beckoning one of the nurses to him, my colleague walked to the heap of clothing, and picking up Newton's book, placed it in his pocket, and resuming his place by the patient's side, continued the conversation.

Now I knew! Newton had told him of what he had seen when he had recovered from his insensibility. He had called the nurse for a witness and handed the book and its contents into my assistant's keeping for safety. To-morrow, the whole world —my world, would know that, in addition to being a ruined gambler, Donald Fraser, Doctor of Medicine, had violated the sacred laws of humanity, had dishonoured his noble profession, by attempting to rob a patient!

I made my way back to the table. Thompson looked curiously at me, but I avoided his glance, and by a mighty effort of will all emotions were hidden for a time, and I took my place at his side, not as the man whose reputation was at his mercy, but as a surgeon.

I took up the conical inhaler that lay on the tray and, bending over the head of the dying man, for dying now he undoubtedly was, placed it over the patient's mouth and nose, and gently shook a few drops of the anæsthetic over its porous sides. The sickly, penetrating odour of the chloroform rose and, as he felt the first whiff of it in his lungs, Newton opened his eyes and, looking at Thompson in a meaning manner, said the one word, "remember." Thompson nodded and again glanced from me to the patient, who, closing his eyes, was gently inhaling. Now and then, as is usual, when patients are sinking under the influence of the chloroform, the breathing for a moment ceased, but a slight pressure upon the uninjured side would cause him to resume his respiration. After a while, I lifted the eyelids, and gen-

tly touched the pupils. Yes, he was well under. I handed the inhaler to Thompson and, dipping my hands into the antiseptic lotion, I commenced.

It was a difficult job, even more so than I had anticipated; the fracture extended farther than I had thought, but I had not been working long before I realized the hopelessness of my task. But, to a surgeon, the adage, "Whilst there's life, there's hope," had a special significance, and the fact that to all appearance my work would be useless did not deter me from doing my utmost.

The end came very quietly. Thompson, who was administering sufficienly small doses of chloroform to keep the patient insensible, suddenly dropped the inhaler and, picking up the stethoscope, applied it to the heart.

I stopped my work and leaned, red-handed, on the table, awaiting his decision.

"You can stop," he said after awhile, "he's dead." I took the instrument from him and listened. It was as he said! Newton had gone—to face his Maker.

Hastly washing and drying my hands, I slipped on my coat, and made my way back to my room.

Now that it was all over, a dreary feeling of my own helplessness came over me, and as I drew a basket chair up to the fire that the porter had replenished in my absence, I thought of the misery I should have to face on the morrow. I glanced at my watch; it was three o'clock. To-morrow, then, was to-day. To-day I should die—the social death. I never realized till that minute how dear this little world of mine was to me. The functions that I had held up to ridicule as senseless and time-wasting, seemed now to be clothed with a dignity and refinement unthought of. The profession I loved so well, and God knows, no mother could suffer more at the death of her firstborn than I at the thought of severing myself from St. Mark's.

What a blackguard I was. I fancied I could hear Newton saying, "I can trust you, you are straight." I who, even as he spoke, was weighing the chances of evading detection. And yet, after all, he could not have meant it, otherwise why should he have told Thompson?

A quick footstep echoed down the corridor, and stopped opposite my door. There was a knock. I rose from my chair, and opened the door to Thompson. "Come in," I said, closing the door after him. He seated himself, facing me, on the opposite side of the fire. I pushed the decanter towards him.

I hadn't the nerve to open the conversation.

"Thanks," he said, helping himself to a modest allowance of Burgundy. "I owe you an apology for disturbing your rest again, but I have to tell you what transpired between this patient and myself." I nodded. I had expected something of this, if not so soon, and my hand trembled as I pushed back the decanter from its perilous position on the edge of the table, where Thompson, with youthful disregard to safety, had left it. It is curious how, in times of great trouble, or mental worry, little trifling incidents leave a lasting impression on one's mind, and the sight of a decanter placed too near the edge of a table has ever since then reminded me of that startling interview.

"I saw when you came into ward," my assistant went on, "that you knew him, and you can imagine, knowing this, how surprised I was when he asked for an interview with me. I could see that you, too, were a little astonished; however, before I had time to recover from my amazement, you were gone, and we were left together. The first thing he did was to ask me whether I knew anything about law. I told him I did for, as you know, my people are in the law, and I was, at first, intended for that stuffy profession. He then asked me whether he could dispose of his pro-

perty without making a will. I told him that such a thing was permissible in cases of urgent necessity. 'Such as this?' he asked. 'Yes,' I replied, 'this would be a case in which you could verbally bequeath your property, providing it was done in the prescence of two disinterested persons.' It was then, at his request, that I called Nurse Joyce, and searched among his clothing for a pocket-book. This I found and brought to him, and then to my profound astonishment, he said, 'In the presence of these witnesses I bequeath this book and its contents to—Doctor Donald Fraser, of St. Mark's Hospital!'" As Thompson said this he drew from his pocket the book.

I had risen to my feet as he commenced his story and stood by the window that overlooked the dawn-lit quadrangle of the hospital. I had done this partly to hide any show of emotion that may have been evident, partly because, in my then condition of mind, I could not remain seated, but as the unlooked for, unthought of story of Newton's generosity was laid before me, the room swam round, and the figure of Thompson, silhouetted against the dancing flames of the fire, became blurred and indistinct. "For me?" I managed to gasp.

"Yes, for you, and he made me promise to hand it to you to-night. 'For,' he said, 'there are some papers that I want the doctor to burn.'"

My fingers closed over the leathern package.

"He added a very strange sentence," said Thompson. "His last words before you came were, 'Tell the doctor the cards were marked.'"

As he finished speaking Thompson stepped towards the door and, holding it open, he looked down, with a perplexed frown. "About those papers," he said, "I don't know whether it is irregular to destroy them until the will has been proved, but as it was evidently his wish, I suppose you had better burn them."

"I think I had better do so," I answered, closing the door after him and turning towards the fire.

ABSENCE

By ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

I CANNOT rest
For the swallow's flying,
And blue-birds with saffroned breasts
Blue the lea;
How can I rest?
Earth with night is lying,
And the white star o' the west
Guides to Thee.

I cannot stay
While the winds are calling
And the wild, white horses play
O'er the sea;
How can I stay
With the red leaves falling,
And ways in their windings stray
But to Thee?

Photograph by H. Otto Frind, F.R.G.S.

FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT MARPOLE, CANADIAN ROCKIES

ON THE RISE OF THE HILL

BY SEUMAS O'KELLY

"SAY you'll have me," said Johnny Claffey.

"I will not, Johnny Claffey," Maria Cooney made answer. "I'll say I won't have you. I like to tell the truth."

"What prospects have you beyond myself?" Johnny Claffey persisted.

"You're a grand prospects surely! A big ugly-looking pike of a man! And you without as much as a cabin. Go out of my sight."

"You'll rue it, Maria Cooney."

"I won't, Johnny Claffey. I may as well tell you I have bigger game in view. My grandmother is on for seeing me settled before she dies. She has made my match with a lovely-looking lad over near her own place. If you were to see the grand house he has, and it upon the rise of the hill! What good is a man without a house anyhow? What good are you, Johnny Claffey? You sleep in a loft over a kitchen, and the loft itself is not your own. You have a big cheek to be asking any girl's promise. Clear out of this now!"

Johnny Claffey seized Marie Cooney in his brawny arms. She struggled vainly. His face swooped down upon her face. Maria Cooney had only had time to drop her head suddenly on its hinges. The next moment Johnny Claffey had planted his lips fervently upon the knot of black hair tied tightly at the back of her poll. It was not what he intended or expected, of course. He was out in his geography, had struck the wrong continent on the map, so to speak. When he realized this he walked heavily out of the house, a cloud gathering across the breadth of his face. Maria Cooney followed him to the door and as he went her mocking voice followed him down the road.

"Johnny Claffey!" she cried, "come back here with my hairpins!"

After this incident Johnny Claffey avoided Maria Cooney as much as possible. It was not possible to cut her altogether, for Johnny Claffey was a farm hand in the employ of the Byrne family, and Maria Cooney a housekeeper in the Glennon family. The Byrne homestead adjoined the Glennon homestead, and there was constant communication between the families.

"What do you say to Johnny Claffey if he hasn't made a representation," Pat Glennon said one day, shortly after, coming into his house.

"A what?" Mrs. Glennon asked, while Maria Cooney's eyes went wide open. She had an idea that Johnny Claffey was about to supply some extraordinary sensation. And so he was.

"A representation is an application of a tentative nature for a labourer's cottage," Pat Glennon said, talking like a leading article.

"Johnny Claffey!" Maria Conney exclaimed under her breath.

"We have a scheme of cottages on hand at the rural council. Each will cost up to one hundred and thirty pounds, and will have an acre of land attached."

Maria Cooney had to hold on to

the table. A cottage and an acre of ground for Johnny Claffey! Were the district councillors all gone mad?

"And where is all this money to come from," Mrs. Glennon demanded.

"From the oul' cow that everyone who can lay hands on milks, known as the public ratepayer," Pat Glennon answered with a grin. "What's more," he went on, "Johnny Claffey is going to marry for the inspector put him the question, 'Are you married?' says he. 'No, I'm not,' says Johnny, 'but I have a nice one in the corner of me eye. You give me the cage, I'll chirp, and the bird will hop on to her perch!' He put the whole place into a roar."

Maria Cooney found herself suffering from insomnia for the first time in her life that night. Johnny Claffey went between her and her rest, for she remembered, with horror, that Johnny Claffey, since he had left off proposing marriage to her, had been in the habit of disappearing every Sunday.

Next day she waylaid one of the young Byrnes and bribed him into confidence by the pressure of a penny upon his little palm.

"Tell me, pet," Maria Cooney said, "where does that Johnny Claffey be meandering to every Sunday?"

This young Byrne had a cute face and he looked up at Maria Cooney with quick gray eyes.

"Off over after a girl he do be going," he replied promptly.

"How do you know that?"

" 'Cause I saw him a Sunday. We were driving back from the chapel."

"Where was it you saw him?"

"In Kilclooney, near a gate they were. Johnny Claffey was leaning over the gate, and she was leaning over the gate. The two of them was leaning over it."

"And who was the girl now?"

"I dunno."

"And was she a young one or an oul' one?"

"I dunno."

"Well, what was she wearing?"

"She was wearing a dress."

"What sort of a dress?"

"I couldn't say."

"Was it a black dress or a white dress?"

"It was."

"A black dress maybe it was?"

"Maybe."

"Or it might be a white one?"

"It might."

"Was it black?"

"It was."

"Are you sure now, it wasn't a white dress?"

"It was a white dress."

"Sure it couldn't be a white dress if it was a black one?"

"It could."

"It could not, child. Think well."

"Sure amn't I after telling you? It was a black dress and a white dress —white at the top and black down below."

The child ran away, apparently tired of the argument.

"Be dad," Maria Cooney cried, "she was wearing a white blouse and a black skirt, the whipster! Wait until I lay my two hands on you, Johnny Claffey!"

But Maria Cooney kept her hands off Johnny Claffey, mostly because he abandoned any further proposals of marriage, partly because all was not plain sailing for Johnny Claffey and his cottage. The Byrne family objected to the cottage at once. All his life Johnny Claffey had slept in their loft over the kitchen. Every night he carried in a ladder from the stable and mounted to this unlighted apartment. The Byrnes said that if Johnny Claffey got a cottage and an acre of ground he would become too independent, too big a man for them. When old Byrne heard that an acre of his own ground would be commandeered for the person who slept in his loft he grew purple in the face with rage and swore he would defend his property with his life. He appealed to Johnny Claffey, but Johnny Claffey only scratched the crown of his head and said he was at the mercy

of the district council. He insinuated that if the district council insisted on building him a cottage there was nothing for it but to desert the loft. Old Byrne had to submit. His family explained that the law was against him and in favour of Johnny Claffey—a very wrong and rotten thing of the law, of course, but there you are!

The foundations of Johnny Claffey's cottage were laid in due course and while the work went on it was the object of both admiration and envy to the parish. Maria Cooney, however, held aloof as long as she could. One night, however, the longing to behold Johnny Claffey's cottage became too much for her. She threw a shawl over her head and sneaked out of the house.

It was a moonlight night. Maria Cooney kept a watchful eye about her and reached the cottage in a roundabout way. She wished to keep her mission a secret. She had worked herself up to a high pitch of excitement by the time she put her arms over the wall facing the cottage and had a good square look at it. The cottage at first blush had a peculiar effect upon her. The rafters were shining like ribs on the roof, the doorway gaped, the windows were vacant, and the light of the moon was playing through them. It gave the structure a queer effect—it looked as if it were grinning down at her. She had an unaccountable feeling that it grinned like Johnny Claffey. She thought she had often seen that sort of a settled, half-spectral gape on his face. She felt inclined to say some words of cutting disparagement up at it. Her hand went out in an impatient little gesture.

"Tell me, Maria Cooney, how do you like the looks of it?"

Maria Cooney gave a startled bound, then pulled herself together. She saw the bulk of Johnny Claffey's figure seated against the wall under her. He had his eyes upon the cottage, drinking in its proportions in the romance of the moonlight.

"I was not thinking of it at all," Maria Cooney said.

Johnny Claffey made no comment, and his silence was eloquent.

"And what brought you down here this hour of the night?" Maria demanded, some of her old domineering tone returning.

"Same thing as yourself—the cottage there. I do like to come down in the quietness of the night to look upon it."

"You're well employed then."

"I do be pondering over many a thing in me mind. I was saying to meself a while back when I saw you waltzing about the hill that you'll have a grand view of the cottage from Pat Glennon's door above."

"I'll have some other occupation for me eyes, with the help of God."

"I was saying for one thing that it's a comfort to see the smoke coming up a chimney. That'll be one addition to the scenery for you. Then for that again I was saying that the light of the two back windows will be shining in front of you the length of the winter's night."

"I'm giving you great concern from all accounts."

"And when I'm rightly settled down, there you'll have a view of the garden and the sight of me crops coming up out of the ground, or maybe the scent of me lock of flowers blown up the hill upon the wind and going in about the kitchen to tickle your fancy."

Johnny Claffey rose up and leaned against the wall close to Maria Cooney, his face still to the cottage. Maria Cooney rubbed the tip of her nose against his shoulder. Johnny Claffey was no more conscious of it than if a fly had lit upon him. Maria Cooney knew she was a show, but in the subdued light, and while Johnny went on with his talk, she seized favourable moments to rub her nose against his shoulder, drawing great satisfaction from the exercise.

"I'll have a little rose bush growing there in front of the porch. When

you come down an odd evening maybe I'll be plucking a choice one for you. There over by the wall to the west I'll have me little clump of turf. It'll be well in your view at the pond above. At the fall o' the leaf you'll see me pit of potatoes rising up at the head of the acre. When Pat Glennon's cock crows on his roost you'll hear the voice of my cock answering him back from the tidy fowl-house there in the corner beyond. Me hens will be scratching about the field up to your door. If you have the mind to listen you'll hear the wind when it whistles through the few perch of corn and it growing ripe before your eyes. The place won't be so lonesome for you. Herself will be moving about the house, in and out, if it was only she came out for a can of water or stepped out on the road to meet meself the time I'll be drawing a creel of turf from the bog."

At these words the nose of Maria Cooney withdrew from the neighbourhood of Johnny Claffey's shoulder. If it gave a little snort at mention of "herself" he did not notice it. Neither did he concern himself that it perked up, right and unlovely, in the pale light as he went on:

"You can be coming down to herself, or she can be going up to you, bringing hither and thither the news of the parish or the alarms that come out of the newspapers. Later on you'll see the childer climbing up over the fence, they to go chasing about the hill, screeching in front of you, everyone of them carrying about a big head on him like the head of Johnny Claffey. And I wouldn't put it beyond the woman that'll be in the house to give them the elegance of fine manners so as they'd be trained to call you Aunt Maria."

There was a convulsive movement under Maria Cooney's shawl, but no blow was struck.

"As to these sights and wonders you're going to provide for me, Johnny Claffey," she said, "you needn't go to any great rounds. It wouldn't do me good to see a miserable, spare, delicate woman, worn with hardship, striving to bring up in the face of poverty a houseful of big-headed children bawling like a pack of beagles about her with the dint of hunger. Don't be cocking yourself up at all, Johnny Claffey. There's more than one house on the rise of a hill, and I'm not going to spend me life in this place watching your capers."

"The house over near your grandmother's you're hinting at, is it?" Johnny Claffey asked, his eyes steadily on his unroofed cottage.

"The same."

"And the match your grandmother is making up with that nice boy you're alluding to?"

"The same."

"There's no such house. There's only a bare hill swept by the edge of the four winds of the world."

Maria Cooney gasped. The voice of Johnny Claffey was impartial but terrible.

"And there's no such boy. There's only a grandmother, an old creature hobbling on her stick about a little rookery of a place in the bog."

"There is!" Maria Cooney cried, hitting the wall with her fist. "There is, Johnny Claffey! I tell you there is! There is such a house and there is such a boy. I was looking at the house, I was speaking with the boy! How dare you, Johnny Claffey!" Like Hamlet's whipster of a mother, Maria Cooney protested too much. Johnny Claffey waited until she had done.

"There's only that grandmother," he said serenely. "I made it my business to see her the day I was going past, bringing a load of seaweed from the sea. 'Mrs. Cooney,' says I, 'I come in to ask you for the hand of Maria.' 'Did you indeed?' says she, 'well, you come in to ask a great lot. You can have her.' 'Isn't there another fellow after her?' says I. 'Is there?' says she. 'There is ma'am,' says I. 'If there is,' she says, 'it's the first I heard of it. But if there

is, that would make two fellows after Maria. Well, ye can both have her and me blessing!' That's what your grandmother said, Maria Cooney."

Maria Cooney's shawled head went down on the wall beside Johnny Claffey. It was all so shockingly like what her grandmother would say! She felt she had been criminally slack in not having warned her grandmother, but who would ever have dreamt of the lumbering Johnny Claffey turning out such a terror? Maria Cooney felt she was disgraced for ever. All the fight was knocked out of her by this blow. Johnny Claffey thought he heard some sniffling on the top of the unsympathetic wall, but he made no inquiry.

"I'd like to see the wooden paling there painted," he went on. "I was between two minds as to whether I'd like a dark green or a bright red. A lively red coat should look elegant on it when viewed from your kitchen door above."

"Ask the one over at Kilclooney," Maria Cooney said raising her head and speaking in a voice that wavered between resignation and resentment. "It's she that will have the trouble of the concerns."

"That one at Kilclooney?" Johnny Claffey asked without turning round.

"The one with the white blouse."

"What white blouse?"

"The white blouse and the black skirt. She that used to be mooning over the gate with you like a cow."

"Who told you this?"

"Young Byrne, young Paddy Byrne."

" 'Twas I told him to tell you that," Johnny Claffey announced calmly. "I gave him an oul' penknife for telling you. I knew you'd be making inquiries. Playing cards I used to be in Kilclooney."

Marie Cooney's lips parted as she heard the announcement, a sort of ecstatic thrill lighting her face. She looked as if she had seen a vision in a white blouse winging to the skies, leaving her with a clear field with Johnny Claffey in front of his cottage. Then a doubt overcast her features, swift as a cloud that runs over a clear sky.

"And where is she coming from so? Where is the bird that will hop on to the perch when you chirp?" she asked, unable to suppress a note of tragedy in her voice.

"It's hard to say," Johnny Claffey said carelessly. "There's no hurry on me. I have the whole country in front of me. When the daisies deck the fields I'll take down an ash plant, spit on me fist, and go out to seek me fortune like the King's son in the stories."

Maria Cooney felt that if Johnny Claffey turned around and proposed marriage there and then she should burst out crying. But Johnny Claffey only took a step forward towards the cottage with the air of a man who had dismissed a frivolous subject. A little halo was beginning to grow about his big stupid head in the eyes of Maria Cooney. She could scarcely believe that he was the despised one who had slept in a loft and proposed marriage on various occasions under the auspices of her dishcloth. He led the way towards his cottage, striding like the hero in a melodrama.

"Come on until I show you the inside of the premises, Maria Cooney. I can't say how it will be inside. I'll have to leave that to the woman that will be coming back with me the time of the daisies. I'm not much of an ornament in the inside of a house. Me legs don't feel as if they were intended for it. They kick things and they always kick the things that can't stand nothing only admiration. I'll get my good woman to leave me as much space as I can steer through without going on the rocks. She can float about herself where she likes—"

He had stepped into the doorway when he felt something happening behind. He paused. Two hands were groping about his back. A face seemed to be smothering itself in the folds

of his coat at the small of his back.

"Johnny!"

A smile broke over Johnny Claffey's face at the sound of his name. He had measured the thing to an inch! At the porch of his cottage on the rise of the hill Maria Cooney had surrendered. He had brought the aggressive girl who had called him a big ugly-looking pike of a man, who had tendered her poll to his devouring lips, to her knees. Johnny Claffey turned around to behold his triumph. The shawl had slipped from Maria Cooney's shoulders. Her face was white, her arms were reaching out to him. She looked magnificent and dramatic in the moonlight.

"Johnny!"

There was an appeal in the voice, as seductive as the first note of the cuckoo in the woods of Kilclooney in the springtime. It struck Johnny Claffey hard and all over. He saw, in a dim way, the whole landscape on the hillside transformed into a place of wondrous magic. Then he had lifted Maria Cooney off the ground. And he was not out in his geography this time.

It took a good while to furnish the cottage in imagination that night on the rise of the hill. It was a process over which there was a delightful procrastination. The discreet moon moved down the sky and threw long shadows under the walls. When Maria Cooney and Johnny Claffey came forth again things had adjusted themselves. The note of surrender had died out of Maria Cooney's voice, Johnny Claffey was not so full of himself. He had had his little innings. Maria Cooney stood before the stumps and Johnny Claffey had gone out to field for ever.

"Up you come now until we be telling Pat Glennon the day is fixed," Maria Cooney was saying as they came out.

"I'd sooner leave it to yourself, Maria. I'm kind of—"

Johnny Claffey did not like to say —so soon—that he was kind of ashamed but that's what he meant.

"You just put your legs under you," Maria Cooney commanded briefly, and they went up the rise of the hill together. Their marching order was symbolical of the way they were to travel through life.

Maria Cooney, brisk of step, active of gait, direct of bearing, was leading. Johnny Claffey ploughed faithfully behind her.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE event of the month is the sinking of the Cunard liner, *Lusitania*, off Old Head of Kinsale, Ireland, with the loss of 1502 lives. A German submarine lay in the track of the ocean greyhound as she was nearing Queenstown, and fifteen minutes after the torpedo struck and exploded her engine-room the giant ship plunged down bow foremost, her helpless passengers—men, women, and children—abandoned to their fate by the German pirates. The cup of Germany's iniquity is overflowing. It did not require this wholesale murder of non-combatants to stir the British people to a more supreme effort in their fight with Germany, but neutral countries now have little excuse for tight-rope performances in diplomacy. The United States has followed literally the Biblical injunction: "If thine enemy smite thee on one cheek turn to him the other also." American citizens went down with the *Lusitania*, and Dr. Bernard Dernburg is brutally frank in letting the people of the United States know that the German submarines in torpedoing passenger vessels, regardless of the loss of life, are defiant of public opinion in the great Republic. From whatever point of view the question is approached, the attitude of the Washington Government cannot be regarded as in keeping with the traditions bequeathed by George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. For the United States the issues involved cannot be solved by the continued acceptance of "assurances" from Berlin as compensation for loss of life and property. Any timidity in dealing with Germany at this stage will convince the world that not President Wilson, but Dr. Dernburg, controls the policy of the United States. The difficulties of the Wilson Administration are known to themselves. Chief among these is the unassimilated population of the United States, millions of Germans, for instance, who, it has been discovered, are still German in thought and sentiment. How far German secret service organization has succeeded in honeycombing the public services of the Republic, including the army and navy, rendering it dangerous for the Government to resort to extreme measures against Germany one can only conjecture. It is safe, however, to hazard the opinion that the United States is less prepared for war than France was at the beginning of the campaign. The newspapers of the United States are practically unanimous in condemning German methods of warfare as unqualified murder, and President Wilson is being hard pressed to vindicate the honour of his country. If internal conditions are responsible for the pacificatory tone of the Washington Government it is high time for Americans to set their house in order. If the nation which Washington created and Lincoln saved is to maintain her diplomatic position in Europe the control of the United States by hyphenated Yankees of German extraction must be destroyed. Although primarily a domestic problem, it is

one in which Canadians have a real interest.

The following advertisement appeared in American newspapers before and after the sinking of the *Lusitania:*

Travellers intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies; that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain or any of her allies are liable to destruction in those waters, and that travellers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk.

IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY.
Washington, D.C., April 22, 1915.

Another event of supreme interest to Canadians was the heroic stand of the Canadian brigades near Ypres. Over six thousand casualties testify to the fierce fighting that took place during those three fateful days when the Canadian troops held the enemy at bay. It was here the use of poisonous gas by the enemy was first tried, with disastrous results to our troops. Choked by the drifting fumes which a favouring wind carried in greenish clouds to the Allied trenches, the French were forced to fall back, exposing the Canadian flank to a terrific assault. The conduct of the Canadians exceeded all the demands of military rules, but in the words of Sir John French, "they saved the situation," and prevented the enemy getting through to Calais. "Langemarck" will long be remembered with pride by the Canadian army and nation.

Hill 60, near Ypres, has also been the scene of terrific fighting, the British capturing this important position and holding it against repeated counter-attacks. There is no sign yet of the big spring drive. So far the advantages in numbers seem to be on the side of Germany, which is putting forth a tremendous effort on both the western and eastern fronts. In the eastern theatre some measure of success has attended the operations of the enemy. Aided by the railways Germany and Austria launched from the Cracow region a formidable drive across the Dunajec and Wisloka Rivers, piercing the Russian lines of communication in Galicia and forcing the Grand Duke's troops to fall back from the Carpathians, thus relieving Hungary for the present from the danger of invasion. This delay to the Russian advance across the passes into Hungary is of great political moment to the Kaiser, who long since must have ceased to hope for victory. In turn this check to the Russian main advance must seriously modify the plans of the western Allies. It must not be forgotten that Russia, in attracting such a huge German force to western Galicia is relieving the pressure on the Allied lines in France and Belgium. The hour has come, despite this temporary check, when the German advantage in numbers is on the ebb. The Allied forces in the western zone now outnumber the enemy, and the tide in the eastern theatre is beginning to turn in favour of Russia.

In the Carpathians, where the Russian lines of communication are threatened by the enemy's drive from western Galicia, the Uzsok Pass, so necessary to a concentric advance into the Hungarian plain, is still in Austrian hands. East of the Uzsok are the Tukholka and the Beskid Passes close together. The Beskid Pass carries over the mountains the railway which runs from Murkacs, in the Hungarian plain, through Stry in Galicia to Lemberg. From the heights of Kosziowa, between the Uzsok and the Beskid Passes, the Russian front breaks away from the northern foothills into eastern Galicia. This is a most vulnerable point and has been subjected to repeated attacks of the enemy. But it is against the right Russian wing operating down the southern slopes farther to the west that a heavy blow has been struck, German reinforcements enabling the

Austrians to attack in considerable force on the Dunajec without weakening their pressure on the Russian left wing in the neighbourhood of Stry.

The combined land and sea attacks on the Dardanelles forts is progressing favourably, all forts up to Nagara being sileneed at time of writing. The steady advance in the Gallipoli Peninsula foredooms the Moslem capital, which Russians already eall after its ancient name of Tzargrad. Its capture will exert a powerful moral influenee throughout the Near and Far East. German influence will vanish among Mohammedans with the fall of Constantinople and the capture of the Baghdad railway.

Italy is still shivering on the brink. Should she decide to take the plunge before this sees the light it will be beeause of the eonstraining influence of interests that admit of no delay. She has haggled over terms thus long for two reasons. She was unprepared for war and required time in whieh to complete her military organization and regulate her finances. On the other hand, neither side could afford to despise the obvious advantages of a military alliance with Italy, and the latter showed no disposition to come to terms as long as suitors were prepared to court her favour. The bombardment of the Dardanelles is a plain intimation to Italy that she must no longer postpone a deeision if she hopes to profit territorially by this war.

One of the most signifieant features of the war is the buoyaney of finance in Great Britain. The British banking system has proved to be the most steadying influenee in British affairs at this critical stage, and not in Britain only. *The Chronicle* (London), surveying the work aeeomplished by British bankers, says:

"Truly a marvellous condition of things after the crisis at the start of the war, and when the history of the war comes to be written in full there will be much said about the great bankers of the country who, working with the Government, were able steadily to allay public anxiety and bring about a feeling of absolute trust and confidence throughout the kingdom. Only those who know can speak of the anxiety of that time and the manner in which the whole of the leading bankers combined, working night and day, to straighten out the position and to inspire that confidence, which has been fully justified by events, in the minds of the public. It may be said that all people heartily co-operated, and hence, instead of a banking crisis upon which Germany had put its faith, the strain was steadily released and things won to normal conditions. It was a marvellous achievement on the part of our great bankers that after months of war and the spending of millions sterling the great banks of the Kingdom stand proudly in as strong, or in a stronger, position than they have ever held before."

The use of poisonous gases by the enemy is a diabolical contravention of Hague regulations. British papers which have been investigating the effects of the poisonous gases used by the Germans have come out strongly in favour of retaliation. The following description of the effect of the gas is told by a responsible British officer who visited some of the men who were disabled by gas on Hill 60:

"There were about twenty of the worst cases in the ward, on mattresses, all more or less in a sitting position, strapped up against the walls. Their faces, arms and hands were of a shiny, gray-black colour. With their mouths open and leaden-glazed eyes, all were swaying slightly backward and forward trying to get breath. It was a most appalling sight. All these poor black faces struggling for life, the groaning and the noise of the efforts for breath is awful.

"There was practically nothing to be done for them except to give them salt and water and try to make them sick. The effect the gas has is to fill the lungs with a watery frothy matter, which gradually increases and rises until it fills up the whole lungs and comes to the mouth—they then die. It is suffocation, slow drowning, taking in cases one or two days. Eight died last night out of twenty I saw, and the most of the others I saw will

die, while those who get over the gas invariably develop acute pneumonia.

"It is without doubt the most awful form of scientific torture. Not one of the men I saw in the hospital had a scratch or wound. The Germans have given out that it is a rapid, painless death—the liars. No torture could be worse than to give them a dose of their own gas."

One of the most tragic features of the war is the sacrifice of so many lives full of rich promise. The death at the front of the grandson and heir of Mr. Gladstone removes from the British House of Commons a member marked out for future honours in Parliamentary life. A couple of years ago he visited Toronto in company with Viscount Bryce. Another volunteer who died at the front was the young poet of the Georgian school, Rupert Brooke, who also visited Toronto and other parts of the Dominion about two years ago. He took part in the defence of Antwerp, but was struck down in the operations at the Dardanelles. Mr. Rupert Brooke had already established a high place among the younger English poets. An anonymous admirer pays the following tribute to the sailor poet's memory in *The Westminster Gazette;*

(RUGBY, 1887. LEMNOS, 1915.)

More dies with him than with his comrades died,
His was the youngest voice in English song;
And war to waiting mother, desolate bride,
Has done this greater wrong—

That none shall make them hear as he had made,
The unuttered beauty of their hearts who went
Like him, from joy, aware and not afraid
To meet the obscure event.

We and our sons, through each ascending age,
Enriched by Peace a thousandfold—we must
Still be the poorer for that empty page,
That splendour fallen to dust.

The Library Table

THE TURMOIL

By Booth Tarkington. New York: Harper Brothers.

THIS the latest novel by the author of "Monsieur Beaucaire," is characteristically and almost shockingly American. It is steeped in an atmosphere of commercialism and the vulgar display of wealth. The reader takes it for granted that Chicago has been selected as the scene of the novel, with two families as the principal actors—the Sheridans, whose Sheridan Apartments and Sheridan Pump Works make theirs a familiar name in the city; and the Vertrees, one of the old families of the city, who, though poor, move in the most exclusive circles. The Sheridans are immensely wealthy. They consist of father, mother, daughter, daughter-in-law, and three sons, all grown up. They have just moved into a palatial residence, next door to the Vertrees home, and one of the sons has built just across the street. Bibbs, the "queer" member of the family, has just returned from a prolonged treatment at a sanitarium, and because he is averse to a business career he is regarded by everybody, particularly his father, as a nuisance, with one exception—Mary Vertrees. Mary is an only child, and because she feels it her duty to retrieve the family fortune she openly flirts with Jim Sheridan, who is a thorough-going business man, and might have married him had she not become interested in Bibbs and, a surer reason, had Jim not been killed by the falling-in of a roof at one of the factories. Bibbs is a kind of dreamer. He says he wants to write, and he as well as the doctor attribute his illness to an enforced attendance on a tin-cutting machine. His father, who is a self-made man, says it's all bosh nonsence, and he insists on his son returning to the machine and proving his Sheridan mettle. Meantime an intimacy has sprung up between Mary and Bibbs and they spend many happy afternoons and evenings together. But Bibbs does not relish the thought of returning to the machine, and both he and the doctor try to persuade the father to let him go ahead with his writing. But the father is obdurate. With him the important thing is to see the Sheridan business grow bigger and bigger. Then suddenly the second son, the one who is married and lives across the street, is driven to drink by the follies of his wife, and the daughter, a beautiful but headstrong girl, runs away and marries a worthless rake. So that at length the old man has no one but Bibbs to look to for the continuance of the Sheridan ambition to keep on amassing wealth. And at this juncture Bibbs, inspired by his love for Mary and his wish to see her and her family in better pecuniary circumstances, proves his mettle at the machine, is taken into the business, and soon becomes the directing force of the whole institution. The reader is in doubt whether a great writer has been sacrificed on the altar of business. The samples of his writing, as quoted in the book, do not con-

vince one that by his turning to commerce the world has lost a great philosopher, but that may have been the intention of the author. The story is more than ordinarily well written, but its picture of a city, like Chicago, or, for that matter, any big western city, is very incomplete. There are a number of artificialities and situations worked up cheaply for obvious effect; for instance, the occasion when Bibbs is heroically saved by his father from the wheels of a passing vehicle. It is intended to prove that the father, though outwardly cold and hard, actually thinks much more of his son's welfare than of his own. It is the kind of melodramatic device that is employed usually by writers of less artistic ability than Booth Tarkington.

*

SONGS FROM THE CLAY

By James Stephens. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

NOTWITHSTANDING our admiration for what this author hitherto has given us, both in poetry and prose, we cannot regard the contents of this his latest volume as anything but light and secondary verse. The efforts of the author to be simple and unaffected have led him, we fear, into ways that do not arouse our emotions. One is not stirred, for instance, by a verse like this:

> The heavens were silent and bare,
> Not a star lit the heights overhead,
> There was not a stir in the air,
> And the people were all gone to bed.

However, we find something more to our fancy in "The Lark":

> There is a small bird cowering in the dark;
> His wing is broken, he will never sing;
> He will not sing again, the little lark
> That has a broken wing.
>
> The lark that cowers with a broken wing
> Is all alone; his mate has gone away;
> To-morrow in the fields his mate will sing
> Her merry lay.
>
> His mate will sing again her merry lay
> In the green fields, forgetting he is gone;
> But he will never rouse a sunny day
> Again for any one.
>
> He will not sing again for any one;
> The wing is broken of that little lark;
> His song is broken, and his heart is gone
> There in the dark.

*

THE POET AND NATURE AND THE MORNING ROAD.

By Madison Cawein. Louisville, Kentucky; John P. Morton and Company.

THIS posthumous volume of verse by one who is regarded as the rightful successor of Bryant will be read by thousands who have already regretted the untimely death of this gifted poet. He was a native of Kentucky, a State whose natural splendours he celebrated in lofty measures. His range was wide, but we select two stanzas from "The Tavern of the Bees" to give an idea of his whimsical fancy:

> Here's the tavern of the bees,
> Here the butterflies, the swing
> Velvet cloaks, and to the breeze
> Whisper soft conspiracies,
> Pledge their Lord, the Fairy King:
> Here the hotspur hornets bring
> Fiery word, and drink away
> Heat and hurry of the day.
>
> Here the merchant bee, his gold
> On his thigh, falls fast asleep,
> And the armoured beetle bold,
> Like an errant-knight of old,
> Feasts and tipples pottles-deep:
> While the friar crickets keep
> Creaking low a drinking-song,
> Like an Ave, all day long.

*

THE SWORD OF YOUTH

By James Lane Allen. Tronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THERE was a time when this author gave us charming Kentucky love-stories such as "The Choir Invisible." Then for a time he made a departure into tales of mysticism and introspection and sex entanglements, and the results were not happy. Now, however, he returns to his old love, for he gives us love, free and undefiled, and we welcome it. The situation is not ordinary and yet not

unusual; Mrs. Humner had given a husband and four sons to her country. Joseph was too young, and so had been left to "take care of mother and the place." Reaching the age of seventeen, Joseph determined to join the army. The avowal of his intentions to his mother angers her beyond reason. Their quarrel drives him to his neighbour-sweetheart, Lucy Morehead. The finest thing in the book is Joseph's struggle with himself—"the war we all wage between what is right within us and what is right without; between one duty and another duty; between what is good and what is elsewhere good." He finally carries out his intention, leaving Lucy to guard the mother who refuses to forgive him. After two years' service he receives a summons from the repentant mother asking him to come to her at any cost. At the risk of his life, and knowing he will be thought a deserter, he goes, but returns immediately to "be shot or pardoned." It is a thrilling scene handled with power.

*

BRUNEL'S TOWER

By Eden Phillpotts. London: William Heinemann.

IT is always a pleasure to read one of Mr. Phillpotts's novels, if for nothing more than the fine spirit of romance and adventure that he imparts to characters and circumstances which in other hands might easily weary us. "There is a road to the West-country that leads from Newton Abbot to Tor Bay, and along it there once walked a young man." With these words Mr. Phillpotts commences this novel. Then he gives us a wealth of description and takes a group of bucolic folk and fairly submerges them in passionate adventures of the soul. And they are all passionate. The slowly-moving peasant brain runs the gamut of every introspective emotion. It is as though a muttering of deep thunder broods threateningly on every page. The young man whose acquaintance we made walking along a country road was a born leader. His name was George Easterbrook, and, marking as he walked a deserted ruin upon his left, he had proceeded to acquire it, and on it set up a pottery whose merits were known throughout the United Kingdom, in Canada, in Australia, and at the Cape. He was loved and revered by his workpeople, and his will in that little community was law. Suddenly in the midst of that peaceful place appeared a youth of another calibre. His name was Hervey, and he was so clever as to give the impression of being artful. According to his own showing he had run away from a workhouse, though later investigations showed that it was really a reformatory. Being taken into the pottery by Easterbrook, a passionate gratitude and hero-worship sprang up in his mind for that straight-dealing gentleman. But the warp in his own nature soon came out. Finding that a rival pottery was making big vases that Brunel's Tower tried in vain to emulate, the boy from the reformatory set to work to find out the secret, not scrupling to draw it out of the proprietor's daughter by love-making. That Easterbrook refused to accept the mitigating circumstance that the secret was to be presented to him as a mark of gratitude, and turned him out of the factory, was naturally both hurtful and surprising to his worshipper. That he died saving the loved one's life is a melodramatic touch that we deprecate. Descriptions of the ways of the potters make pleasant interludes in a story which cannot at any stage be described as light-hearted.

*

KASBA

By George R. Ray. Author's edition. Toronto: William Briggs.

THIS is the story of the love and sacrifice of Kasba, a young Chipewyan maiden, and of a young white

man's isolated existence in the region of Chesterfield Inlet. Roy Thursby, a young officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, several times had befriended and protected Kasba, and in return she served him and loved him in silence. He lost his sight, and still she loved and served him; he was bethrothed to the daughter of the Chief Factor, but they had lost all knowledge of his whereabouts and mourned him as dead. But Kasba, setting aside her own hopes and desires, leads them to him, and in the end gives herself to one of her own race, in accordance with her father's wish.

*

SONGS OF KABIR

Translated by Rabindranath Tagore. Introduction by Evelyn Underhill. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THESE one hundred songs, difficult as it is for the Occidental reader to grasp their full significance, are nevertheless marked in many instances by great beauty of thought and diction. The translator has already won a wide circle of readers through his own presentation in English of his own works done originally in Bengalese, particularly of "The Gardener." Kabir, whose songs are here put into English, was an Indian mystic who lived about 1440. Something of the character of the songs may be taken from the following, which is No. 27:

It is the mercy of my true Guru that has made me to know the unknown;

I have learned from Him how to walk without feet, to see without eyes, to hear without ears, to drink without mouth, to fly without wings;

I have brought my love and my meditation into the land where there is no sun and moon, nor day and night.

Without eating, I have tasted of the sweetness of nectar; and without water, I have quenched my thirst.

Where there is the response of delight, there is the fullness of joy. Before whom can that joy be uttered?

Kabir says: "The Guru is great beyond words, and great is the good fortune of the disciple."

*

—"The House-Fly" is the title of a volume of 382 pages dealing with the structure, habits, and development of our common pest, its relation to disease, and its control. The author is C. Gordon Hewitt, D.Sc., F.R.S.C., Dominion Entomologist of Canada, and formerly lecturer in economic zoology in the University of Manchester. It is shown that it is possible, and not only possible but imperative, to wage unrelenting warfare on the egg, larva, and adult fly, the last being attacked by traps, flypapers, and poison, and further investigation of that active parasitic fungus, Empusa muscæ, may even suggest a method of artificially encouraging it as an ally. Over and above these active operations against the culprits much may also be done by the effectual protection of our food, and also of sick, and therefore abnormally susceptible, patients from the visitations of these disgusting insects. Everywhere, in fact, the municipal and other authorities are realizing their responsibilities and framing regulations for the proper control of this prolific and poisonous enemy within the gates. Dr. Hewitt's book, though it deals scientifically with every aspect of the subject, can be read with profit by the layman, and the illustrations, several of which are in colour, are all that are needed to elucidate the text. It should do much towards stirring up public feeling against this common nuisance. (Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons).

*

—"Resorts in the Canadian Rockies" is the title of a beautifully illustrated booklet, with large coloured map, issued by the Publicity Department, Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal.

A Trifle Obscure

An amusing story comes from a remote station in South Africa, where news is not received from the outside world every hour. A young British officer in charge of the station received a message last August from his superior officer, saying: "War has been declared. Arrest all enemy aliens in your district." There was nothing in the message to tell who were "enemy aliens," but the young officer followed instructions and sent this answer: "Have arrested seven Germans, four Russians, two Frenchmen, five Italians, two Roumanians, and an American. Please say who we're at war with."

*

Not "F.O.B."

The motor-bus stopped, and the conductor looked earnestly up the steps, but no one descended, and at last he stalked up impatiently.

" 'Ere, you," he said to a man on top, "don't you want Westminster Abbey?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well," retorted the conductor, "come down for it. I can't bring it on the 'bus for you."—*Tit-Bits.*

Betrayed

"How do you know that Chaucer dictated to a stenographer?"

"Just look at the spelling."—*Columbia Jester.*

*

Self-Help

Voice: "Is this the Weather Bureau? How about a shower to-night?"

Prophet: "Don't ask me. If you need one, take it."—*Chaparral.*

*

Why be Neutral?

If you favour war, dig a trench in your back yard, fill it half full of water, crawl into it, and stay there for a day or two without anything to eat, get a lunatic to shoot at you with a brace of revolvers and a machine gun, and you will have something just as good, and you will save your country a great deal of expense.—*Appeal to Reason.*

*

First Aid

L'Enfant: "Father, what is a 'sepulchral tone of voice?' "

Le Pere: "That means, to speak gravely."—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

Too Often

George Ade, in his quality of cynical bachelor, said at the Chicago Athletic Club:

"I was sitting with a little girl of eight the other afternoon. She looked up from her "Hans Andersen" and said:

" 'Does m-i-r-a-g-e spell marriage, Mr. Ade?'

" 'Yes, my child,' said I."

*

Careless of Her

"Oh, say, who was here to see you last night?"

"Only Myrtle, father."

"Well, tell Myrtle that she left her pipe on the piano."—*University of Nebraska Awywan.*

*

Woman's Place at Home

At a meeting of a woman suffrage organization in a western city, it was suggested that the members talk to their servants and other women workers with a view to forming an estimate as to the strength of suffrage sentiment in that particular locality. One member, who has employed the same washerwoman for the last six years, reported that she put the question to this worthy lady:

"Are you in favour of votes for women?"

"I don't pay any attention to politics," the washerwoman replied. "I leave all that to my husband."

"Well, how does your husband stand on woman suffrage?"

"He doesn't stand at all. He believes in women staying home and minding their own business."

"How many families do you wash for?"

"Six."

"And what does your husband do, Mary?"

"He ain't doin' anything right now, unless he found something this morning."—*National Monthly.*

The Skeptic

A well-known Toronto gentleman has an Irish coachman who is a little doubtful of some occurrences that come under the head of natural phenomena. One evening while driving past the City Hall he was told that there was a certain amount of oscillation from Big Ben, causing the tower to vibrate slightly. He said that he had never heard that.

It had been reported that a dog baying had loosened an icicle which fell and killed the dog. Do you believe that, Brady? "I do not, sir."

Then he was told about troops having to break step on a bridge, and also that some people did not believe there was any miracle in the walls of Jericho falling, but thought that thousands of men in step would bring down the walls. "Did you ever hear of that, Brady?" "I did not, sir, and where did you hear about them things?" "In the Bible. You believe all that is in the Bible, Brady, do you not?" "No, sir, I think that things like that is just put in to sell the book."

*

Sunday Etiquette

Observing the success of the Billy Sunday methods in the matter of conversion, *Puck* rises to suggest that the attempt be made to apply the same methods to other church ceremonies and activities, proposing the following formulas:

Pastor (christening infant) — "What do you want to call this hunk of excess baggage, Bo?"

Presiding Parson—"What miserable mutt giveth this skirt to be married to this gink?" The Bride's Father—"I'm the guy."

Industrious Usher—"Slide, you ice-carts! Slide!"

Passing the Plate—"Come across with the iron-men, you low-lived tight-wads!"

Sunday School Superintendent — "All of you little flivvers that want to swat Satan, stand on one leg."

THE BRUNETTE

From the dry-point etching
by Dorothy Stevens

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLV TORONTO, JULY, 1915 No. 3

THE REAL STRATHCONA

BY DR. GEORGE BRYCE

I.—A PEACEMAKER AT FORT GARRY

AS I remarked to a Winnipeg friend recently, Donald Smith and I were warm and faithful friends for more than forty years. My earliest meeting with him was at the first dinner of the Winnipeg St. Andrew's Society on November 30th, 1871. Winnipeg was a mere hamlet then. The banquet was held in a new wooden building on the southwest corner of what is to-day Main Street and Bannatyne Avenue. The hall, which had been hurriedly finished for the occasion, was quite primitive and bitterly cold it was on that winter night. "Donald A.," as the free and easy West had at once dubbed him, was fifty-one years of age and had spent some thirty years of his Canadian life on the barren and dangerous shores of Labrador. Nearly two years earlier than that night he had first set foot in Western Canada, or, rather, in the Red River Settlement, to face the fierce outbreak of French métis of the prairies of Rupert's Land.

To me, coming to Winnipeg less than two months before that night, as a young man of twenty-seven, lately from college, commissioned by the chief authority in Canada of the church of my fathers to found a college and organize the first church of my faith in the hamlet of Winnipeg, the St. Andrew's Society meeting was a marked event, being a tribute to the president for the service he had rendered to Canada in quieting the Riel Rebellion.

True, it was in the previous year that the rising had collapsed, but on account of the seething elements—French métis, Hudson's Bay officers and men, Selkirk settlers, English half-breeds, Canadian newcomers, a part of Wolseley's contingent, and a small coterie of Americans who had taken an impertinent interest in the public affairs of the village, the residents were still living "in the midst of alarms."

In October, our small party of incomers had arrived by the newly-established Burbank stage from St. Paul, Minnesota, over the prairies of

North Dakota, and it consisted of the collector of customs, the Indian agent, another Government deputy, and one or two others to take various important positions. On the prairies we had met fierce-looking stragglers of a band of Fenians who had made an attack on the newly-formed Manitoba. Altogether no Trafalgar Square mob could have exceeded in violence or sheer disagreeableness an "emergency meeting" of the denizens of the hamlet of Winnipeg, which at that date, the official census of the time informs us, consisted of a population of 215 souls. Whether it was to be a Schultz meeting or a Bannatyne meeting was determined by a show of hands as to who should be the chairman. Then, after a wrangle, the minority would retire. Even the St. Andrew's Society was regarded as covertly a disloyal and dangerous body by some of the extreme Canadian patriots, and many of the old settlers looked upon the too ardent Canadians merely as a rabble. How antagonistic the rival cliques were may be judged by a slight incident. A week before St. Andrew's Day a benefit concert had been held on behalf of a number of young Canadians who had been inmates of a hospital improvised to meet an epidemic of typhoid fever in the autumn of that year. Being in charge of young Knox Church, I had been asked to be present to assist my fellow-Canadians who had been unfortunate. After accepting the invitation, I had chanced to be in the Bannatyne store (the rendezvous of the "old-timers") when I was accosted by a well-known commercial man, who remarked: "We hear you are to attend the Canadian concert, and we are sorry you are going." "Yes," I replied, "surely sweet charity should induce every one to be present for so necessary an object; but, remember, I'm going to the St. Andrew's dinner as well."

Such was the state of things in early Winnipeg. There existed as many cliques and parties as there were in old Rome or in the early Florence of the Renaissance. "Donald A." represented the Hudson's Bay Company *entourage,* also to some extent the old settlers, as well as many of the moderate Canadians. My field of influence was chiefly among the Kildonan old settlers, and the lately-arrived Canadians. "Donald A." was a parishioner of mine, and though he was closely related to the old people of the country, he stood out as having been the Canadian Government Commissioner who had undermined the rebellion. I had come to work largely with the Kildonan old settlers, but was, of course, full of Canadian ideals. These were the circumstances which drew the Commissioner and myself together and made us fast friends.

As one looks back through the long vista of these forty years, Donald A. Smith, as we see him seated in Fort Garry, appears to be the embodiment of what is after all the highest state of man—a peacemaker.

What a strange mind-picture must have passed before the President's mind on that November night, as he sat at the head of the table and recalled the December of nearly two years before and all its dangers. Then unknown to the country and it unknown to him, he came to a strange land in uproar, where the prospective Governor, William McDougall, had been refused. He travelled by special conveyance over the unsheltered plains for four hundred and fifty miles from St. Paul to Fort Garry in a continuous zero climate, possibly to be ignored, if not imprisoned. Coming simply with a secretary, it required the nerve of a Garibaldi and the skill of an Ulysses. The more we think of it the more desperate the case seems, and the thought arises that justice has never been done to Donald A. Smith for the immense service he rendered then to Canada.

The Canadian situation was very critical. Undoubtedly the Government, with an element within itself,

secretly sympathizing with the insurgents at Red River, had allowed the rebellion to make decided headway. McDougall had been stopped at the American boundary. Thibault and De Salaberry, sent from Ottawa to conciliate the French, were safely housed at St. Boniface and were cavalierly ignored by Riel and his followers. Riel was plainly hand-in-glove with the disloyal American set in Winnipeg. Annexation with the United States was openly discussed by a local journal, *The New Nation*. Even Governor MacTavish, lying sick in bed, was largely under the influence of rebel sympathizers, as Donald A. Smith told the writer. But the man for the hour was on the way to work for loyal Canadians and patriotic old-timers. That man was Donald A. Smith. With the speed of movement for which he was always noted, the Commissioner from Canada, with his secretary, Hardisty, a relative, shot across the plains of the West with the rapidity with which he had often gone in the dog-train on the icebound coast of Labrador. Riel was outwitted, for before any opposing action could be taken against the Commissioner he made a dash of sixty miles from the boundary, sixty miles down the Red River from Pembina to Fort Garry, and, as a Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, immediately on his arrival on December 27th, 1869, took up, as was his right, his quarters at Fort Garry. He found the fort occupied by the French métis, bearing arms to the number of five hundred. The stores, and more especially the wine-cellars of the company, were seized by the métis, giving great delight to the hungry and thirsty followers of the rebel chief.

In the Governor's house, situated within the fort walls and having in front of it two or three innocent four-pounders symbolical of authority, there was in the upper storey William MacTavish, the Governor of the Red River Settlement, very sick at the time and surrounded by the conspirators against Canadian supremacy. In the eastern part of the Governor's residence were to be found Riel, the chieftain, and often with him Lepine, the commander of the insurgent force in the fort. Donald A. took as his right the office portion of Government House, lying to the West, where he could be reached by those who had business with him. The situation was ludicrous had it not been so serious. There seemed to be three kings on the throne, within the limits of Fort Garry—the Hudson's Bay Company Governor, the Canadian Commissioner, and the rebel leader. Whatever qualities Riel lacked, he certainly did not fail in effrontery. He demanded from Commissioner Smith the object of his visit. The Scottish Celt is a born diplomatist, for he can put on the smiling face and keep his counsel to himself. Donald A. thwarted the rising "Emperor of the West" by silence. Becoming bolder, Riel questioned the reality of the Commissioner's powers and demanded from the self-possessed Commissioner his credentials from the Government at Ottawa. Had he been able to secure these papers, no doubt Riel thought he could then set aside the Commissioner, as he had done in the case of Thibault and De Salaberry. The crafty Highlander, however, outwitted the dictator, for he left his Commission in Pembina, in safe hands, on the American side of the line.

Riel now became obsequious. He offered to send messengers to Pembina for the papers. The Commissioner politely declined the offer. Yet to carry out his purpose of meeting the people, he must have his credentials. Now the Hudson's Bay Company influence could be invoked. Half-way up the Red River to the boundary line lived a sturdy old French métis who was a loyalist. This was Francois Dauphinais, a fine old man who afterwards became a Legislative Councillor in Manitoba. This man and his neighbours were "Company men"—devoted to the service

and traditions of the Hudson's Bay Company. Young Hardisty, the Commissioner's secretary, was quietly despatched to the Dauphinais settlement and from there, securing a good bodyguard of loyalist métis, he pushed on to Pembina to obtain the papers wanted. Riel, hearing of this movement, hurried with a band of followers to intercept the messengers and secure the documents in the hands of Hardisty. The loyalists, now on their own ground, took the initiative and made prisoners of Riel and his bodyguard.

The dictator was in a fury. He threatened dire vengeance unless his men were set free by their captors. A stalwart loyal French halfbreed, Pierre Laveiller, put his loaded pistol to Riel's head and threatened his life unless he submitted. The fiery cross was then sent around the settlement, and sixty or seventy of the men of the Dauphinais loyalists assembled and escorted in triumph Hardisty and his men to Fort Garry. The Commissioner thus secured in safety his commission. Riel had met his first set-back. Donald A. had proved himself a man of firmness and resource. The process of undermining the métis leader began by leading men of the settlement being received by the Commissioner in his office directly under the eye of Riel. The bluster of the métis was being met by the cautious dignity of the canny Scot.

Time being gained, the next step was to call a mass meeting of the people of Red River. Word was sent by messenger down the Red River to the parishes of Kildonan, St. Paul's, St. Andrew's, and Mapleton; up the Assiniboine to St. James, St. Charles, Headingly, and the French parishes, with Poplar Point and Portage la Prairie. The French parishes up the Red River and the Seine were summoned, though many of their people were among the insurgents in Fort Garry. There was no building in the settlement to hold all the people, but on January 19th, 1870, one thousand men—about one-tenth of the people of Assiniboia—assembled in the courtyard, to the west of the fort.

Old settlers have described to the writer this meeting and always with greatest enthusiasm. It was of necessity in the open air. The temperature was twenty degrees below zero. The suffering was intense, but the whole multitude held their ground for hours. The Commissioner read his letter of appointment and also a guarantee from the Governor-General of Canada that the Imperial Government would see that "perfect good faith" would be kept with the inhabitants of Red River and the Northwest.

Very unwillingly also Riel was compelled to render up the copy of Vicar Thibault's commission, which was read in French to the crowd which contained a considerable number of the métis. Next followed the proclamation of the Queen's message to the people, which was received with the greatest respect. A demand was made by an English halfbreed named Burke for the release of the body of English prisoners, which included Dr. Schultz. These persons had for some time been held in the fort and were being treated with contempt by the métis. Riel promised that this should be granted, but the pledge was not carried out.

Despite the Arctic weather, the assemblage gathered on a second day and steps were taken to elect representatives—twenty from the English parishes and twenty from the French —who were, after election, to meet together and take steps for the pacification of Red River. Among the prominent figures at this meeting was Bishop Machray. In the Red River Council, of which he was a member, the Bishop had stood out for British rights and never wavered. He commanded universal respect. Great regret was expressed at the time that Bishop Taché was absent in Rome during these trying events. Donald A. Smith had great admiration for Bishop Taché; he used to say that

had he been at home there would have been no rebellion. In the absence of the Bishop of St. Boniface an address was made to the people by Father Richot, of St. Norbert, who, while in many respects a good man, was in full touch with Riel and the other métis leaders.

It seemed now that the millenium had come, but no one could forecast what Riel—who was afterwards declared by a compatriot to be a megalomaniac—would do. However, Donald A. Smith kept his finger on the pulse of the country. A serious danger arose in the election of the convention in 1870 in the case of the delegate from Winnipeg. Undoubtedly the most natural representative would have been Andrew G. B. Bannatyne, the leading merchant of the future city. Great annoyance was felt throughout the Red River settlement at his defeat. No doubt his opponent, though an American who was supported by *The New Nation,* received certain support from the advanced Canadian party. Perhaps this election more than anything else brought anxiety and annoyance to Commissioner Smith. The election over, on the meeting of the representative Council, Donald Smith showed his deep penetration and wisdom in refusing to approve of the Bill of Rights which Riel and his compatriots pressed for, and the majority of the Council, on a vote of twenty-two to seventeen, carried out the Commissioner's wishes.

Riel and his immediate followers were opposed to the Imperial plan of taking over the Hudson's Bay Company lands. This would thwart his annexationist plans. On the vote being taken, Riel rose in his rage and said, "The devil take it, we must win." He stormed like a madman. There must be no British element in the case for him. The dictator's madness did not stop there. That night in his fury he went to Government House to the bedside of the poor, sick Governor MacTavish, and, it was said, threatened to have him shot at once. In his fit of violence he ordered the arrest of Dr. Cowan, the Master of the Fort; of Mr. Bannatyne, the chief merchant of Winnipeg, and also Charles Nolin, a loyal French delegate opposed to him. The only wonder is that the madman did not order the arrest of Donald A. Smith.

During all this time the Commissioner kept his hand on the throttle of Red River happenings. It now seemed a question, who should win, Smith or Riel? Had it been possible to dispose of Riel all would have been favourable to the Commissioner's policy. On account of the superior intelligence of the English-speaking delegates most of the officers chosen were English, but to the surprise and annoyance of all loyalists, Riel succeeded in carrying the vote of the convention and was chosen president. This was certainly a check to the Commissioner's policy, for, the convention being dissolved, it left the power largely in Riel's hands as president. Riel, now in the saddle, with unbounded conceit, supposed he could be the Napoleon of the West. While he released a few prominent citizens who had been made prisoners, he confiscated the property of Dr. Schultz, the ultra-Canadian, seized the plant of *The Nor' Wester* newspaper, and, it was said, melted the type into bullets. As president he appointed three delegates to Ottawa, one of them being the annexationist Scott, the so-called representative of Winnipeg, but he kept his promise to the convention only in part, by releasing about one-quarter of the prisoners, while he kept the remainder in wretched and humiliating conditions in the fort.

The free-born people of Portage la Prairie now sent a body of armed men to oppose the usurper. The dictator promised to release all the prisoners, but, cajoling the Portage men, he made a new arrest of one of their number—Major Boulton—a former officer in the British army. Riel de-

termined to execute him as a warning to all of his opponents. The greatest excitement prevailed. Mrs. John Sutherland, whose son was killed at Kildonan, begged on this account that Riel should spare Major Boulton. Others also implored the president for the prisoner's life. Donald A. Smith gave me at length an account of the whole case, and it is my opinion that, while rendering credit to all who besought the Major's life, it was Riel's desire to conciliate Donald A. Smith, who pressed hard for mercy, that led to the prisoner being saved. The steady, personal influence of the Commissioner in Fort Garry, with his Scottish caution, pertinacity, and good temper, seemed to be undermining the president. The dictator felt this. The English-speaking people and a goodly number of the French denounced Riel for a breach of faith toward the prisoners in Fort Garry. He was publicly accused of treachery and arrogance. His followers in the fort, though luxuriously supplied and fed by viands from the Hudson's Bay Company vaults, began to lose confidence and were gradually dropping off and returning to their homes.

The case to the rebel leaders was becoming desperate. Through the quiet pressure of the Commissioner even the French members of Riel's council refused to obey the dictator. And another illustration was to be seen of the proverb "Whom the gods destroy they first make mad." Riel determined to follow the invariable course of tyrants—terrorizing those whom he could not convince. He decided to make an example by executing one of his Canadian prisoners. The council and the horror-stricken people implored mercy for the doomed man. The Reverend George Young and others interceded for the young Canadian. Donald A. Smith, living in the fort, put forth determined efforts to induce Riel to spare Scott's life. Every consideration was advanced; the influence of his leading compatriots in St. Boniface was invoked; the claims of humanity were pressed; the dangers to himself of awakening an angry Canada were fully shown him; bot the stand of Riel was immovable. On the 4th of March, 1870, the deed of the madman was accomplished. It was a cold-blooded and revolting scene.

Scott, prepared for death by his brave pastor, met his fate heroically on the east side of Fort Garry, but his country does not know to this day the place of his burial.

Canada was aroused to its very centre, and the fate of the Provisional Government was sealed. Donald A. recited to the writer the terrible strain through which he and the people of the Red River settlement passed. Especially were Bishop Machray and Pastor Black, of Kildonan, overwhelmed with grief at the deed of horror, and Donald A. always believed that nothing but the presence of the absent Bishop Taché could have stopped the execution. The peaceable disposition of the Commissioner was hardened into iron determination. Peace was impossible. Canada was thoroughly aroused. The writer, then a student and member of the Queen's Own Regiment of Toronto, remembers the fierce outbreak of feeling throughout Ontario. All saw that now the stern arm of justice must be wielded and sweet mercy forgotten. The Commissioner, precisely two weeks after the execution, made a hurried departure to Canada. The organization of an expedition of British regulars and Canadian volunteers took place as speedily as possible, but the long journey through the wilds of northwestern Ontario by way of Lake Superior and the fur-trading route from Fort William to Lake of the Woods and then to Fort Garry could not be accomplished for several months. Commissioner Smith, coming through the wilds in a light canoe, met Colonel Wolseley and his force at the mouth of the Winnipeg River on August 20th, 1870. The métis force at Fort

Garry had gradually melted away, and a week after this meeting the Canadian contingent appeared before Fort Garry. As they approached the fort, Riel, with two companions, Lepine, his military leader, and O'Donaghue, his adviser, were seen unattended to emerge from Fort Garry, hurry across the bridge of boats on the Assiniboine River and disappear into some remote hiding-place. The hand of Donald A. had nobly waved the olive branch of peace, but peace was only restored by the mailed hand of force. The Commissioner had his full reward.

The next article of this series is entitled "The Nights at Silver Heights," where Donald Smith dispensed hospitality and sat late into the night, smoking and chatting before the fire.

THE CASUALTY LIST

By MARY LINDA BRADLEY

I READ the list of dead, and there one name
Flashed out familiar as a book one sees
In windows, thinking form and title fair,
Desiring to know the hidden tale.
I knew him slightly—one "killed in a charge."
Why, not long since . . . remembering, I mused.

I met him in a rattling street car last,
Lithe and well-coated, and his shapely head
Turned to peer at the street names through the glass,
Pocked here, scarred there, by a thin, sooty rain.
(How well our faces mask their purple dreams,
Their lowering hates, their sordid schemes,
Their lode-loves . . . all the shining selves of men
Their true and false, or blank, bleak impotence
Concealed behind a screen of moulded dust!)
I saw this soldier vividly alive,
Alert, insouciant; idly marked the mud
That flecked his boots and smeared across one vamp!
He sprang to drag aside a damp-swollen door
For some old soul; he sprang, nor paused to think,
Nor paused for thanks; resumed his seat and stared
Abstracted and reserved, now through the pane,
Now upward at a gaudy metal sign.

This man is dead. And some will weep,
More say, "Poor chap!" or better, kinder things;
But the clothes that he wore, the wrinkled glove,
Those boots—give them away or let them lie;
The ghost is somehow gone. A piece of lead
Passed like a thought of blunt despair
Through the warm brain—and the brain thought no more.

Yet, less than two months since, I saw that man
Alive, mud on his polished boots . . . Ah, yes!
I spoke of that. It should not seem so strange.

FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

VIII—THE CASE OF BENNETT BURLEY, THE LAKE ERIE "PIRATE"

BY CHARLES S. BLUE

TO those whose memories go back to the days of the American Civil War, the name of Bennett Graham Burley will recall a notable episode connected with that struggle, and one of the greatest legal battles ever fought in a Canadian court. The case was, in some of its features, not unlike that of Alexander McLeod, which formed the subject of the first article of the present series. In both, the central figure was an adventurous Scotsman; both arose from acts of a hostile character, involving the seizure of ships; and both raised questions of international law, upon the adjudication of which hung the issue of peace or war between Great Britain and the United States.

On the morning of 19th September, 1864, the *Philo Parsons,* a steamer of two hundred tons plying between the different ports on Lake Erie, left Detroit on one of her regular trips to Sandusky. Among the passengers, some fifty in number, was a young man whose gentlemanly appearance and affable manners singled him out for attention. He was "dressed like a Canadian," and seemed out for a holiday. Sociable with the men on board, he was most attentive to the ladies. When one of them sat down to play the piano in the cabin, it was he who turned over the music. He chatted with them freely, looked after their comfort on deck, and in various other ways proved himself an agreeable companion. At Sandwich, the first port of call, he was joined by three friends, who were also "dressed like Canadians," and had the appearance and bearing of gentlemen.

Amherstburg was the next stopping-place, and here some twenty men came on board. They were rough-looking fellows who, it was supposed, had crossed to Canada to escape being drafted into the United States army, and were returning to their homes. With them came a large black trunk, bound with cord, presumably containing their belongings. The four "Canadians" affected no knowledge of or interest in the new arrivals; they continued to be "sociable and pleasant," and the *Philo Parsons* proceeded on her run without the slightest suspicion in the mind of anyone on board of the startling denouement in preparation.

All went merrily until the vessel had reached a point well within American waters. Then suddenly a change came over the peaceful and happy scene on board. Drawing a revolver, the young man, who had been such a favourite with the passengers generally, rushed up to the purser and peremptorily ordered him into his cabin, threatening to shoot him if he refused. One of his companions attended to the mate in a similar manner, while, simultaneously, the men who had boarded the steamer at Amherstburg made a dash for the trunk they had brought with them, armed themselves with revolvers

and hatchets, drove the passengers into their cabins and declared themselves in possession of the ship.

A few hours later, the captured vessel put into Middle Bass Island, where another steamer, the *Island Queen*, was seized. Then, after being enjoined to "keep their mouths shut for twenty-four hours," the ladies were put ashore; the purser, Ashley, who had meanwhile been relieved of his money, was also allowed to land, and the male passengers were placed in the hold of the *Philo Parsons*, which sailed away with the *Island Queen* in tow. Soon afterwards, however, the latter was scuttled, while the *Philo Parsons* was headed towards a point near Sandwich and abandoned, her captors rowing ashore and disappearing.

Such were the circumstances, as subsequently related in court, of an exploit which roused the United States to fury, and caused grave disquietude in Canada. It soon became known that the filibusters were Confederate refugees who had sought asylum in the Province, and who, while resident there, had planned and organized the expedition, presumably with the object of striking a blow against their enemy. Canada's responsibility in the matter was therefore far from negligible. By the Yankee press she was openly charged with flagrant violation of her neutrality and actually threatened with invasion if steps were not promptly taken to bring the offenders to justice. Nor was the Lake Erie affair the only source of irritation and anxiety. While the United States were clamouring for satisfaction in respect to that "act of piracy," fuel was added to the flame of their animosity by the depredations of another band of Confederates, who, using Canada as a base, crossed the frontier and raided and looted the town of St. Albans. Here then was a pretty situation for the Canadian authorities, already beset with difficulties of their own, to tackle.

The machinery of the law was immediately put in motion, and a search instituted for the marauders, but it was not until after the lapse of two months that a "Captain Bell" was arrested at Guelph and identified as the leader of the party who had captured the *Philo Parsons* and the *Island Queen*. Removed to Toronto, he was arraigned on a charge of piracy, which was subsequently modified to one of robbery. On this ground the United States at once demanded his extradition under the provisions of the Ashburton Treaty.

In the course of the preliminary proceedings, it developed that the name of the prisoner was not Bell, but Bennett Graham Burley, while public interest in the case was intensified by the discovery that he was a British subject. Burley was, in fact, a Scotsman who belonged to a type that has been common in his country since the days of the early Stuarts. He had "the national disposition to wandering and to adventure" which, as Sir Walter Scott tells us, "conduced to lead Scots abroad into the military service of countries at war." And, as the great romancist further points out, it was not a characteristic of that class to be too punctilious either in the choice of service or in the observance of its rules. "A cavalier of honour in search of his fortune might, for example, change his service as he would his shirt, fight like the doughty Dugald Dalgetty in one cause after another without regard to the justice of the quarrel, and might plunder . . . with the most unrelenting capacity." Burley was not exactly a Dugald Dalgetty, but his career, and the circumstances of at least one of his exploits seemed to indicate that he was not lacking in some of the qualities which distinguished that versatile soldier of fortune.

Born in Greenock, he had early taken to a life of adventure. After spending some time at sea he had enrolled himself in the British Legion

formed to assist Garibaldi in his campaign of liberation in Italy, but, with the adaptability characteristic of his type, had exchanged the red shirt for the dress of the Papal Guards, fighting, first on the one side and then on the other. On the outbreak of the American Civil War he had turned for fresh excitement to the hazardous work of blockade running, and his daring and resource commending themselves to the Confederate authorities, he had been given a commission in their navy. Of his services as an officer there is no record, save that he took part in certain mine-laying operations in Charleston harbour. Taken prisoner in the summer of 1864, he escaped to Canada, and it was while staying with relatives at Guelph and Woodville that he planned and organized the coup which set three countries in a blaze and earned for him world-wide notoriety.

Never did a "pirate" look the part less. About twenty-eight years of age, he was of average height, and of comparatively slight frame, with "a smooth, almost girlish face," frank and open in its expression. Indeed, his attractive appearance and gentlemanly bearing seem to have impressed those who saw him in court quite as much as they had his fair captives on board the *Philo Parsons*.

While robbery was a sufficient ground for extradition according to the provisions of the Ashburton Treaty, it was generally recognized that behind that charge ranged issues vastly more important. The fact that Burley was a British subject stood out clearly in his favour from a Canadian point of view, and a disposition to give him a square deal was not lessened by the truculent attitude of the United States. At the beginning of the Civil War Canada's sympathies had been largely with the North, in token of which over forty thousand of her sons had crossed the frontier and enrolled themselves under the Union banner. But the Trent affair and other "regrettable incidents" arising out of the struggle, the marked hostility the United States had displayed towards Great Britain, and repeated threats of invasion had not been without effect upon the public sentiment of the Province, which at this period was for the most part undoubtedly favourable to the cause of the Confederates. As was to be expected in such circumstances, Burley's case served but to accentuate the division of opinion. Confederate sympathizers and Abolitionists in Canada became Burleyites and anti-Burleyites. On the one side the prisoner was lauded as a British hero, who had risked his life in a noble cause; on the other he was denounced as a miserable adventurer, no better than a pirate who had abused the hospitality of the Province and violated her laws. Needless to say, this play of passion and prejudice did not lessen the anxiety of the authorities, nor lighten the task of our judges.

The case passed through several stages, and occupied many days. At the Toronto Police Court the warrant of arrest was found to be defective and the prisoner was discharged. He was immediately re-arrested on a second warrant, for authority to amend which application was made to the Queen's Bench. Chief Justice Draper, and Justices Hagarty and Morrison held that the second warrant was no better than the first, and Burley was again liberated. While leaving the court-room, however, he was for the third time apprehended, and the order this time being in proper form, evidence was taken before Recorder Duggan.

The prisoner was defended by Mr. M. C. Cameron, Q.C., of whom we have had occasion to speak in a previous article. He had already shown his grasp of the principles of international law in his masterly defence of Anderson, the fugitive slave, and he threw himself into the fight for Burley's liberty with no less zeal and ability. The Canadian Government was represented by Mr. R. A. Harri-

son, Q.C., one of the leaders of the Bar in the sixties, who afterwards became Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench; while Mr. Stephen Richards, Q.C., a brilliant member of a great legal family, together with the District Attorney of Detroit, appeared on behalf of the United States.

The facts concerning the seizure of the *Philo Parsons,* as set forth in the evidence taken before the Recorder, have already been narrated, and they admitted of little dispute. There was ample proof that it was Burley who had boarded the vessel at Detroit, played the gallant, and led the attacking party. Indeed, except in regard to one or two details, counsel for the defence made no attempt to challenge the credibility of the witnesses who told the story of the capture. His efforts were rather directed to proving that the robbery of the purser was merely incidental to an operation which, in design and character, bore the character of a duly authorized act of war, and was, therefore, beyond the jurisdiction of the court. In support of this plea, Burley submitted an affidavit declaring that he was an officer in the Confederate navy, that in the seizure of the *Philo Parsons* he had acted under the authority of the Confederate Government, and that his object had been, not to plunder or to commit piracy, but to aid in the capture of the Federal war vessel *Michigan,* guarding Johnson's Island, and in the release of Confederate prisoners confined on that island. These statements were, to some extent, borne out by the evidence given by several ex-Confederate officers, who testified that they had known the prisoner to be connected with the service, but something more was required to prove them, and the proofs could only be procured from Richmond. Accordingly, Mr. Cameron pressed for a month's adjournment which, in spite of the protests of the opposing counsel, was granted; and messengers were at once despatched to the Confederate capital for the necessary information. The mission was a dangerous one, for in order to reach their objective, the messengers had to pass through the Federal lines; but among the Confederate refugees in Toronto were brave men who, out of loyalty to a comrade, and for the sake of the cause he stood for, were prepared to risk their lives.

It was a dramatic moment when on the resumption of the trial, Mr. Cameron was able to announce that his couriers had succeeded in running the gauntlet and had procured what he confidently believed would establish the case he had endeavoured to set up. There was first an authenticated copy of Burley's commission as Acting Master in the Confederate navy. That was important enough, but it was accompanied by something far more impressive. "We were asked to produce proof that the prisoner had acted under authority," said Mr. Cameron, with a note of triumph in his voice; "I have here a document which should set at rest all doubts on that point." The document was a special message signed by the hand of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States!

A more remarkable "production" is probably not to be found in the records of our Canadian courts, and as it has a distinct historical value apart from its bearing on the case, it may be quoted *in extenso.* Dated 24th December, 1864, it ran:

"Whereas it has been made known to me that Bennett G. Burley, an Acting Master in the navy of the Confederate States, is now under arrest in one of the British North American Provinces on an application made by the Government of the United States for the delivery to that Government of the said Bennett G. Burley under the treaty known as the Extradition Treaty, now in force between the United States and Great Britain;

"And whereas it has been represented to me that the said demand for the extradition of the said Bennett G. Burley is based on the charge that the said Burley is a fugitive from justice accused of having committed the crimes and robbery and piracy within the jurisdiction of the United States;

"And whereas it has further been made known to me that the accusations and charges made against the said Bennett G. Burley are based solely on the acts and conduct of the said Burley in an enterprise or expedition made, or attempted, in the month of September last for the capture of the steamer Michigan, an armed vessel of the United States navigating on the lakes on the boundary line between the United States and the said British North American Provinces, and for the release of numerous citizens of the Confederate States held as prisoners of war by the United States at a certain island called Johnson's Island;

"And whereas the said enterprise, or expedition, for the capture of the said armed steamer Michigan, and for the release of the said prisoners on Johnson's Island was a proper and legitimate belligerent operation undertaken during the pending public war between the two Confederacies known respectively as the Confederate States of America and the United States of America, which operation was ordered, directed, and sustained by the authority of the Government of the Confederate States, and confided to its commissioned officers for execution, among which officers is Bennett G. Burley;

"Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, do hereby declare, and make known, to all whom it may concern, that the expedition aforesaid, undertaken in the month of September last for the capture of the steamer Michigan, a vessel of war of the United States, and for the release of the prisoners of war, citizens of the Confederate States of America, held captive by the United States of America on Johnson's Island, was a belligerent expedition ordered and undertaken under the authority of the Confederate States of America, against the United States of America, and that the Government of the Confederate States of America assumes the responsibility of answering for the acts and conduct of any of its officers engaged in the said expedition, and especially of the said Bennett G. Burley, an Acting Master in the navy of the Confederate States;

"And I do further make known to all whom it may concern that in the order and instructions given to the officers engaged in the said expedition, they were specially directed and enjoined to 'abstain from violating any of the laws and regulations of the Canadian or British authorities in relating to neutrality,' and that the combination necessary to effect the purpose of the said expedition 'must be made by Confederate soldiers with such assistance as they might draw from the enemy's country.' "

The object and significance of such an avowal could not be mistaken. In the McLeod case the doctrine had been laid down by Great Britain, and accepted by the United States, that once a Government assumed responsibility for the act of an individual, that act became national in its character, and was no longer subject to the jurisdiction of the criminal courts; and as Great Britain had acknowledged the belligerent rights of the Confederate States it seemed to follow that the same principle would apply in the present instance. The result, however, proved altogether different from what had been intended or anticipated. In his anxiety to shield Burley, President Davis had made the mistake of protesting too much. Not content with defending the former's exploit as a legitimate belligerent operation, and accepting responsibility for it, he had gone out of his way to disclaim any intention of violating the neutrality of Canada, declaring that his officers had been strictly warned against doing so. This was giving the case away with a vengeance, for it was obvious that if the prisoner had been "specially directed and enjoined to abstain from violating the laws and regulations of the Canadian authorities," he had flagrantly disobeyed his instructions. And, as counsel for the United States and Canadian Governments were quick to point out, that implied a deviation from duty sufficient to deprive him of the rights of a belligerent. It was in vain that Mr. Cameron strove to offset the effects of the President's slip; the Recorder found that "a flagrant violation of the public law had been committed, and a grave injustice done to Canada," and orded committal.

The decision was by no means popular. Public demonstrations of protest were held; the Recorder was bitterly attacked by a section of the press in sympathy with the Confederate cause, and the prisoner's counsel was serenaded by bands. It was apparent that the case could not end

here. Accordingly, application was made for a writ of Habeas Corpus, and the "Battle of Burley" entered upon its final and most important stage before a court composed of the Honourable W. H. Draper, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench; the Honourable W. B. Richards, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas; the Honourable J. Hagarty, Queen's Bench; and the Honourable J. Wilson, of the Court of Common Pleas. Judges renowned alike for their talent, learning, and integrity, they formed a tribunal well fitted to try a case of such moment.

Into the arguments presented before their lordships by Messrs. Cameron, Richards, and Harrison it is unnecessary to enter in detail. They covered a wide field, and displayed a prodigious amount of research. There was involved, not merely the law of the Province, but the international law of the civilized world. The protection of subjects, the inviolability of asylum, the rights of belligerents, the duties of neutrals, and the sovereign powers of governments—these were among the problems that presented themselves for consideration. And back of them all was the graver issue of peace or war. Glancing over the speeches of counsel, one is lost in a maze of references to learned authorities, weighty precedents, and recondite doctrines, ancient and modern, revealing complexities of international law undreamed of by the lay mind.

Patiently, courteously, and with a manifest desire to do justice to the case in all its intricate bearings, the judges picked their way through the legal tangle, elucidating a principle here, disposing of an irrelevant point there, but never losing sight of the facts as disclosed in the evidence. Public excitement was intense; Confederation was for the moment forgotten, and diplomatists and statesmen in London, Washington, and Richmond awaited the issue with anxiety. But within the walls of Osgoode Hall, regardless of the clamour of the crowd, and uninfluenced by considerations of State, Chief Justice Draper and his associates pursued their task with a calm dignity that was in accord with the best traditions of their high office.

At last, after days of grave suspense, the decisive moment was reached when the court assembled to give judgment. Osgoode Hall, Toronto, was packed with an excited throng, and crowds gathered on the street to hear the verdict. In the silvery tones that in his political days had earned for him the sobriquet of "Sweet William," Chief Justice Draper delivered the leading opinion. Addressing himself to the question of whether the prisoner could claim the exemption accorded to belligerents, he pointed out that President Davis's manifesto, though put forward as a shield, did not extend to what had actually been done; on the contrary it disavowed the very thing of which Burley had been guilty, namely, the violation of neutral territory, and that, in his lordship's view, was sufficient to deprive the expedition of the character of lawful hostility. Taken by themselves, the acts of the prisoner clearly established a *prima facie* case of robbery with violence; therefore, the writ of Habeas Corpus must be refused. The other judges concurred, laying stress on the necessity for observing the provisions of the Ashburton Treaty, and maintaining the laws of neutrality. Mr. Justice J. Wilson was particularly outspoken. He characterized the prisoner's proceedings as "mean in their inception, and ignoble in their development and termination," and declared that they could not permit "our neutral rights to be invaded, our country made the base of warlike operations, or the refuge from flagrant crimes."

Notwithstanding the high respect in which the judges were deservedly held, the decision was received with no greater favour than the Recorder's. Among Confederate sympathizers, who, as has already been stated,

were in the majority, it was bitterly condemned as a base and humiliating surrender to the United States, and an eminent lawyer in the Lower Province even went so far as to characterize it as "a disgrace to the judiciary of Upper Canada." It is certainly remarkable that in the St. Alban's case, in which practically the same questions were at issue, the decision, pronounced only a few weeks later, was directly the reverse. To reconcile the two judgments would be difficult, but in the conflict of judicial opinion there was at any rate safety. The surrender of Burley conciliated the United States; the release of the St. Alban's raiders consoled the Confederates, and, by thus accommodating herself to both, Canada was able to extricate herself from a delicate and dangerous situation. In the meantime there had been an exchange of diplomatic correspondence between Great Britain and the United States in regard to the case, which resulted in a hint to the Canadian authorities that "more adequate" measures for the protection of their neutrality would be appreciated by her Majesty's Government, a hint that led to the passage of the Alien Act.

As to Bennett Graham Burley, the principal in the case, he was smuggled out of gaol in the dead of night to avoid any attempt at rescue, hustled across the frontier to Detroit, and, strangely enough, later on, he had an active and distinguished career as a war correspondent for *The London Daily Telegraph,* and was the author of several books. He observed the Egyptian war and the various Soudan campaigns, the French annexation of Madagascar, the Ashanti war, the Spanish expedition in Morocco, the first Greco-Turkish war, the Tripolitan war, the Somali war, the South African war, the Russo-Japanese war, the Balkan war, and died in London on June 17th, 1914, just as the greatest war of them all was about to begin. As a journalist, he went by the name "Burleigh."

DIRECT AND INDIRECT BEGGING

BY S. T. WOOD

DIRECT appeals for charity are punished by imprisonment, while indirect solicitation by voluntary charitable workers and by those who obtain percentage on collections for charity organizations is regarded as commendable. The moral is, even for a mendicant who hates entrenched monopolies, to solicit for or from an established institution. The two lines of appeal cannot be distinguished as amateur and professional, neither is it possible to apply the British distinction between jolly beggars who take everything offered and gentle beggars who take money only. The classes naturally divide themselves into direct and indirect, or non-union and organized. A candidate in a recent Toronto municipal election retired in disgust because he was assailed by a multitude of applicants for charity. The indirect greatly predominated, but the direct were by no means lacking. He felt himself a moving target. All the organized begging combinations made him a mark for their special activity. He asserted on retiring that he was neither a national bank nor a charitable organization. Whether he meant that such institutions would be better able than he to meet the demands or better able to dodge the applicants was not made clear.

A man who is not a candidate for an office can protect himself against direct mendicants by turning them over to the police, but against the indirect all are helpless. Hands are forever held out. A candidate is easy prey for both direct and indirect mendicancy, because he cannot afford to offend anyone.

Elected representatives have no hesitation about putting direct mendicants out of business. Their needy condition is a disquieting and accusing proof of governmental failure, and they have no influence that can be used in retaliation. With indirect mendicancy the case is entirely different. It is in the hands of people of influence whom no man with ordinary responsibilities, much less a candidate for electoral support, can afford to offend. It serves also to relieve the elected of duties they do not like or are incapable of performing. They shirk their duty to collect necessary funds by regular systems of taxation. Their work is taken out of their hands and voluntarily performed by such independent workers as were recently instrumental in driving a candidate out of the field.

It is a poor recommendation that a system relieves public men of public duties. The tax-collectors are the men to provide all funds for charitable, patriotic, and other public purposes to which all are now asked in a happy-go-lucky way to contribute. Public officials can collect with the minimum of waste and effort. Their notifications cost incomparably less than the various dinners, teas, card parties, dramatic entertainments, sporting tournaments, and other irregular collecting agencies. The tax collector's rule to take from every man according to his ability to pay,

so far as it can be discovered, may not be ideal, but it is far better than the present method of taking from each according to the generosity of his impulses, his patriotism, his vanity, his good nature, his fear of offending or appearing mean, his weakness toward his friends or his general desire to do as others do.

The supplanting of all collecting agencies and indirect mendicancies by the tax collector would have also the incalculable advantage of complete official supervision over distribution. The ratio of costs to results could be discovered at any time. There would be no polite reserve about asking questions. The British Government after investigating some important charities found it necessary to take repressive measures on account of inability to discover where the money was going. Under the supervision of the tax collector such difficulties could not arise. It is charged that our people are so lacking in patriotism that they will not pay directly for ordinary public services. Even if this were true the condition is not relieved by the substitution of a multitude of collecting agencies for the tax collector. The many funds to which people are asked to contribute are not created by magic. They are gathered by means much more costly in money and effort than the collection of equal amounts in taxation. However laudable and altruistic the efforts of voluntary workers, they are sustaining a system which promotes burdensome waste. It is more costly to contribute a dollar each to a dozen funds than to contribute twelve dollars to one fund. If for the various funds to which people are now contributing with commendable zeal and praiseworthy motive there were substituted one fund, the municipal treasury, collected by the taxation machinery and distributed under public criticism in accordance with a developed public sentiment, it would bring a more satisfactory ratio between cost and results.

LATE AFTERNOON

From the Painting by William Brymner
Contributed to the Canadian Patriotic Fund

FORT CHAMBLY AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY

A TRAIL OF THE OLD REGIME

BY M. O. HAMMOND

IT was a significant coincidence that on the day on which I beheld the box-like walls of Fort Chambly, the acme of defiance two centuries ago, the almost invisible but much more powerful walls of Namur succumbed to a short bombardment by modern artillery. Silent, grass-grown, abandoned except for its white-haired curator, who guards alike its secrets and its portals, it stands by the murmuring rapids, an almost forgotten link with the struggle for the mastery of a continent.

Its riverside wall has crumbled, but barbed wire and a rocky glacis are forbidding even to the curious tourist. Approached from the south it had a Prussian air of "Verboten," except for the suggestion of vagabondia supplied by a gypsy camp, tarrying on the broad highway of life. On the west there was a towering wall that must have discouraged the foes of past centuries. Only on the north was there a hint of welcome. Here the massive doorway bore in chiselled letters the great names of early Canada, already recorded on the more enduring scroll of history.

Silent and threatening, the fort stood, only a reminder of the past. One's mind was lost in the Old Régime, and the figures of Champlain, DeTracy, Courcelle, Montcalm, Montgomery, and a host of others trooped past in fancy. This relic surely belonged to them and should be dedicated to their memory. But above the song of the river came the shouts and laughter of children. It was a happy colony of "fresh air" seekers,

A BASTION AT FORT CHAMBLY

tired mothers and half-nourished youngsters, whom kindly philanthropists had sent from the slums of Montreal. They had rooms in the old officers' quarters, and in daylight the unleashed children had the run of many acres of field and roadside. Their very presence seemed an incongruity in the country of the hardy Frenchmen, the coureurs-de-bois and the Indians, who scarcely knew the shelter of a roof.

Up and down the river, whose breezes now refreshed an enervated urban race, for a century and a half moved armies and flotillas in the warfare between the French and Algonquins on the one side and the English and Iroquois on the other. The summer of 1609, when Champlain put on the map the Richelieu River and the lake he named for himself, was a costly period in the Old Régime, for the playful shots of the Frenchmen at the unlearned and unarmed Iroquois brought an endless menace and many revenges. When Champlain toiled up the river with twenty-four canoes and his own large skiff, he abandoned the latter at the rapids and portaged the canoes through the thick forest. To-day a canal dating from the expanding forties of last century sidesteps the rapids, and columns of barges lock through, to and from Quebec and Lake Champlain and Albany. Early in the French régime the strategic value of the river was apparent, and Chambly was the scene of one of a string of forts which at different points were to protect the colony from the audacious English and the bloodthirsty Iroquois. The original fort at Chambly, called Fort Ponchartrain, was built in 1665, under De Tracy's order, and a year later Courcelle passed this way with 500 men en route to chastise the Iroquois.

FALLING BASTION, FORT CHAMBLY

The monotonous drab of a Canadian summer landscape did not suggest the stirring past of this old Iroquois trail, but the shadowy outlines of Belœil Mountain seemed a part of its romance. The river on whose banks once lived almost half the people of Canada has become a mere competitor in inland transportation. Railway trains with passengers, be they never so important, shriek by in the night in luxurious content, but on the river the mighty flotillas with governors and commanders have given place to blunt-nosed barges, with a stooping figure at the tiller and an ample matron beside a flapping washing. Belœil has seen the evolution, and it alone is unchanged. It saw Champlain go forth under the sturdy oaks and walnuts overhanging the river when he thrust a stick into the Iroquois hornets' nest. The spacious days of Louis Quatorze and Versailles, the expanding Colonial régime of Colbert—these had their reflection in the valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu. Frontenac ascended the great river to Lake Ontario, LaSalle, Marquette, and Joliet went half way across the continent, LeVerendrye, son of the Governor of Three Rivers, explored the Saskatchewan, and his son discovered the Rocky Mountains. The Old Régime had its glory and its inevitable end for a people whose powers of colonization waned with the passing of the strong centralizing forces. Coureurs-de-bois, those half-savage representatives of French civilization, wandered at will through the wilds, and in 1690 formed one of Frontenac's war parties up the Richelieu for a raid on the Iroquois. To-day we look with a degree of pride on their independence and abandon and admire their colourful life as depicted by the artist.

THE CANAL AT CHAMBLY

In vivid contrast to the skin-clad coureurs-de-bois, the men of the Carignan Regiment stood out, for the courtly design and ravishing colour of their uniform. Men who had fought the Turk in Hungary brought an Alice blue of an earlier age to the dusky woods of the Richelieu. If their striking uniforms did not long endure, they have left an undying legacy to the place names of the valley. In Chambly, Berthier, LeValtrie, Boucher, Sorel, Vercheres, Varennes, St. Ours, and Contrecoeur they have perpetuated in musical words the names of some of their officers. The valley, though outwardly differing slightly from the landscape of the border States, is filled with saintly names which call up the past. These officers settling in the Richelieu valley received large grants of land from Louis XIV. and became feudal chiefs in a modified way. Jacques Chambly, chief proprietor along the river, and afterwards Governor of Acadia for Louis XIV., built himself a good house, and with cattle and sheep supplied by the King was able to live in reasonable comfort. This settlement of retired but still potential soldiers formed a considerable part of Frontenac's defence when Captain John Schuyler made his raid on the valley and on La Prairie, near Montreal, in 1690, as an incident to divert the French from Quebec at the time of the attack by Sir William Phipps. Frontenac hastened to Quebec and there received the bold demand from Phipps's messenger to surrender the city, and gave his famous reply:

"Tell your general the only answer I will give will be from the mouth of my cannon and musketry."

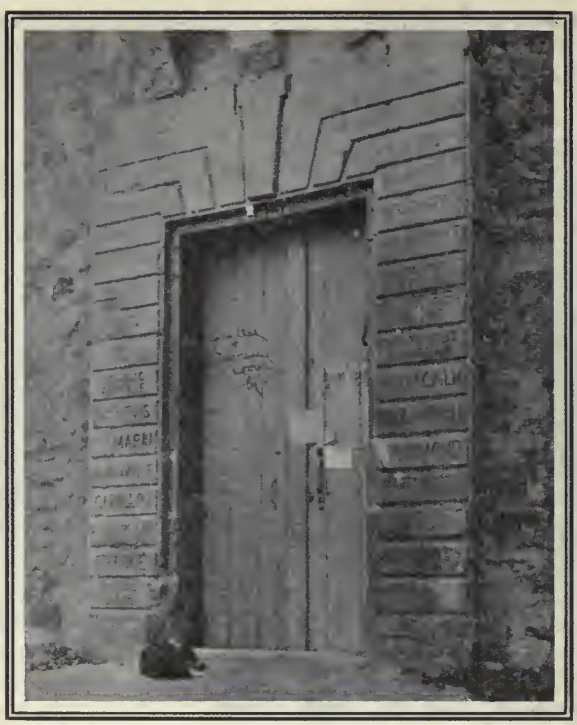
Things were getting too warm for the little old-fashioned fort at Chambly, which had fallen into poor condition. In 1709 a recommendation that it be reconstructed was sent to France for approval. Before an answer was received the impatient colonists took the matter into their own hands and built, in 1711, the

A FIRST OF JULY CELEBRATION WITHIN THE WALLS OF FORT CHAMBLY

structure which remains to-day, from plans prepared by de Levy, the King's engineer at Montreal, and the work was done by both civil and military labour. The fort is some 200 feet square and its walls are of reddish stoue.

If there be any spirits atop the

THE RICHELIEU RIVER AND RAPIDS, FROM THE TOP OF FORT CHAMBLY



THE DOORWAY, FORT CHAMBLY

shadowy form of Beloeil, their sympathies must be international by now, for the succeeding decades wrought several changes in the possession of the huge defence by the Richelieu. Events moved rapidly after the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1755 James Johnson wrote that between St. Johns and St. Francis, about fifty miles along the Richelieu, "there are two rows of houses, one on each side of ye river (Richelieu), in the whole about two hundred, in some places pretty thick, and a fort at Chamblain (Chambly) about as strong as Crown Point."

When Vaudreuil was about to move against Fort William Henry, on Lake George, in 1757, Montcalm went over to La Prairie to see the troops and reviewed them. He gave the officers a dinner, "which if anybody else had given it would have said it was a grand affair," as he whimsically describes it. A little later Montcalm and his generals were moving up the Richelieu with a powerful French army in their attacks on Crown Point, Ticonderoga, and Fort William Henry. Of his army of 8,000 nearly one-fourth were Indians, who had acquired a veneer of civilization from the sympathetic ministrations of the Jesuits. Their brown skins and crude clothing contrasted with the white uniforms, gold lace, and powdered hair of the French officers. Montcalm's return in triumph brought an early reverse with the fall of Quebec in 1759, but Fort Chambly remained in the hands of the French until in August, 1760, the advance of Colonel Haviland's army forced the garrison to retire.

Only once after that was the British occupation interrupted. In 1775 Montgomery came this way on his invasion of Canada under the lea of the American Revolution, he who at his tearful parting from his wife had

MR. J. O. DION
THE KEEPER, FORT CHAMBLY

said, "You shall never have cause to blush for your Montgomery." Not so much from a military standpoint could be said by Major Stopford, the British officer in command of Fort Chambly, with eighty regulars. He might have held out indefinitely against anything but heavy artillery, but when Montgomery, encouraged by the sympathy of many of the habitants, hurled a few nine-pound shots at the walls of Chambly, Stopford surrendered at discretion in thirty-six hours on October 18th, 1775. This was not so bad, but he omitted to throw into the river his stores and war material, without which the Americans could not have persisted in the invasion.

A large force was stationed at Chambly during the War of 1812, numbering in 1814 as high as 6,000 men. The whole vicinity of the fort formed a camp ground, but the defence was scarcely ever threatened by the invaders, whose limit of approach was Isle aux Noix. If Chambly was not a factor in the war, it was represented by one of its most distinguished sons, the greatest of her seigniors. A monument in the village depicts the heroic form of General Charles de Salaberry, who early saw service in the West Indies and was commander of the British forces at Chateauguay in 1813, where the defeat of the Americans saved Montreal.

The region was in a ferment during the Rebellion of 1837, and British troops took part in a nearby skirmish, but generally speaking the garrison which occupied the fort until its abandonment a few years ago led prosaic and uneventful lives.

More cosmopolitan becomes Chambly in its place in the sun. Here was born, in 1847, Marie Lajeunesse, who was known to the world as Madame Albani, queen of the operatic stage. Joseph Lajeunesse, her father, was

one of the habitants of the rich Chambly gardens, who drove his little load of vegetables to the Jacques Cartier market in Montreal, and when he died a few years ago, there was much regret at the passing of a cheery personality. Madame Albani, too, early took the Richelieu route and was educated at Plattsburg and Albany. Subdivisions and villas still perpetuate her name in Chambly.

Radial cars now invade the quiet of Chambly, but they cannot rob it of its cherished memories. The fort stands as pompous and as useless as its counterpart, Fort Blunder, on Lake Champlain, just over the border. Its frown is forbidding, but its power is spent. Its curator, Mr. J. O. Dion, whose ancestors came to Canada in 1634, offers an old-fashioned Gallic welcome to the interested visitor. He treasures scraps of uniforms of other days and a chest of old documents which should some day make an imperishable book. But as the August day wore to its close the impelling thought was of the change and decay of men and governments, of the ceaseless vigil of old Beloeil and the song of the river that goes on forever.

THE GIPSIES' ROAD

By JAMES B. DOLLARD

THE gipsies passed by Barnaclare,
White metal crackling on their backs;
The girls wore roses in their hair,
The men bore treasure in their packs.

Long had they journeyed o'er the plain,
Tramping afar from Donegal;
Through sunshine and the golden rain,
Hearing the lark and linnet call.

And long before the sun has set
They shall have reached my land of dreams,
Where yellow furze out-blossoms yet,
And violets twinkle by the streams.

They shall have reached my chosen strand,
Where never shall my footsteps stray,
Where wooded heights, and castles grand,
And opal skies the eyes repay!

And I shall never see beyond
Those hills that shimmer in the sun,
Though my poor heart, with yearning fond,
Would follow where the gipsies run.

Tied to my houses, cows, and land,
I feel the prison-chain and goad—
Such riches all I'd give to stand
Soul-free upon the gipsies' road.

A Park warden, a boundary post, and a cut in timber, showing the international boundary line

FIXING THE BORDER LINE

BY W. McD. TAIT

THE first mention of an International Boundary in Canadian or United States history was in the Quebec Act of 1774, by the terms of which the southern boundary of Canada was made to touch the New England States and the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Important changes were made after the American revolutionary war when, in the Treaty of Versailles in 1783, an attempt was made to set down more definite boundaries. The line was to follow the St. Croix River to its source, thence to run due north along a line drawn from its source to the highlands dividing the waters falling into the Atlantic from those falling into the St. Lawrence. Beyond the point where this line touched the St. Lawrence, midstream in Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, Superior, and the Lake of the Woods, with the connecting rivers, was to be the division; while from the Lake of the Woods the boundary was to run "on a due west course to the River Mississippi."

When the treaty was concluded it was found that there was no river bearing the name St. Croix, and this, with the discovery that the Mississippi did not rise as far north as had been thought, led to complications that threatened serious results. To decide which of the named rivers should separate Maine and New Brunswick presented some difficulty. The United States argued in favour of Magaguadavie, which would bring the State of Maine within twenty miles of the

St. Lawrence, lengthening immensely the journey for British troops between the Maritime Provinces and Lower Canada, as was exemplified in the War of 1812, and during the Trent Affair in 1861. Great Britain asked that the Schoodic, or Shoodic, River be the boundary, thus giving Canada a valuable strip of many miles extending north and south. Continued and increasing friction made the difficulty especially acute and led to the appointment of a commission to settle the matter. This was in 1798, and a decision was given in favour of Great Britain, but in it Canada claimed that land was sacrificed which justly belonged to her. The eastern branch of the Schoodic was chosen instead of the western, although the latter is the main stream. The line above the Schoodic remained unsettled for many years, and on more than one occasion it nearly caused war.

Professor W .L. Grant made a valuable contribution to the literature of the international boundary when he wrote:

"By the treaty of 1783 the boundary in dispute was to run due north from the source of the St. Croix River to the Highlands, and then 'along the said Highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic ocean.' The obvious and natural meaning of this was the watershed dividing the streams flowing into the St. Lawrence from the head waters of the Restigouche and the St. John. Such was the meaning ascribed to similar words in the days before the American Revolution when the whole country had been British. Such had been the boundary given on all maps drawn between 1763, when Great Britain took over Canada from France, and 1783, when American Independence was recognized. Such had been the boundary drawn on all maps made during the nine months in which the treaty had been discussed in the British Parliament. Indeed, during that discussion one of the chief criticisms of the treaty was that it brought the American boundary so far to the north. The American claim was really irrefutable, and the Americans felt it to be so. In 1827 they had agreed to arbitration, and the matter had been referred to the King of the Netherlands. It was an unhappy choice, for his Majesty was notoriously under the thumb of Great Britain. While he was studying the question, one-half of his kingdom broke away and set up as the independent State of Belgium, which left him only half a seat to sit on, and made him still more unwilling to offend his powerful neighbour. In 1831 he took refuge in the wisdom of King Solomon, and suggested a division of the territory, a suggestion which the United States rejected, with natural indignation, but with very doubtful international courtesy.

"Yet though in law the American case was unanswerable, in equity Great Britain had something to say. The American claim left her with her maritime colonies almost separated from Lower Canada, a result not contemplated by the treaty-makers of 1783. Those gentlemen had used a map drawn by a British cartographer named Mitchell. Unfortunately Mitchell, trusting for his southern latitudes to British surveyors, and for those along the St. Lawrence to the French, had been led astray, and on his map the watershed of the St. Lawrence was wrongly marked. Rectification of the error would give the United States more than had been intended, just as rectification of the 45th parallel of latitude would give Rouse's Point to Great Britain."

Another British argument was that by running the due north line, it came not to "highlands," but to a marshy plateau, and the word "highlands" obviously meant a "divide." But Great Britain could plead on her side an opinion given in 1802 by Mr. Madison, then American Secretary of State, and afterwards twice President, in which he said that the "highlands" had no definite existence, and that a new line must be substituted. Thus the American claim had against it the verdict of one of her most revered statesmen.

Finally, a compromise was brought about in 1842, Lord Ashburton representing Great Britain, and Mr. Daniel Webster the United States, when the terms of what is known as the Ashburton Treaty were drawn up. Lord Ashburton consented to ignore the "highlands" referred to in the Treaty of Versailles, and agreed to a boundary line running north from the east branch of the Schoodic to the

Boundary Post No. 278 is on the peak of Goat Mountain, which is shown on the left. The altitude is about 7,000 feet. All material had to be carried by men from the shore of Waterton Lake, which is shown, looking southwards.

St. John, and thence along the bed of the latter stream. The point of the north angle of the State of Maine, an area covering some 5,000 square miles (1,000 square miles more than the King of the Netherlands had awarded, but which the United States refused to accept) was given to Britain. While the Maritime Provinces and Lower Canada were brought considerably closer together, when the Intercolonial Railway was built to connect Montreal and St. John, the direct line was forced to build across the corner of Maine. The United States got the disputed Island of St. George in Lake Superior, and the free navigation of the St. John River. A strip of land a mile wide and extending one hundred miles along the 45th parallel of latitude was also given to the United States.

The settlement arranged by Lord Ashburton has been regarded by Canadians as unfair; on the other hand, the same charge has been made by Americans against Webster. The treaty was signed on August 9th, 1842. It passed the United States Senate, though Maine attacked Webster for "the shame and injury" of it. In England, though the measure passed the House, Lord Palmerston denounced it as "the Ashburton Capitulation." Recent historical research seems to prove that the arrangement was eminently fair to both sides, and it is thus recognized to-day in both countries. As Lord Ashburton wrote to Webster, it was seen that "the treaty was a wise and good measure, and good and wise because it was fair."

The uncertainty of the source of the Mississippi River west of the Lake of the Woods called for a conference, which was held in London in 1818 and known as the London Convention of 1818.

The Treaty of Versailles had said that the boundary from the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods should run "on a due west course to the River Mississippi." When a survey was made it was found that the River Mississippi took its rise about

one hundred miles south of a line drawn "due west," and the matter to be decided in 1818 was whether to retain "due west" or "to the River Mississippi." At the Lake of the Woods a second wedge of American territory had been thrust into Canada's side, and the valuable country lying within the angle of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, "which Canadian explorers had discovered and Canadian traders had opened up," had been surrendered without protest. The people of the Dominion were anxious, therefore, that the terms of the treaty should make the boundary run from the Lake of the Woods "to the River Mississippi," but Lord Bathurst, British Secretary of State, and Richard Rush, American Ambassador at London, decided that the meaning had been "due west." The 49th parallel was agreed upon as the line as far as the Rocky Mountains, and for the time being the country beyond the mountains was to be "free and open to both nations." The boundary from the Lake of the Woods to the continental divide is, to-day, that agreed upon by Bathurst and Rush, and the iron posts set at intervals to indicate the line of demarcation have stamped upon them, "Convention of 1818."

With the trend of migration toward the Pacific coast "free and open to both nations," it threatened to make serious trouble west of the backbone of the continent. When the coast Province of Western Canada began to plan its being, a delimitation of the Canadian-American boundary became imperative. The Canadian claim was that the Dominion extended toward the south along the Columbia River to its mouth, taking in nearly all of what is now the State of Washington. The people of the United States began to claim all the Pacific coast up to the southern boundary of Alaska, about the parallel of fifty-four degrees forty minutes. So intent were they in their purpose of securing this territory that the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, J. K. Plok, was swept into power by the slogan "Fifty-four, forty, or fight." Fortunately it proved to be neither "Fifty-four, forty" nor "fight," for in 1846 the Oregon Treaty continued the boundary line along the 49th parallel to the channel separating Vancouver Island from the mainland and following the channel southwesterly to the Pacific Ocean.

In 1871 a Joint High Commission of British and United States delegates met at Washington for the settlement of disputed matters between Canada and the United States. The Right Honourable Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier of the newly-formed Dominion of Canada, was present in his country's behalf. The boundary line on the Pacific coast and the ownership of the Island of San Juan were problems dealt with. Both nations had for several years occupied this island jointly, but a transfer to one or the other seemed necessary. The question was referred to the German Emperor, who a year later gave his award in favour of the United States. In the same year (1872) an Interstate Boundary Commission was appointed by the United States and Canada to define the line of demarcation between the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods and the summit of the Rockies.

The Treaty of Washington was the first of the international treaties requiring ratification by the Canadian Parliament before coming into force. The signing of it decided for all time Canada's southern boundary.

But 1872 did not see the settlement of all Canada's boundaries, for in northern British Columbia there was still a tract of land in dispute. Russia once owned Alaska, and in 1825 a treaty was made to settle disputes between British and Russian fur traders on the Pacific coast. In this treaty Russia was confirmed in the possession of a strip reaching down as far south as fifty-four degrees, forty minutes.

In 1867, the year of Confederation,

the United States bought Alaska from Russia, securing all the rights of that nation as laid down in the treaty of 1825. According to this treaty, the boundary was to run as follows:

"Commencing from the southermost point of Prince of Wales Island, the line shall ascend to the north along Portland Channel as far as the point of the continent where it strikes the fifty-sixth degree of north latitude; from this point the line shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast."

The meaning of the treaty was not quite clear, as there were several ranges of mountains running "parallel to the coast." The course of Portland Channel was in doubt and the settlement of this involved the possession of several islands. Gold was discovered in Yukon Territory in 1895. This region was inaccessible except through the strip given to Russia in 1825, and this now belonged to the United States. The discovery of gold also beyond the disputed territory made the Alaska boundary an all-important question which both nations were anxious to have settled. After considerable negotiation the matter was submitted to the arbitration of three American and three British jurists. Sir Allen Aylesworth and Sir Louis Jette were the two Canadians on this board. The decision was substantially in favour of the American claim . A good deal of feeling was aroused in Canada through the action of Lord Alverstone, the only English member of the board, in agreeing to relinquish two small islands—Sitklan and Kannaghunnutt —without the knowledge of his Canadian confrères. It is thought by many who are not familiar with the facts that but for the action of this English peer Canada would have owned the whole of the "Panhandle." His decision, however, merely settled the ownership of these islands, and confirmed the location of Portland Channel.

The stragetic importance of the "Panhandle" to Canada may be seen in a quotation from an address by the Honourable Frank O. Smith, in the United States House of Representatives:

This type of post marks the international boundary line all the way from the Milk River to the Pacific

"If you will look at a map showing Alaska in its relation to Canada, you will notice that Alaska consists of two parts, the main body and the Panhandle, the latter comprising the islands of the Alexander Archipelago and a strip of coast on the mainland running southeastward as far as the parallel of 54 degrees, 40 minutes, a mere fringe, 536 miles long, eight to thirty-five miles wide, shutting off Yukon Territory, the northern half of British

Columbia, and the entire Mackenzie Basin from free access to the Pacific. How large do you think is the inhabitable Canadian country thus deprived of its natural seaboard? It measures some 600,000 square miles, three times as much as Germany, ten times as much as England and Wales together. It has the same climate as Europe in the same latitude. In Europe, north of the parallel of 54 degrees 40 minutes, on an area corresponding to the country behind this Panhandle, you find a slice of Ireland, a slice of England, all Scotland, all Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, all Finland, a slice of Germany, and the richest part of Russia; great cities like St. Petersburg, with 1,700,000 inhabitants; Glasgow, with 900,000; Copenhagen, with 500,000. An equal area in Europe in the same latitude contains 25,000,000 inhabitants.

"This innocently imprisoned Canadian country has immense resources in timber, agricultural, and mineral lands. The wealth of all countries is mainly concentrated in their ports—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore—but it is derived from the commerce of the country behind them. The wealth of this Canadian country will necessarily be concentrated in its ports—on American territory. The entire Pacific slope of this country is drenched with rain and possesses tremendous water power. The factories to be driven by that power will necessarily be on tide water in American territory, but the reservoirs furnishing the power will be on Canadian ground. The 25,000,000 captive Canadians who will eventually live behind this Panhandle will constantly be forced to contribute to the enrichment of half a dozen American cities, while these cities will not contribute a cent toward Canadian taxes. What a constant and growing source of vexation and irritation! . . . The only gentlemanly course, the only manly course, open to us is to say to the Canadians: 'We will let you have this Panhandle. What will you give us for it?'"

Coming as it did just at the time of the United States and Canada were celebrating one hundred years of peace, this proposal of the Senator is taken by many to indicate a step in the direction of universal peace. It has been suggested that British Honduras might be exchanged for the "Panhandle." Whatever is given away, it is to be hoped the odds will not be as great as a certain Western editor would have us believe were offered in a mythical "swap" of a strip along the international boundary from the Lake of the Woods to the Pacific, some twenty-five miles wide for the State of Maine. An exchange for the "Panhandle" is a matter for more serious consideration.

Four years after the Treaty of Ghent, when the question of the boundary was agreed upon, an International Convention determined the line between the two countries. Soon after a Joint Commission was sent to mark the boundary, but their work was not finished till 1826, and even then they had only completed their task as far westward as the Lake of the Woods. The portion of the boundary between the summit of the Rockies and the Pacific coast was accomplished during the years 1858 to 1862. The transfer of the Northwest Territories from the Hudson's Bay Company to the Dominion of Canada made necessary the appointment of a Commission in 1872. The British and Canadian Commissioners made their start from Pembina, Dakota, in the autumn of 1872. In the party there were eighteen officers, forty-four non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers, and twenty-six employees. The work went steadily on during 1873, and by July, 1874, the Commissioners had reached Milk River, on the Alberta-Montana line; from there they pushed past the Sweet Grass Hills and came in sight of the Rockies. It was the 27th day of August, 1874, that the Commissioners came to the last post of the boundary at the summit of the Rockies. Their work completed, the party turned their faces once more to the east, and after a journey of 860 miles, in forty-three days, arrived at Dufferin, Manitoba.

The United States Commissioners had to travel through the country in which Sitting Bull and his hostile Sioux were robbing, scalping, and killing. The party was under the escort of Major Reno, with three troops of the Seventh United States Cavalry (probably 300 men). The first wo-

man ever to travel the imaginary line was old "Aunt Kate," a negro servant since the days of slavery, in the Reno household, who accompanied Major Reno and occupied an ambulance drawn by four mules.

The American party had not completed their part of the work as early as the British-Canadian party, and it was November of 1874 before they broke camp in the Sweet Grass Hills for their return journey. "Kootenai" Brown, recently retired superintendent of Waterton Lakes National Park, Alberta, was post sutler to the party while they were at work and became their guide for the journey home. Mr. Brown relates an interesting incident of the march back to Fort Totten, Dakota. There would probably be 500 men all told in the American party and 1,000 horses. When a day's journey from Fort Totten a terrible blizzard began, and the temperature dropped far below zero.

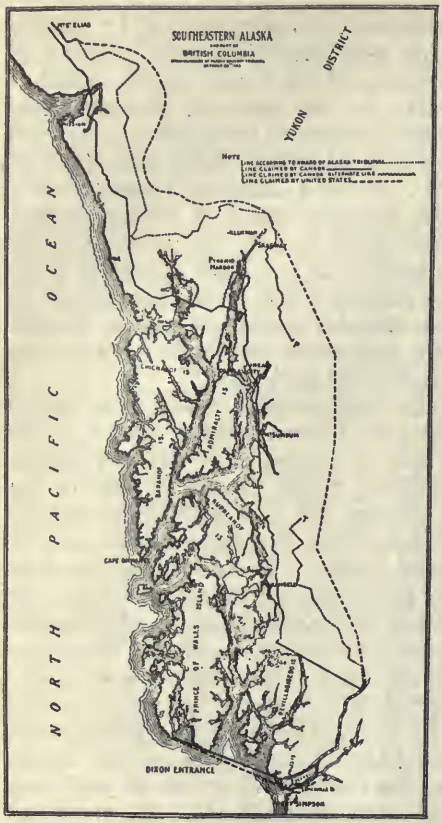
"We had just started," tells Kootenai, "on our last day's march, when Major Reno said to me: 'For gracious sake, is there no wood in this infernal country?' I knew the country and said, 'Yes, there is wood three miles off the road.' 'Well,' said Reno, 'if you can find it, let us head in that direction,'

"It was snowing heavily and blowing fiercely and we could not see far ahead. Reno had detailed two sergeants to go with me and a trooper, who was to return and direct the party if we found the wood. We got it, and made two large fires, one for the cavalry officers and commissioners, and a very large one of logs eighteen feet long for the troopers and helpers. They were as delighted as children and a big red-headed Irishman yelled out, 'Three cheers for the guide that brought us to the foine foires.' We camped there that night and made Fort Totten next day. Many of those fellows in Reno's command perished in the Custer massacre two years later."

The initial work of marking the boundary was astronomical in nature. This was followed by the placing of mounds of rock and earth at intervals. In the mounds, at stated distances, plates of iron were set, around the rim of which there was stamped "U. S. and British Commission." The mounds also had a wooden post that could be seen for a considerable distance. It was then agreed to place permanent posts from the summit of the Rockies westward to the Pacific, and this work was done between the years 1903 and 1907.

In 1908 another treaty was signed by the United States and Canada which provided for the permanent marking of the prairie portion of the boundary, or that lying between the Lake of the Woods and the Continental Divide. These monuments were set in the years 1909 to 1913, the work being under the direction of the engineer for the International Boundary Commission. The posts are set at intervals of a quarter to two miles and are intervisible. On the prairie from the Lake of the Woods to Milk River, in the foothills, they are of cast iron and made in one piece. For the thousand miles of mountains from Milk River to the Pacific Ocean, aluminum bronze is the material of manufacture, and they are built in sections to facilitate transportation. In many cases these sections had to be carried to the tops of mountains, and there put together and erected.

Each of the three sections of the boundary post weighs sixty-five pounds. They stand one on top of the other in a foundation of cement and are held together by a rod screwed into a thread in the top section and fastened in the cement at the bottom. For the foundation, it was necessary in many cases to blast out a hole in the solid granite of the mountains. In any case, a skeleton frame had to be constructed. Into this frame was put a mixture of 150 pounds of cement, 300 pounds of sand, 450 pounds of rock, and twenty gallons or 225 pounds of water. This,



Map showing the Panhandle of Alaska, the portion defined by the continuous line (formerly claimed by Canada), which The Honourable Frank O. Smith, a United States Senator, proposes should be exchanged with Great Britain or Canada.

too, in many cases had to be carried up the mountains and sometimes let down over cliffs. On the posts from the Lake of the Woods to the summit of the Rockies there is stamped alternately on the four faces of the post: "Canada," "Convention of 1819," "United States," and "Treaty of 1908."

To actually mark the line in the mountains, a cut four feet wide has been made in the timber. This also removes obstructions so that one post may be seen from another. On the prairie a five-strand barbed wire fence has been erected, partly to show the line of demarcation, but more to prevent live stock ranging on the Western plains from drifting back and forth across the boundary.

It can be readily seen, then, that the establishing of the international boundary between Canada and the United States was not completed when Ashburton and Webster had sweated out an agreement in the heat of that July day in Washington. There were other treaties and conventions to follow, and then the toil of digging holes, and carrying iron, and climbing mountains, and fording streams, and setting posts. This was all finished in 1913; but the work was not complete yet. In the spring of 1914 engineers again appeared on the boundary, and this time they were to number the posts that had been erected. It was no small task, though small compared with the work of previous years. Beginning on a little island on the Pacific coast they drilled "1" and following along the posts in regular order they drilled all the numbers up to "925," which was placed on the post at the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods. The Provinces and States are not officially marked by monuments of the type used on the boundary, but it happens that post "272" indicates the Continental Divide and hence the point where the Provinces of British Columbia and Alberta come together on the international boundary.

The numbering was done with a high-power hand-drill working through the perforations in a small brass plate. The idea came to the inventor while watching a choir master place the hymn numbers in a rack for congregational view. He had small holes drilled in the brass plates making figures from 1 to 0. The plates were placed in a holder making any number required. The holder was then clamped to the post and the drill inserted in each little hole till an impression was made in the post. When removed, the number appeared distinctly.

MARIE DE MEDICIS AS MINERVA

Here the celebrated French beauty of the seventeenth century is representing the Goddess of the Arts. The reproduction is from an engraving made in 1708 by Massé after the painting by Rubens, which is now in the Louvre, at Paris. The engraving is from a portfolio of twenty original proofs of engravings by renowned French engravers after the series of paintings by the great Flemish master. Marie de Medici gave the commission for the paintings in 1620, and almost a hundred years later the French King authorized the publication of the engravings. The one here reproduced is from the original portfolio in the possession of M'lle Charlotte Lénard.

THE GRAND CLIMAX

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

HERR WEIDENHAMMER was a somewhat obsolete conductor of orchestra when he came to this country and made a double forte attack on a job in the police force of Toronto. In the music-halls of Europe he was known as the man who sometimes let go a legato passage a beat too soon, in order to get his feet planted for the accumulation of a grand climax with full orchestra. He had thrilled his thousands from music-hall to beer-garden, thence to a café, and after that out of a job; for he had worn out a whole series of orchestras, and, according to the critics, had not advanced the cause of musical culture whatsoever. Which, of course, was a serious mistake. Herr Weidenhammer had established himself as a master builder of climaxes, who wept tears of undisguised joy when Richard Strauss converted the modern orchestra into a cyclone doing its best to carry away a cataract.

But there was no place left in Europe for Weidenhammer, who, because he supposed that Canada was a vast vacancy of culture, yearning for musical climaxes, sailed away from Hamburg; at first merrily pausing at Montreal, which he found far too French, thence going on to Toronto. Was he needed? Yes, if he would join the union and be examined on the difference between B and a bovine's foot by a man who was a bricklayer in summer and in winter blew a horn in the orchestra.

Weidenhammer disdained such examination. He would himself build up a new world orchestra. But he did not. There was no room in this country for the kind of ensemble Weidenhammer wanted to create; he was too temperamental to play fiddle in the orchestra that is; teaching would be an uphill job without joining some conservatory—which had no room for him on its staff. For if Herr was such a powerful personality at the baton, why had he left Europe without a contract? He was probably a master of fakes. Freeze him out. A man with so compulsory a physique, why should he not get a pick and shovel and work for the corporation?

This again was uncongenial to Weidenhammer. Besides which he had no desire for dallying with dagoes whose music he had always more or less despised.

Happened at that time there was some exodus of police to the west, where chiefs are paid better salaries than constables down east. Herr was a powerful man, and capable of great action. Woe betide the rough-neck who should get into his clutches! He was examined at No. 1 and found to be a person of irreproachable athletics. In his knocking about Europe he had learned English. And when Weidenhammer was togged out in blue coat, billy and helmet he was the grandest specimen of overpowering manhood in the whole stalwart seven hundred.

Arresting people for one thing or another was not, however, second nature to the master of climaxes. He found himself in a strange world.

When the street was crammed with people and vehicles it seemed to him like some bang-up great orchestra which somehow he felt that he was supposed to conduct. When the regular crowd pitter-pattered along to the groan of trolleys and the clack of lorries and the shuddering of motor-cars, it was a nice legato passage in Wagner which he yearned to feel piling itself up into one of those grand climaxes.

Weidenhammer always felt himself in the seventh heaven at the noonday jam and the five o'clock fever of getting home. Then his pulse beat high and his temperature went up three degrees, and at such times he felt able to leap on a wagon and with his billy for a baton bring the whole slam-bang to a sudden stop with a long birdseye marked over it.

Of course he never did it. But he got so absorbed in the dynamic possibilities of traffic and people that he was found somewhat negligent of the casual drunk and the man who braces other people for the price of a meal. So he was several times reprimanded by the sergeant, and told that unless he could put the soft pedal on some of his music and act more like a common constable he might be in danger of losing his job.

No doubt about it, however, Herr P. C. Weidenhammer was a great man in the understanding of traffic. A busy street corner to him was the next best thing to a full orchestra with curtain up and the chorus all on the stage. He had no appetite for side streets or back alleys. He was tried out in the suburbs, but he got pale and thin and had to be switched back down town. And once at a big fire Weidenhammer was so superbly useful in handling the crowd that his stock went up several points and he was in great danger of promotion.

At last P. C. Weidenhammer came to his own when he was picked to take charge of a crosstracks, down-town corner, where several times a day traffic piled up into a jamboree of climaxes unportrayed even in the scores of Richard Strauss. He was togged in a new, neat uniform, with not a trace of bag at the knees, and given a pair of gloves as white as he had ever worn in Leipsic or Munich.

Then it was that the virtuosity of Herr Weidenhammer became once more self-evident. He stood at the junction of the devil-strips massed up like a great monument in a stormy sea. No headlong haste of motormen and chauffeurs and cabbies and cyclomaniacs ever could perturb that master of rallentandos. When his dexter white glove went up it sent a backward thrill into a whole block of traffic. When his sinister executed a swan-neck curve culminating in a just-so, pianissimo tiddlewink of the index finger, any motorman or chauffeur that failed to come on at the appointed demi-semi-quaver got a glare from the headlights of Herr Weidenhammer that made the cold creeps go all over him.

The new travel-conductor at the big busy corner was soon the talk of the whole system. All he needed was a small dais and a desk and he could have transformed that street corner into a cosmopolitan orchestra. Like Safonoff he never needed a baton; but if he had, the billy at his belt was ready to grab. It became a new kind of pleasure for drivers to get past the common, semaphoric cops at the uptown corners and to get into the zone of magic dominated by Herr Weidenhammer. Motormen took the kinks out of their backs and conductors stood at attention. Passengers craned out of the windows for a last glimpse of a grand *cantabilo-legato* curve of the music-master policeman as the trolley went thumping in strict tempo, four-four time. Horses curvetted and pranced to his signals as though he were a ringmaster. Ladies leaned langorously from their limousines to smile at the superb enchantment. And it was a chronic marvel what might happen to this sublime symphony of traffic if sud-

denly a hook and ladder came reeling up street—which, of course, never happened.

Was Weidenhammer unconscious of his magic? Nay, verily. Never had he been more smitten of his dynamics. Never in the music halls of Europe had the eyes of the world been so turned upon him. Never had he known what it was to be on the divine edge of creating, not merely performing or interpreting music. No more rough-necks to arrest; no suburbanites to badger about hosing the lawns after hours; no children to corral; no bad smells to locate; no stray cats to take care of and no dogs without tags to chase down the street. Here he stood day by day feeling like a modern reincarnation of the great god Thor, knowing that he was the most marvellous traffic conductor in the known world and that one slip from him might plunge a hundred people into a dilemma.

And that lasted him for a few days, while he wheedled himself into fancying that the first violins were always at the lower left hand corner, the seconds at the right, the 'cellos in front, the wood-winds just left and behind, the double basses over on the northwest edge and the brass northeast in front of the battery. It took some creative imagination to do this. But after the first spasm of novelty was over and thousands of people began to regard Herr Weidenhammer as a fixed institution, he found it necessary to indulge himself in visions like this or he would have some time forgotten himself and chucked all the etiquette of the cross roads for one grand climax according to his own way of conducting a score.

Besides it was extremely hot at that corner. The sun glared down between the skyraking walls, the breezes sneaked away round the block, and Herr Weidenhammer spent hours on the corner when he clammed up in his clothes and trickles of sweat clogged under the trap of his helmet, and there was no intermission for a fine draught of Rhine wine or a cigarette in the green room.

It was all very well to be admired by ladies and feared by motormen and pointed out to tourists as one of the sights of the city. It was for a time very gratifying to hear the megaphone talker on the tally-ho shout aloud as the four white horses caught the glint of his white gloves and danced into the ring.

"Right in the centre you see the only traffic policeman in the world that used to be a conductor of grand opera."

But as day followed day Herr Weidenhammer discovered that, barring a fire hippodrome or a circus parade, one day was diabolically like unto another at that busy corner. He invented new and fantastic variations on the signals, some of them as puzzling to the drivers as the beat of Creatore would have been to a village choir. He did his best to amuse the newsboys with his ad. lib. antics; to indulge in off-hand caprices with taxi-drivers and to scare the fear of the unknown into some big-headed drayman who steered his Norman Percherons within three feet of that august personage, Herr Weidenhammer. He tried to imagine that he was having a better time than the sauntering cop that kept the crowd moving on the sidewalk. He bowed with professional gravity to the mail-drivers and almost lifted his helmet to the feminine occupants of a lovely limousine. Whenever a mother made the desperate plunge across the zone of traffic with her baby in her arms, Herr talked to her in broken English; and once presumed to halt the whole blessed bedlam for a minute, so that not a horse nor a trolley nor a motor crossed that corner while he cracked a joke with a scared baby infant. With all his expertness Weidenhammer, the burly maestro with the billy at his belt, became gradually a very blasé personage. Now and then it gave him some joy to reflect that he was the vortex of all this traffic just

as a conductor controls the dynamics of an orchestra. He knew that whenever he chose to observe a rest in the music, even long enough to abuse an incorrigible lorryman for making a false curve in the orbit of that uniform, he was making a variation in the tempo of travel big enough to be felt six blocks every direction. And he sometimes amused himself speculating what might happen to that city if suddenly he were to be seized of a cataleptic fit and just stood there for a centrepiece statue, as fine a bit of design as a sculptor ever moulded.

Weidenhammer's legs ached. He said it was the terrible restraint. His back sagged. Never had he been so hemmed in and cooped up. His thirst was sometimes diabolical. Never could he break away to a saloon. There was not even time to mop the sweat from under his helmet. The wonder was that he was able to go through his daily manoeuvres with such exquisite grace. But as he said to himself, it never would do to become careless. He was now known to thousands of people as the incomparable Weidenhammer. He was conscious of this. He was celebrated as never he had been in the concert halls and opera houses of Europe. But day by day he was trembling on the verge of hysteria; all because, according to his way of thinking, he was compelled to conduct the street-corner opera always somehow *piano, legato* and *pianissimo;* never a *crescendo,* or an *accelerando* on the shrieking strings, or a divine blurt from the brass or a cataclysm from the battery. Such a deal level of performance for a man of temperament; it was disgusting.

The day was to come when the master of climaxes would make a real grand opera of that street corner. He felt it coming. He told nobody. Never in his life had he conducted the same score twice in exactly the same way. Herr Weidenhammer had never been bound by traditions. He made his own as he went along.

Of course that would be awkward for a street corner. Because it was both awkward and incredible, Weidenhammer yearned to do it. Music was seizing him again; music that he had kept locked up for weeks and weeks, till he thought he would resign from the force to write some terrific grand opera, pile Strauss on Berlioz and go to heaven happy.

A man cannot keep on making a reality into a farce without being in danger of turning the farce into a reality. Weidenhammer was a realist. And he knew the scores of ten grand operas by heart. Whenever he heard a regimental band play he took unto himself feelings of disgust. He wished he could have corraled all the bands of Toronto into one Berliozian bungle and gone at them with his billy to produce an ensemble. And never when in uniform at the street corner did he so much feel that way as when some dream of a femininity glanced at him from a limousine.

Music he had always felt to be the greatest power in the world. This law was nothing to it. All very well day by day merely to be keeping a trolley from ramming a motorcar amidships. But that was not power. If he could stop all the trolleys and half the motor-cars for half an hour he might be doing something worth while. But of course that would be abnormal. And a policeman must always be normal.

Meanwhile he would go crazy. The heat was bad. His white gloves made his hands itch and his uniform clung to him disgracefully. His movements became more and more grandiloquent. Confound these drivers; but he would inject some snap into them. Sometimes he flung his two white gloves aloft in superb simulation of Nikisch. The effect was astounding. Not a driver knew what to do; unless it was to steer up one of the buildings. Then when he had got them nervous he let them bump across. And in this way every little while the master of climaxes held traffic up half a block,

or a block or more, according to his humour. Why not?

Reprimand had no effect upon him. Weidenhammer was weary of being goggled at as a freak. He disdained to be considered of less importance in one city than even the general manager of a street railway. He was no longer merely a musical policeman. His time was coming. Other men made people marvel by doing things for which they never could be arrested. Most of the millionaires whose limousines went past that corner had kicked over the traces some time. People admired them. Why should they not know that Herr Weidenhammer also was a man of genius who dared do things not set down in his code?

And the chance came when some band came poofing along, blurting and blaring most scandalously—to his notion—at a fantasia of operatic march airs, arranged by some delirious bandmaster. It was atrocious. Herr Weidenhammer caught the melody of one more than a block up street. It produced on him a strange, magical effect. At once he lost sight of trolleys, motors and drays and hurrying mob. It was the rush hour when he should have superbly had all his wits about him. So he had; but not just for chaperoning rigs. No, Weidenhammer was lost to his uniform and his job; back again in the concert halls of Europe; intent upon a grand climax that must come somewhere in one of those pieces.

But it was not coming. No, the bandmaster had missed it. And the band kept marching along, coming up to the corner, when the music master held back all the trolleys and illegally hustled past all the motors so as to get them out of the band's way.

The band must come by. He would have that band under his billy. They should catch the glint of his white gloves.

On they came; they crossed the corner—when every man got a thrill from the music master and began to blow his serene head off in the effort to get the climax Herr Weidenhammer wanted.

The big drum and the cymbals banged across. Now even the motor-cars waited; in four directions long shuddering strings of them alongside the lines of yellow trolleys. Passengers leaned out of the cars. They said some spell had come over the music master. And there had. Block after block a hundred trolleys were halted while the music master conducted an imaginary orchestra in some opera or other, clean from the middle to the end or wherever he chose to take it.

And he was doing it superbly. Now and then he made a tremendous lunge at the first violins. But when the motorman on the east side of the street going north chugged on his power, the music master executed a half wheel and made a jab at the seconds; which started a trolley northward: and that never would do or there would be a collision with Herr Weidenhammer in the midst of it. So he impatiently waved them both back again and two motormen said he was a something or other, and what the mischief did he mean?

But why should they know? Weidenhammer no longer meant anything so far as observing the law was concerned. He was coming to an operatic climax. He intended the whole city to know it. He knew that he had the key to the whole situation. By now there was a mile of cars in all directions and miles of motor-cars alongside. Millionaires and fine ladies, impatient business men and shopping women, delivery drivers and pedestrians, block upon block, mile upon mile, out and out away from the ships and the banks and the warehouses, out among the houses and back among the factories and on out towards the suburbs where car after car dawdled into its line of waiting and thousands wanted to know if the power was off?

The power was not off. It was on. Skyscrapers vomiting their hundreds

to catch the home-bound traffic felt the elevators stop, because the people glutted the corridors. Department stores shuffling out their thousands of customers and clerks were jammed up in the aisles below stairs, and the stairs were blocked and the streets were soon a ramming, jamming mass of people such as could have been seen at nothing but a great fire.

Not a policeman could force his way through to find out what was the matter. Not a car or a rig could move homewards until Herr Weidenhammer chose to let it; and he had not yet come to the crest of his grand climax.

The band was long ago out of sight and sound. He seemed not to care. In imagination he was hearing the blare and shriek and thunder of a cataclysmic orchestra, such as no man ever directed, building up a climax such as never was heard in the world before.

And it was coming. Only those leaning from the cars nearest the centre of blockade and those lining up on the roofs for a mile this way and that, realized that for several minutes which seemed to be hours the superb master of climaxes at the busy corner was stopping the works of a whole city while he lost himself in a frenzy of inaudible music.

Thousands upon thousands of people felt it; hundreds of thousands of all sorts, conditions and sizes and all ranks in life; such an audience as never in the height of his climacteric career had Weidenhammer ever known to listen while he conducted. He knew all about it. And the climax was coming. Maybe he could not stop the train down on the Esplanade or the ships in the bay. In fact he was not now conscious of stopping anything. What an overpowering ensemble of brass, strings, wood-winds and battery he was piling up, bar upon bar, *accelerando* and double *fortissimo* and *crescendo* and *molto,* this that and the other—till presently the two white gloves shot up together and came down again; and it seemed as though the walls were coming along with them.

Then somehow or other when he had thus held up an entire city, such as never had been done in the world before by the power of music, the master of climaxes knew that he had finished the opus. He let both arms drop and stood blankly gazing about.

Through the cracks of the crowd police were wriggling and shouting; till soon there broke into the vacant arena where Weidenhammer stood enough bluecoats to carry him bodily off the scene.

Then slowly the mass of a great congestion began to wriggle itself loose at that corner. Trolleys bumped across and motorcars shuddered past. In half an hour the deadlock was over—and Weidenhammer had once more lost his job; for the next day he was a dead man.

A THREEFOLD CORD

BY GRACE MacGOWAN COOKE

EVENING had closed in with a gusty, yellow sunset. The shadow of Big Turkey Track lay black upon the squire's office; the little shoestring valley was in darkness, though the side of Little Turkey Track, beyond, showed splashes of gold upon its green.

I heard the shuffle and tramp of many feet, the hum of lowered voices, and then somebody said to the squire: "Man found dead up thar, Little Turkey Track way, an' Walt Turrentine was a standin' over 'im—he killed 'im. We've got 'em both, Square."

The light departed from the side of Little Turkey Track as though a candle had been blown out in heaven. I rose and went toward the porch, with its roof of balsam boughs and supports of peeled logs. At its edge stood a party of mountain men, lank, thin-jawed fellows, with a slouching grace about their movements, because they were all muscle and real alertness. They carried a motionless form, and somebody had thrown a coat over the dead man's face. I picked out Turrentine at a glance, because he was the most unconcerned-looking man in the group.

"Does he deny it?" asked the squire, in his plaintive, gentle voice —the squire is the mildest-mannered man that ever was a holy terror to evil-doers, and a six-foot bundle of fearlessness.

Turrentine shook his head. He glanced up the mountain path toward Little Turkey Track. In the last of the light which lingered there I could see, far up, a woman's form climbing slowly down toward the settlement. The wind whipped her blue skirts about her; it jerked at the scarlet shawl over her head as she struggled forward.

For some reason the sight moved me strongly. Its effect upon the prisoner was instantaneous. He looked once more—a stolen glance this time —the woman was passing over the spot where they said the body had been found; "I wish't you lock me up," he said suddenly. "Ye needn't look no furder fer th'—th' man 'at done it. Lock me up, Square."

The squire's office is an institution in the Turkey Tracks; a long, low, log building—just a string of rooms, some of which may be used for purposes of detention till a malefactor can be sent to Garyville. The dead man was carried into one of these rooms and laid with decent care upon a long table. His murderer was lodged in another. And then came the dash of rain which our windy, yellow sunset had promised us. Rain in the mountains is scarcely what dwellers of valley and plain understand by the word. The moisture comes down with such suddenness that it does not wait to formulate itself into drops, but descends with the souse of an overturned bucket.

I sat by the wide hearth where a fire of balsam cones crackled cheerily, and chatted with the squire. We were old friends, and I found even his silence often more informing than another man's conversation. It was in

the wildest burst of the mountain rainstorm that somebody came beating on our door, and crying, "Square, Square! Lemme in! Hit's Phœbra Himes."

The squire rose and opened his door. The woman came in, flung the shawl off her black hair and looked about her defiantly. "I came down here to give myse'f up," she began in a low voice, and with a little shock I recognized the scarlet shawl and the dull blue skirt of her frock. It was the woman I had seen coming down the path from Little Turkey Track.

The squire regarded her with his benevolent gaze. "We've got the feller 'at killed 'im, Phœb," he announced. "Hit's a man you'll be proud to see behind the bars—Walt Turrentine."

A quiver went over the woman's form; she gulped down a rising sob; I guessed that the statement carried no new information to her. "I tell you, I done it!" she protested. "I don't care which nor whether 'bout Walt Turrentine. He ort to be hung—I reckon he will be hung some day. But 'twas me killed that there peddler."

The squire laughed softly and shook his head. "So you knowed he was a peddler—well, I doubted that ye knowed that much about it," he commented, and his soft blue eyes fell to gazing upon the fire, as though he had forgotten the woman's presence.

She stood for a long time irresolute, the squire and I sitting before the fire, she back in the shadows, her big, black eyes going from one to the other. Finally she crept forward and put a hand on the squire's shoulder. "Have ye got—have ye got 'im—?" A nod toward the door supplied the conclusion of her sentence.

"Oh, yes, the cawpse is in that thar room—ye might go in an' look at it."

She flinched. "Walt," she began again, "have ye got 'im locked up?"

The squire nodded.

"Well, then, you'll lock me up, an' turn him a-loose," she urged.

To my intense surprise the squire complied with a portion of her request, leading her to a room opposite those in which the murdered man and his murderer were disposed When he came back, I asked, "You don't for a moment suppose—"

"I ain't in the s'posin' business," the squire replied quietly. "These here mounting people—my own people, you understand, sir — has a mighty brief way when they're madded. Looks likely 'at Walt killed this here stranger; but if Phœb wants to be locked up, why I ain't a-goin' ag'in her. Ye see hit's this-a-way: Phœbra Himes, she's Walt Turrentine's wife." This is mountain fashion, in which the woman is mainly mentioned by her maiden name. "Well, Walt, he quit her, about three months ago. Old man Himes, he's a 'stiller, an' he's a hard man to live with. He ain't got nair a chick ner a child but Phœbra; an' some say he run Walt off, an' some say Phœb quarrelled with Walt, an' some say that Walt got tired of her an' quit her. The Lord He knows—an' I don't pretend to. The boys 'at brought the cawpse an' Walt in told me that this here feller—an' I shouldn't never 'a' thought he was a peddler 'thout Phœb had said so, fer he hadn't nairy pack—they said the peddler stopped at old man Himes's last night. Looks like Walt had come back to try to make it up with Phœbra, an' found this feller there, an' got sorter jealous like, an' had some little interruption with him, an' killed 'im. That's what I think; but I'm a-waitin' fer the sheriff from Garyville—he'll be here by mornin'."

There were no sounds from the room where the murdered man lay, nor from those where his self-accused murderers were detained; but the storm outside increased in fury. "Looks like hit might keep the sheriff back, ef hit sets in to rain this-a-way," the squire ruminated. "Hain't no human goin' out in sech a storm 'thout he p'intedly has to"

As if to disprove his words, again

came the sounds of beating palms upon our door. This time a man's voice was raised from without. "Square," it roared and rumbled in a most profound bass, "Square, hit's Gaffin Himes! I got somethin' to tell ye—somethin' mighty important."

Again the squire opened the door. And this time there strode in a tall, black-bearded, fierce old mountaineer, who looked upon me with Phœbra Himes's very eyes. He was gemmed all over with rain-drops, and the great cloud of black beard which streamed across his chest was strung with mist jewels. He shook himself like a dog, and came up to the fire with that free stride which would have marked him out well anywhere. "Well, Square," he began, "I come to give myse'f up. That there feller that stopped at my house last night was a leetle too fresh fer me." He stole a look at the squire and myself as though to see how we took this statement.

"Bud Roper," he began again, "passed my place an' told me that you'd found the body. I reckon it'll save trouble ef I jest give myse'f up."

The whole thing had begun to look to me like a ghastly farce, a strange, grim extravaganza; but the squire chuckled genially and looked the tall old Ishmael over with a gentleness which was scarcely ironical. "Well, now," he commented, "that was mighty accommodatin' of ye, Himes. Did Bud mention whar we found the body?"

The old man stared uneasily. "He didn't have to tell me," he returned sullenly.

The squire chuckled again. "I was jest a wonderin' whether you could 'a' told me," he said. But without further comment he took a candle and showed our latest acquisition to the room beyond that in which his daughter was detained.

"I jest got five rooms in this here shack," the squire reflected, as he came back to me and the fire. "Ef any more fellers—er gals—'at killed this here peddler comes down out o' the sky on us to-night, we'll p'intedly have to keep 'em in here, an' that'll interfere with our comfort."

It seemed, however, that the supply of the peddler's self-confessed murderers was exhausted. The rain lulled, came on again with greater fury, and died out finally down the valley. In my bunk under the eaves I lay long listening to it beating on the shingles. I wondered exceedingly what would be the outcome when the sheriff of Garyville arrived next morning; and so did the question vex sleep from my eyes that it was dawn and the sheriff's voice which finally roused me. The sheriff was indignant. "Now Square, now Square," he protested, "this here is jest one o' your pesky jokes. I can't take three folks back an' put 'em in jail for the murder o' one man."

"Oh, yes, you can—yes, you can," the squire reassured him. "Mebby they all got together an' killed the feller."

"That's a lie!" a woman's excited voice broke in. "I killed that there peddler my own self. He was too fresh an' sassy with me—an' I killed him fer it. You turn pap an' Walt a-loose an' take me—sheriff—that's what you do!"

So spoke the mountain beauty, used to being obeyed, and to seeing things go her way.

"What did ye kill him with, Phœb?" asked the squire softly.

I was up, dressed, and in the court of justice by this time, where I could see as well as hear. The woman's terrified glance went from her husband to her father. "I killed him with—I killed him with—whatever he was killed with—that's what!"

In spite of the gravity of the occasion, there was a general snicker, particularly from the men gathered about the windows listening.

"U-m-m," grunted the sheriff from Garyville, and he leaned toward the squire for a whispered conference, which resulted in a man being sent

into the room in which I knew the body of the murdered man lay.

"Don't you believe her, sheriff. Don't you put any faith in what that fool gal says," old Gaffin protested. "Hit was me done the killin'—and' good reason an' provocation I had. She jest wants—" His glance travelled to Turrentine, and I saw that he believed now, as the rest of us did, that his daughter was trying to shield her husband. Last night he had been plainly fearful of her guilt; his avoidance of any mention of her name, when he must have known the squire had her in custody, showed that; today he looked at Turrentine, like a man at bay.

"Hit's wuss to have too many prisoners, than too few," fretted the sheriff from Garyville.

Just at this moment the emissary sent to investigate the manner of the murdered man's death returned.

He stood looking at us all with the humorous expression of a man who knows the answer to a riddle which you are attempting to guess. "Well, Jate?" questioned the sheriff.

"I can't tell ye nothin' 'bout the cawpse—ner how he was killed, at all," Jate drawled amiably. "The cawpse—he's gone."

"Gone!" shouted the sheriff, leaping to his feet. "Here, you boys. Jate, Alf Dubbs, Sam Bean, Wess Pamplin—I app'int you depities. Light out, an' hustle fer the fellers 'at moved that cawpse!"

There was a stir through the room, but Jate stirred not at all. "I seen the feller that taken him away," he began slowly.

"Where?" yelled the sheriff. "Why'n't ye stop 'im?" and "Where?" echoed all his deputies.

"Well, I never stopped him, 'cause I 'lowed he had the best right to move hit. He wuz the cawpse hisse'f, a-goin' down the road thar, 'bout two minutes ago. Yes, sir, that there cawpse hit walked off on hits two feet. I know the feller; he's fittified, an' subjec' to these here spells. He'll lay like he was dead, sometimes, fer mor'n a week. He'd a short one this here time."

A murdered man who walked away on his two feet was an unpleasant innovation to the sheriff from Garyville. He let it be known that this was so. He spoke fluently and at some length. "I don't believe a word on it!" he finally snapped. "I say, cawpses a-runnin' away in they own feet! Here you Jate, take this feller—Turrentine—back, an' lock him up—he's a-goin' to Garyville with me to answer fer this." Then to Phœbra and her father, "You two kin go. You've told lies enough, an' made trouble enough fer one while."

Jate's jaw dropped; he saw that a man might be, at times, too facetious in his manner of conveying information to a court of justice. Gaffin Himes rose like a thunder cloud. "I ain't a-takin' no sass frum—" he began in his deep bass. But Phœbra's terrified eyes were upon Walt Turrentine, where Jate and another were hurrying him back into the room from which he had been taken, her nervous fingers clutched on her father's arm. "Come along, dad," she pleaded, "don't you mad the sheriff none." It was plain that, as the custodian of her husband, she desired to put the sheriff in a good humour.

I had often been the squire's guest for weeks at a time when trout-fishing was good in Lost Creek; I knew the peculiarities of "the shack," as he called it. I was sitting on the porch edge when Phœbra Himes's black eyes encountered mine. I protest that I had no intention of sending her the message which she received from my glance; yet she came as though I had called her. "Which-a-way?" she inquired confidently. She was dragging old Gaffin in her wake.

"Around at the back," I whispered, and added, somewhat to my surprise, "I'll keep watch for you."

A moment after, I rose and sauntered to the porch end. Thence I stole to a big gum tree whence I could

command a view of the sheriff from Garyville, who was still arguing, and of Phœbra Himes and her father, standing by a chink at the back of the room in which Walt Turrentine was lodged. I had pushed the chinking out from between that pair of logs myself, to secure better ventilation. The girl's face was raised, and pale with feeling. "He ain't got no right to take ye away, Walt. The Lord only knows what they'll do with ye down to Garyville!" This was the mountaineer's terror and horror of the valley and the settlement.

"What made you come down an' say you killed the feller, Phœb?" I heard Turrentine's voice inquire huskily from within.

"Oh, Walt," cried the woman, "I thought you'd killed 'im, an' I'd done ye so mean, when ye come back—alettin' on like I liked him—him! by side o' you, Walt—I couldn't do no less than to try an' he'p ye out."

Turrentine, within, laughed. "I reckon yer pap didn't have no sich reason," he commented.

Phœbra turned to her father; it was plain to the onlooker how she tyrannized over that wild old fellow. "What on airth did ye come down here fer, pappy?" Phœbra inquired with asperity. "Ef you hadn't 'a' mixed in it, the sheriff wouldn't 'a' been half so mad."

"Laws a' mighty, Phœb, you got so 'rageous at the feller when he tried to court ye, that I 'lowed ye must 'a' follered 'im an' laywayed 'im," Gaffin answered meekly. "Ye know ye threatened him ye would—aifter Walt had went off mad. Hain't ye comin' back with us, Walt?" he inquired.

Again I heard Turrentine laugh. Himes beckoned to me. "Square, he kep' some o' the boys in this same room, 'bout a year ago," the old moonshiner explained, as I strolled up. "Ef you'd give me a lift with this here pole—we two—no Phœb, jest two's enough—that there log—"

Gaffin fondly believed that he was whispering, but the thunder of that voice could not get below a mutter, as we put a sapling under, pried at a log near the chimney, and saw it roll quietly out.

Turrentine followed it. We could still hear the sheriff arguing with the squire; but now he was getting his party in shape to return to Garyville. As Turrentine stepped out, Phœbra had turned away. Now she sent those black eyes questing over her shoulder. "I'm sorry, Walt," she breathed.

"Sorry I got out?" inquired Walt, with a sheepish, side-long look at us. "How is it with you, Pap Himes?"

The old man pushed the thick, black locks off his forehead, "Lord, Walt, I allus tried to git Phœb what she wanted," he confessed genially. "Ef you're what she wants, then you're what I want—an' we better be steppin', 'fore the sheriff ketches up to us."

"Well, what does Phœb want?" inquired Phœbra's husband.

"I 'low ye got yer answer to that last night," old Gaffin said. "Here, you an' Phœb start on together—I'll foller."

The early sun, looking over the high shoulder of Little Turkey Track, sent long beams down the side, gilding once more the patches of foliage, as its sinking rays had gilded them the night before. And where then I had watched with strange agitation Phœbra Himes climbing down alone, I now gazed after the reunited family breasting the steep mountain path together.

Suddenly Jate's voice struck on my ear; I turned my head toward the arguing groups in front of the squire's office. "Thar! Thar he goes, sheriff!" And I saw the sheriff from Garyville look with ludicrous discomfiture to where "the cawpse" was ambling blithely down the valley toward Hepzibah.

THE POETS AND THE WAR

BY J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

AUTHOR OF "SONGS IN TIME'S DESPITE"

WHEN Alexander the Great was on the point of setting out on his expedition against the Persians he received many signs from the divine powers. Among the rest the statue of Orpheus was in a profuse sweat for several days. The people were rather disturbed at this, regarding it as an ill omen; but one of the soothsayers, who must have been a humourist as well as a prophet, assured them that the sign was a good one. It signified that Alexander would perform actions so worthy to be celebrated that they would cost the poets and musicians much labour and sweat.

The strange thing is not that the war has produced such a deluge of poetry, but that it has not produced more and better verse. Our finest poets, who seemed to be waiting for some great event to stir them anew, have failed in most instances to produce anything better or even as good as their former work. This is to be accounted for in various ways. Poets are the most sensative of mortals, and in a sudden emotional upheaval they too often mistake fever for inspiration. A man in a fever is never at his best in anything; he is likely to be delirious and extravagant, and he is always unrestrained. William Watson, for instance, is repeatedly vexing his admirers by publishing a wild and badly written poem, which is merely an excited publicist's rhyming letter to the newspapers.

The poet does not deal with economic, social, or political problems, as such. He deals with them as palpable expressions of more or less deep-seated emotions, moral and spiritual passions. The first impulse of Great Britain when war was declared arose from a natural instinct of self-defence. Kipling, with his Imperial vision, sounded the alarm:

> The Hun is at the gate!

There was no time to argue how the Hun got there; he *was* there. The man with the theory must stop his argument, the propagandist must stop preaching and get out of the way, or get out his gun and meet the Hun—

> Who stands if freedom fall?
> Who dies if England live?

Who is this Hun? He speaks for himself in the "Chant of Hate Against England," which is the most passionate utterance of modern times. It has the inestimable and un-German quality of straightforwardness and sincerity:

> French and Russian they matter not,
> A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot.
>
> . . . . .
>
> We love but one, we hate but one,
> We have one foe and one alone—ENGLAND.

The strongest reply to this is the poem of Henry Chappell, of Bath, England, which begins:

You boasted the Day, and you toasted the Day,
And now the Day has come!
You spied for the Day, and lied for the Day,
And woke the Day's red spleen;
Monster, who asked God's aid divine,
Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine—
Not all the waters of all the Rhine
Can wash thy foul hands clean.

This, while it is inspired by righteous indignation, is not poetry.

From the fiendish hate of the German war-whoop it is a relief to turn to the rural reverie of Masefield. Many critics regard this poem as the best of all the poems inspired by the war. It is a remarkably restrained piece of work for the man who wrote "The Everlasting Mercy." One would have supposed that Masefield would have flung a thunderbolt at the menacing Hun. Instead he takes a stroll into the country and sitting upon a Berkshire stile he contemplates the approach of desolating war upon the sacred haunts of ancient toil and peace. The poem is written in the metre of Gray's Elegy, and has the same pensive quality; but it has more of the style of Thomson than that of Gray. The first four lines strike the key-note of the poem:

How still the quiet cornfield is to-night;
By an intenser glow the evening falls,
Bringing, not darkness, but a deeper light;
Among the stooks a partridge covey calls.

The rest of this stanza and the second follow:

The windows glitter on the distant hill;
Beyond the hedge the sheep-bells in the fold
Stumble on sudden music and are still;
The forlorn pine woods droop above the wold.

The harvest not yet won, the empty bin,
The friendly horses taken from the stalls,
The fallow on the hill not yet brought in,
The cracks unplastered in the leaking walls;
Yet heard the news and went discouraged home,
And brooded by the fire with heavy mind,
With such dumb-loving of the Berkshire loam
As breaks the dumb hearts of the English kind.

There is no feeling of war in the foregoing, nor indeed is there in the whole poem, except for a very artistic suggestion in the last stanza:

All the unspoken worship of those lives
Spent in forgotten wars at other calls
Glimmers upon these fields where evening drives
Beauty, like breath, so gently darkness falls,
Darkness that makes the meadows holier still,
The elm-trees sadden in the hedge, a sign
Moves in the beech-clump on the haunted hill,
The rising planets deepen in the sky,
And silence broods like spirit on the brae,
A glimmering moon begins, the moonlight runs
Over the grasses of the ancient way,
Rutted this morning by the passing guns.

William Watson's sonnet "To the Troubler of the World" must rank among the best of that poet's work. In none of his other war poems has Watson risen to the same height of conception and execution. The difference between Watson's and Kipling's treatment of the same emergency is striking. Kipling deals with the impersonal "Hun"; Watson deals with an individual—Kaiser William. The strength and weakness of William Watson are revealed in this. He must have a personal target for his investive. Some of his finest sonnets were written on "Abdul the Damned" during the outburst of indignation against the Turks over their atrocities in Armenia. "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue" was directed at the head of a lady distinguished in London social life. It was quite natural, therefore, for Watson to break out into this fine war sonnet to the leader of the Huns. Here are a few lines:

We do not with God's name make wanton play;
We are not on such easy terms with Heaven.
. . . . .
And not by earth shall he be soon forgiven
Who lit the fire accurst that flames to-day.

Watson's output of war poetry has been so great that the cynics have tried to curb his Pegasus with ridicule. A man named Hay wrote to *The Saturday Review* asking the editor to raise his voice to stop William Watson. The poet took the complaint good-humouredly and replied with a pun at the expense of his detractor:

Peace be to all who rail! But wherefore thus
Squander your breath away?
You cannot stop the mouth of Pegasus
With hay.

There is, nevertheless, a good deal to be said for Mr. Hay's criticism. A poet should not be too eager to rush into print every jingle that comes into his head. Alfred Noyes is the most insistent among the superminor poets of to-day. He has captured the dull ear of a heedless generation by his insistant piping. Noyes may be regarded as a good exponent of poetry. At the same time he should take heed to the advice which Byron gave to Southey:

O Southey, Southey, cease thy varied song,
A bard can sing too often and too long.

The best war poem of Noyes that I have yet seen is "The Searchlight." It is not great poetry, but it is better than the rhetorical verses entitled "The United Front," in which he repeats one of those tricks of phrase and metre which spoil some of his best work, such as:

Her 'scutcheons rent from sky to outraged sky,
From sea to sea, from height to war-worn height!

"The Searchlights" symbolizes the shore lights searching the North Sea for the prowling Hun:

And "Search in thine own soul," they cry,
For there, too, lurks thine enemy.

Newboldt's "Drake's Drum" was written three hundred years after the event which inspired it; and it will possibly take the same length of time to evolve another Newbolt who can make such haunting music out of the present clash of blood and steel in the North Sea. No contemporary poet wrote anything great about the Armada. The recent verses by Newbolt are among the best of the war poems. The following lines are from "Sacramentum Supremum":

Draw near, my friends, and let your thoughts be high;
Great hearts are glad when it is time to give;
Life is no life to him that dares not die,
And death no death to him that dares to live.

Harold Begbie writes for the people; his appeal is direct; he has no subtlety of thought or expression. He lashes out at the foe with measured strokes. He will rally a street mob and make it march to a swinging song which they can all understand. He taunts the laggards with:

What will you lack, sonny, what will you lack
When the girls line up in the street,
Shouting their love to lads come back
From the foe they rushed to beat?

He will go into the stock exchange and chant a rough colloquial ditty about "The Man Who Keeps His Head." Begbie is the most natural of all the poets of the war; he does not seem to care whether his stuff is poetical or not. He is not restrained, but he keeps his head—such as it is. Here is a snatch of his free, marching music:

Not by the valour of Belgium, nor the lightning sabre of France;
Not by the thunder of Britain's fleet, or the Bear's unchecked advance.

Richard le Gallienne was ever a langorous poet, whose work seldom showed any virile or warlike qualities. He

has resided in the United States for some years and has, presumably, become an American subject. He has broken his neutrality in several of his recent poems; but he was always neutral, even as a poet. There is no doubt, however, as to his British sympathies in "The Silk Hat Soldier," which is one of the lighter poems of the war:

I saw him in a picture, and I felt I'd like
to cry—
He stood in line,
The man "for mine,"
A tall silk-hatted "guy":
Right on the call,
Silk hat and all,
He'd hurried to the cry—
For he loves England well enough for
England to die.

I've seen King Harry's helmet in the
Abbey hanging high,
The one he wore
At Agincourt;
But braver to my eye
That city toff,
Too keen to doff
His stove-pipe—bless him—why?
For he loves England well enough for
England to die.

Le Gallienne was himself one of those "silk-hatted guys" in Liverpool and London in the old days, and the tears were doubtless moved by memory as well as admiration.

That war can turn optimists into pessimists is a trite observation; yet one of the strange facts of the present war is that many pessimists have been transformed into the most rampant optimists. Thomas Hardy, of all modern writers, has descended into the lowest depths of philosophical despair. The man who wrote "Jude," "Tess," and "The Dynasts," one would suppose, was incapable of seeing the present struggle from any other than the point of view of gloomy determinism. Had war intercepted the obscure wanderings of Jude, that novel might have had a happier ending. Hardy's "Song of the Soldiers" may be fatalistic, but it breathes a healthy and joyous fatalism which thrills us with hope and faith in the ultimate rightness of things:

March we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

Laurence Binyon and Stephen Phillips are related in family and they are also related in literary aspiration. They both have attempted Shakespearean plays and Miltonic epics, and Phillips has attained to some fame as a dramatist. The inspiration of these two poets was then derived from literature; they have seen something of real life since those days. Phillips's war poems are negligible, but those of Binyon show a new vision of things. I regard his "For the Fallen" as the best of all the war poems. Here are the last four stanzas:

They shall not grow old, as we that are
left grow old,
Age shall not weary them nor the years
condemn,
At the going down of the sun and in the
morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing com-
rades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of
home;
They have no lot in our labour of the
day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes
profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from
sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land
they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we
are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly
plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time
of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

But whether the quality of the present war verse is good or bad, there is not a doubt that it is in quantity the greatest that has ever been inspired by one occasion. It has not been confined to England, for in Canada the inspiration has reached al-

most everybody who has ever written a rhyme, and that, of course, means everybody. But out of the great mass that has been published one is able to select a few stanzas that are worth repeating. "The Sacrifice," by Alfred Gordon, reveals a manner of looking at war that is not common to the poets:

The bread and wine are turned to flesh
and blood,
The scent of incence steals upon the air.
And, bowed in silence by the altar there,
The hungry eyes of men cry out for food.
High, steadfast souls that once with love
had stood
Forget vain hope in ways of fruitless
prayer,
And age-sought Truth's lure-hazed lovers
stare
With listless gaze upon the holy rood.

Christ's Kingdom falls, by Mammon overthrown;
Above the town men's souls go up in
smoke;
Their flesh and blood are frozen into stone;
Their rude limbs bowed by such an iron
yoke
That even this dull people will not groan,
But rise and break their rulers at one
stroke.

Mr. J. Edgar Middleton gives us "Off Heligoland," which, even if it does contain a savour of Newbolt, is at least a poetical impression of the British naval victory near the spot that gives title to the poem:

Ghostly ships in a ghostly sea,
Here's to Drake in the Spanish main,
Hark to the turbines, running free,
Oil-cups full and the orders plain.
Plunging into the misty night,
Surging into the rolling brine,
Never a word, and never a light—
This for England, that love of mine!

There's a gleam on the starboard bow.
Here's to the Fighting Temeraire!
Quartermaster, be ready now,
Two points over, and keep here there.
Ghostly ships—let the foemen grieve,
Yon's the Admiral, tight and trim,
And one more—with an empty sleeve,
Standing a little aft of him!

War poetry is only a very small phase of literature, and most of it is essentially transient. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" thrilled every British heart when it was written, and was possibly regarded as an imperishable piece of verse at the time; but no one thinks so now. The effect of this war upon the poetry of this or succeeding generations must not be looked for in war ballads or Homeric epics only. This war which is now in the foreground of our life and thought, and which colours everything we do or say, will recede into the background. It will become history, and will enter into the region of fable and fiction. Its lessons and experience will illuminate or darken our religious or philosophical outlook, and by an alchemic process will emerge into a new literature.

Watson may still sing about the Kaiser, and Noyes may tune his lyre to the propaganda for universal peace; but the poet that must arise, the coming great poet, may be yet unborn. He may be playing on the school-grounds of Toronto, London, Paris, Brussels, or Berlin. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Burns, and that galaxy of brilliant stars which flamed in the forehead of the dawn of the nineteenth century, ending in Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold, were all youths at the time of the French Revolution.

That continental upheaval, and the wars which followed it, were the travail at the birth of many mighty intellects. Germany has produced poets, musicians, and philosophers, and for all these she is worthy of respect; but to her shame and her undoing she has given birth to a Kaiser William. Not until this arch-Moloch is repudiated will the German people and German literature emerge from the sulphurous atmosphere of hate in which they are now morally blinded, choked, and stupified. Some young German will shake off this stupour and emerge into the open fields and skies of truth and beauty, and the people will follow him to freedom. The world's next greatest poet may rise in Germany or Belgium.

THE MELTING SNOW

From the Painting by
F. W. Hutchison

Contributed to the Canadian
Patriotic Fund

WHERE BRITAIN LEADS

BY ROBERT LINDSAY

THE formation in Great Britain of a Coalition Government under circumstances not yet fully explained was attended by heart-searchings regarding the actual progress of the war and the efficiency of British military organization, and gave rise in some quarters to vague apprehensions regarding the outcome of the European conflict, which after nine months of incessant warfare makes more insistent demands upon the patriotism and resources of the British people.

All who understand the British character will not be unduly alarmed by the apparent failure of the nation to wake up to the realities until nine months had elapsed. It was thus that the nation "muddled through" to victory in the last South African war. Nor will the serious-minded be disposed to give ear to the rantings of the political partizan who ascribes this apparent slackness to the fact that the Liberals were in power in the United Kingdom. Other partizans will remind him that a Conservative Government took three years to carry the Boer war to a successful issue and that a special Commission at that time sat and reported upon the scandalous inefficiency of the public services. In this great war, however, the vapid utterances of narrow-gauge politicians count for little when read by the flash of a bursting shell in the advanced trenches "somewhere in France." To many it will come as a welcome interlude that for a brief period at least the nation emerges from the turmoil of party strife to claim the allegiance of all, and to remind the partizan that it is the country that counts, that party government in its highest conception is but a means to an end, that the politician is a citizen who sacrifices all for the common weal. Making due allowance for the grumbling habit so characteristic of the Britisher, it may not be out of place at the present stage of the war to take a bird's-eye view of the situation and to ascertain as far as possible the actual achievements of British arms as the curtain rises on another act in the great drama at the close of an arduous winter campaign.

Although war stole upon Europe like a thief in the night, finding no nation prepared save Germany, the situation at the end of nine months, while not free from grave anxiety regarding the terrible price in blood and treasure that has yet to be paid, already reveals the sharply-defined outlines of the ultimate success that will crown the efforts of the Allied armies. Temporary reverses, isolated disasters, and serious checks may come to remind us of the catastrophe that would overwhelm the civilized world were the genius of the Prussian for organization to give him the opportunity he seeks for putting into practice the crude materialistic doctrines of the Bernhardi school of German Imperialism. Of the final triumph of British arms and British ideals there can be no reasonable doubt if we review the achievements

of the British Empire since war was declared. Whether the results so far be judged from the military, political, or moral standpoint, the gain to Britain has enhanced considerably her power and prestige. A cursory glance at the actual accomplishments of the British nation will help to dissipate the gloomy forebodings which recent political changes in the United Kingdom caused in the minds of many who were alarmed by the speeches and warnings of British Ministers in their efforts to organize more efficiently for war purposes the resources of the Empire. Daniel Webster once conjured up a picture of the morning drum-beat of the British soldier greeting the dawn and reverberating with advancing hours around the world. The war has not interrupted this daily greeting to the sun that never sets on the British dominions.

In the conflict between Britain and Germany the supreme consideration is sea supremacy. There can be no to-morrow for German ambition that leaves the British navy the unchallenged mistress of the seas. German expansion, German Imperialism, German world-policy, as the Kaiser was quick to observe, depend upon the existence of a fleet that is able to protect the flag wherever challenged. With the entry of Britain into the war, the star of German Imperialism sank below the horizon. Beyond a few commerce-destroying cruisers that did considerable damage to merchant shipping and property, Germany has confined her activity at sea to piratrical operations, by her submarine fleet and fast cruisers, that have shocked humanity and alienated the sympathy of neutral nations. Raids upon defenceless coast towns, the sinking of the *Lusitania,* and other vessels, contrary to the recognized rules of civilized warfare—these are the only evidences of the existence of Germany as a naval power. A well-known authority on naval subjects, Mr. Archibald Hurd, in a recent article, summarized the strategical achievements of the British navy. Not a single German battle squadron has put to sea since the war commenced; not a single German merchant ship is able to sail for a foreign port; no German transport carries troops to any of the seats of war; the entire sea-borne trade of Austria-Hungary and Germany, valued approximately at $5,000,000,000, has been swept off the seas, together with over six million tons of shipping. With an area five times that of Germany, the colonial possessions of the Fatherland, on which about $300,000,000 was expended, have practically ceased to exist. All this without a single engagement between the capital ships of the respective fleets. The German fleet is forced to remain inactive in home ports, is unable to blockade any coast or to land an invading force in any of the enemy countries, and cannot convoy shipments of food, munitions, or reservists by sea from any neutral country. When we come to examine the positive achievements of the British navy, our confidence in the ability of Britain to bring the war to a successful conclusion is immeasurably strengthened. Thousands of British and colonial troops, as well as French troops, have been convoyed from distant parts of the world, and during the nine months of continuous movements of troops by sea not a single British transport has been lost. No invading force has occupied British soil. At every point where German claims to world-dominion could be tested the British navy has buried Prussian ambitions fathoms deep in the wake of her sleepless leviathans. British supremacy at sea gives the Allies ready access to the markets of the world for all needful supplies. The challenge of German Imperialism to the British race has been followed by the paralysis of Germany, complete and overwhelming, outside the ring of Krupp guns and German bayonets that mark the disputed frontiers of Prussian militarism in

Europe. With her navy supreme Britain follows with calm composure the final acts in the great drama staged on the plains of Flanders and France.

But, signal as have been the triumphs of Britain on sea, including the effective blockade of the enemy's coast, and the consequent tremendous pressure upon Germany's economic resources—British achievements in this war are not confined to the navy. In his most truculent mood the Prussian militarist was wont to admit the superiority of the British navy—with a mental reservation as to the future. But in respect to military organization the German army was by all nations regarded as the most efficient fighting machine in the world. There were no illusions on this question in London, Paris, or Petrograd. With the army Bismarck founded the Empire. With it Kaiser Wilhelm hoped to march over the prostrate bodies of Belgium and France and wait on the coast for a propitious day for the descent on England. When he thought of Britain at all as a possible factor in the struggle on the Continent, he reflected with a smile that her "contemptible little army" was too puny to mar his Imperial plans.

The achievements in the early days of French's "contemptible little army" of 160,000 men of all ranks maintained the proud traditions of the Junior Service. The retreat from Mons, virtually to the banks of the Seine, was the first phase of the campaign in which British arms played a part. The gigantic flood-tide of German invasion had swept past Liege to Namur, and with irresistible pressure forced the Allied armies back to the outer defences of Paris. By a miracle, almost, French's army extricated itself from its perilous position at Mons, rendered untenable by the retreat of the French at Charleroi twenty-four hours earlier, and of which the British commander remained in ignorance until the Germans attacked in overwhelming force. In the retreat from Mons the British soldier acquired a wholesome contempt for the German infantryman. The German army in its highest point of efficiency is Krupp. Preponderance of artillery fire is the keynote of German military success. In the use of the rifle and bayonet the British Tommy is the superior of the German. Even in that awful retreat from Mons, when whole battalions were decimated, the British soldier gained a moral ascendancy over the enemy which he has never since lost. At the battle of the Marne, September 6th, 1914, when Paris was saved and the German tide went out on the ebb as far as the Aisne never to return, the British army, which a few days previously had fallen back from Mons, was now driving the enemy before it. The moral influence established in Belgium and France in those early days by the presence of British troops was incalculable. The fact that Britain had landed an army was a guarantee that the British people were prepared to share with their Allies all the sacrifices and responsibilities involved in a fight to the bitter end with Germany.

And not Britain only. From the remotest shores of Empire men sprang to arms at the call of the Motherland. It were a crime against these volunteers, a blunder not readily forgiven, if the final victory fall short of the complete destruction of the Prussian engines of war. The self-governing nations are making sacrifices willingly with one object in view—such a complete and overwhelming defeat of the enemy that for generations to come the German people will be deterred from again drawing the sword to challenge the peace of Europe.

There is no finer achievement in military history than the raising and equipping of Kitchener's Army, numbering about two million men. In a country where conscription is unknown and where the military instinct is but feebly developed, the organization and equipment of an army of two million men inside nine months

is a performance which has astonished the world and caused deep chagrin to the Kaiser and his staff. Kitchener's new army is equivalent in numbers to the estimated total losses of the Germans down to the middle of April. While raising and training this immense force Britain has maintained her military strength in India and the Crown Colonies, driven the Turk out of Egypt and invaded Mesopotamia, protected the Admiralty oil fields in Persia, guarded her colonial possessions while annexing those of the enemy, and landed an immense army of about two hundred thousand men on the Gallipoli Peninsula for the combined sea and land advance on Constantinople. All this without conscription and without any appreciable disturbance of her routine life. There is less unemployment in the United Kingdom than in former years and war prices for commodities do not exceed those paid in Canada in normal times. Trade and commerce go on as usual. All through the winter a British army numbering about two to three hundred thousand men held its place in the Allied trenches against powerful odds, breaking the enemy against its invincible wall of steel, or charging the Teuton lines with the bayonet. Now that the winter campaign is over the British are ready to take the field in what we trust is the last phase of the campaign. With sublime confidence in their ability to fight Germany to a finish the British nation has reached a point in the task of military organization where its great reserves are still practically intact, while Germany, in the opinion of close observers, has long since reached her maximum striking power and is now on the wane. The burden laid on Britain when war broke out recalls the great task that lay before the North in the American Civil War.

If to these achievements we add the minor campaigns carried on in South Africa and elsewhere, the loyal sacrifices spontaneously rendered by the self-governing Dominions and by the Indian Empire, we are justified in cherishing the belief that an Empire which makes such sacrifices for liberty has within it the germs of continuity and success.

Another event for which Britain deserves credit is the conduct of Italy in refusing to sanction the war policy of her quondam allies of the Triple Alliance. The friendship between Italy and Britain is traditional and reflects the unity of spirit that animated the two countries throughout the struggle for Italian independence.

In no field of activity has Britain gained more conspicuous success than in that of finance. The confidence inspired by the stability of her banking system under such a catastrophic panic as that which immediately preceded and followed the outbreak of war has been world-wide in its effects. Not only is Britain able to finance her own war expenses without any serious drain upon the earning powers of her people, but she is also banker to her Allies. As Mr. Lloyd George reminded the British House of Commons a couple of months ago, the nation that can put down the last million pounds is going to win. Money will tell in the final stages of the campaign. The normal condition of British banking, the ability which has been displayed in financing the war and restoring confidence in commercial circles will be recalled, at the close of the war, as one of the chief factors making for military success. The organization of labour, the temporary nationalization of railways, shipping, manufactures, and all implements of production will enable Britain to meet all military requirements with the least possible delay and with the highest standard of efficiency.

In the moral domain Britain has won her most notable, if bloodless, victories over the enemy. From the outset it was evident that the war was, above all else, a conflict of ideals. This is not the place to enter into a

discussion of the opposing viewpoints of the two nations on questions that involve a consideration of the moral issues raised by Nietzsche and applied to German military necessities by General von Bernhardi. Hundreds of books and pamphlets bear eloquent testimony to the absorbing interest with which the discussion of these questions has been followed, and the civilized world understands by now that fundamental moral differences form a gulf deep and impassable between the two great Empires, Britain and Germany.

For a time the issues were obscured by a diplomatic controversy as to which side was responsible for commencing the war. An interval elapsed before the public gripped the essential fact that the causes that led to the war were all-important. Then came the revelation of Bernhardi with his gospel of brute force, illustrated in the tragedies that were daily enacted in Belgium and France. There was no longer room for doubt. The neutral nations, especially the United States of America, threw the weight of their moral influence into the scale with "French's contemptible little army," and what doubts still lingered went down with the *Lusitania* amid the cries of the murdered victims of Prussian militarism. Britain's place among the nations of the earth has been more sharply defined by this war. She represents for struggling nations the antithesis of Prussian bureaucratic ideas. In so far as she lives up to this great tradition, in the growth of liberty within her frontiers, in respect for national ideals, and in the development of democratic principles throughout her institutions—in short, the farther she gets from the Prussian standpoint in the evolution of Empire, the greater the victory for her arms in a war which, more than anything else, is a war of democracy against autocracy, of government based upon the popular will against the Bismarckian theory of absolutism—a war involving everything that distinguishes British liberty from Prussian tyranny.

The German Empire stands alone among the great powers of Europe as a remarkable example of a highly educated and cultured people possessing little political power and willingly surrendering its government and destiny into the hands of an absolute Monarch. The German Empire was welded together in a single generation by a policy of blood and iron. The British Empire is the slow growth of centuries, the expression of the cumulative wisdom and experience of generations of men marching with their faces toward the dawn, reflecting in their day and generation that unerring instinct for individual and national liberty that characterizes the British race and which invests its military undertakings in Europe with the force and character of a nation that stands on guard at the door of its sanctuary defending the priceless heritage of a thousand years.

THE GREEN GATE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS," ETC.

I HAVE always held that when a man in my profession begins to balk at the disagreeable, he had better give up medicine and devote himself to agriculture. One might, I suppose, succeed as a farmer without being disagreeable to anyone, save, perhaps, the hired man. At any rate, one might manage to rub along without being compelled to dash the dearest hopes of one's best friends. But science knows no friendship and respects no claims but her own. Her votaries, if they would be true to her, must harden their hearts daily. Above all men, must they speak the truth and show no favour.

In the matter of speaking the truth to Harold I had been hardening my heart all day. I intended to tell him now, very soon, as soon as I could manage to persuade my collar button to stick. But the collar button took a lot of persuading, and when at last it was firmly settled I found that my hair needed a second brushing and that I had mislaid my eye-glasses. It took a long time to find the eye-glasses! I was still hunting for them when Harold's voice called to me through the open window.

"Coming!" I said, "Coming!"

I was afraid that Harold might think that I was later than usual on purpose. But I am not a man who hesitates. "When sure you are right, never hesitate!" That had been the motto which I had hung upon an invisible nail in my brain long ago, and to a steady following of it I owed much of my success. Prompt action had become a habit. I seldom hesitated—I was not hesitating now. I was looking for my eye-glasses.

Harold's useless pacing of the verandah began to make me nervous, although as a specialist in nervous disorders I am not supposed to have any nerves. He had been walking up and down beneath my window for a long half-hour and the monotonous sound put me irresistibly in mind of a game we used to play at school. But I must take my courage in both hands and go down to meet him. Strangely enough, I found my eye-glasses just at this moment, and all reason for further lingering was gone. A draught from somewhere near caught the door as I went out and slammed it loudly. Harold's steady pacing stopped.

"Is that you, Mark? Come out on the verandah."

"If it takes you that long to dress," he added as I found him, "why don't you get a man?"

"And if you must prowl up and down like a hungry hyena," I answered, "why don't you choose the other side of the verandah?"

After this interchange of courtesies we both felt better, and I explained how I had mislaid my eye-glasses and he apologized for the lateness of dinner.

"But you know," he explained, "we thought we would wait, in the

chance of father turning up. I rather expect him to-night. There is a train at seven.

"To-night?" I could not keep the consternation out of my voice.

"Yes. The week is up to-night. Had you forgotten? Dad does not strike you as a man who would delay, does he?"

"No—but a day or two . . ."

He shook his head.

"No. He will come to-night. The week is up. Besides, why should he wait longer? Why should you wish it? You are not usually a procrastinating man. As for me, I'm not sorry to end it anyway. I want to feel like a man again. This spy's life goes against the grain. It makes me hate myself."

"You think the part we have been playing a dishonourable one?"

"Damned dishonourable! Forgive me, old man, I can't help it. It makes it all the worse that I can't associate the idea of dishonour or even of unfairness with either father or you. You know what father is to me? And yet this week I have been ashamed to think of him."

His tone was so wretched that whatever anger I might have felt quickly evaporated.

"You are foolish," I said briefly. "It seems to me that your viewpoint is becoming morbid. Do you call the physician who anxiously examines a patient, watching day by day for the development of dreaded symptoms, a spy? Let us cut all feeling out of this tangle and see how it looks. That is, if you wish to listen to reason?"

"First of all, then, there is your father; the fairest-minded man, the finest gentleman that I know. He is absolutely devoted to your happiness. His work, however absorbing, has always taken second place where you were concerned. Would a father like that be likely to prove unfair or unjust when the question is one which is to affect your whole life—the question of your marriage?"

"I told you—"

"You told me that for the past week you have been ashamed to think of him. And for what? Because he is trying to make sure of your happiness! One day you come to him and tell him that you wish to marry a young girl, charming in herself, but with antecedents whom your father, as a scientist, views with something very like horror. What does he do? Forbid the marriage? Render it impossible by refusing you the necessary start in life? Threaten you with the loss of what you value more than money, his love? Nothing of the kind. He merely asks you for a week during which he may satisfy himself that the young lady is free from any visible taint of her undesirable ancestry. Even in this, he is generosity itself, for in taking my opinion he knows that if it were to be biased the bias would be in your favour."

"He knows very well that your professional opinion will not be biased," said Harold, "and so do I."

We walked the length of the verandah without speaking.

"You professional folk think that no layman's opinion is worth a bag of beans," began Harold at last, "but it may be, for all that! I have always thought that too much is made of ancestry. Alix herself is a proof of it. Granting that her mother and her grandmother were at least psychics—"

"Mediums," I amended.

"Mediums, if you like. Alix is not a medium, never has been; never will be. Of course, I can partially understand my father. He has hated such things all his life. Has been actively hostile, in fact. And the news of his son marrying into a mediumistic family might raise a smile amongst his colleagues. But I really thought he was too broad-minded to feel a little thing like that."

"You think it a little thing? Well, you may be right. But at any rate your father would not consider his own feelings in his decision. You are

unfair. Love is having a strange effect upon you, old man! You are acting like a sulky child."

"I know. I see it myself. But you all seem to be making such a fuss over nothing. To me everything seems nothing in comparison with Alix. Another strange effect of love, I suppose?" He smiled whimsically, and then, straightening up, he looked me squarely in the eyes.

"Well—what is your professional opinion going to be?"

Alas, with all my hardening of heart, it was not hard enough! I—hesitated.

"When your father comes—" I began.

"It means more to me than to my father."

"Yes. But his judgment—"

"In this matter my father takes your judgment, Mack," his tone changed and he laid his hand affectionately upon my shoulder, "you are not going to make me wait any longer, are you?"

"No—no. But I wish to God you had asked me your question yesterday, Harold! I could have answered you then glibly enough. Now—it's harder."

As my agitation increased, he became cool.

"Yesterday? Then something has happened since yesterday? I thought so. It must have been this morning. Your manner at lunch was different. You were worried, distrait. You appeared even nervous, although a specialist in your line is not supposed to possess nerves."

The trace of contempt in his voice braced me.

"He ought not to give way to them, at any rate! But you are right. My affection for you has had a deleterious effect. You are right also in your other conclusion. Something did happen this morning. Something so strange that it was strange even to me who am used to strange things."

"Yes?" Harold's tone was sharp with suspense. With a nervous gesture he pushed two chairs closer together and seated himself with a certain dogged resolution. "Sit here, will you? And now, let's have it!"

I took the other chair more slowly.

"I need scarcely tell you," I said, "that I have no feeling in this case such as has troubled you. I am here in my professional capacity, a pathological specialist. As such I have been observing your fiancee. I do not call it spying—although you may call it so if you choose. Until this morning I had discovered nothing which could cause me the slightest professional anxiety. I have found Miss Alix lovely and charming. She is not a robust woman, but she is thoroughly healthy. Indeed, she tells me that she knows practically nothing of pain. She has never had a serious illness in her life—"

"Yes," broke in Harold eagerly, "and you know she has simply no nerves. I have known her to be quite calm when many another girl would have had a fit of hysterics. That is why it seems so utterly absurd to connect her in any way with that class of nervous, highly-strung, excitable people whom we call psychics."

"Who told you that psychics are nervous and highly-strung and excitable?"

"Well, everyone knows that they are."

"Then everyone knows wrong. People of that temperament often cultivate such a popular misconception. Many a little, useless bit of hysterical humanity trys to excuse her lack of ordinary self-control upon the ground of 'psychic temperament.' But the real psychic temperament is quite different. It is essentially calm, contemplative, abstracted, dreamy, hard to arouse—"

Harold pushed back his chair with a violent scraping. "Oh, go on! Make out a case to fit!"

"The case is already made. It is you who are fitting it. Doubtless you have noticed in Miss Alix, without knowing it, many evidences of the

psychic temperament. You have noticed how often she will sit with her hands in her lap and gaze far away. If you have ever asked her of what she has been thinking she has probably told you that she did not know. As a matter of fact, she had not been thinking consciously, at all."

"Well?"

"Well—it is only another step along that same line and we have—trance."

"I'll not believe you!"

"It is a big step, I grant you. In nine cases out of ten the subject never takes it. I am glad to admit that fact. The odds are heavily against it, especially if the health be normal. This is so true that I did not even intend to mention the possibility to your father. All my other observations led me to believe that the slight inheritance which Miss Alix had received from her mediumistic family might be safely neglected. I had entirely justified my position to myself. Nine out of ten is such a large percentage—"

"Then it is all right? Why did you frighten me—"

"My dear fellow! Since yesterday I have found out that Miss Alix is—the tenth case."

I had expected an outburst, but none came. Harold was absolutely silent. His face looked very white against the dusk. In the quiet we could hear a women singing, and, far away, the whistle of a train.

"That will be your father's train," I remarked in as casual a tone as I could manage.

"Yes. Dad will be here in ten minutes. The motor is a flyer and Dad drives fast. But ten minutes will be enough for you to tell me—what you must."

To my surprise, the defiance, the smouldering anger, had died out of his voice. He spoke in his ordinary tone. A warm impulse of admiration stirred me for he was meeting this crisis as I like to see a man meet trouble.

"I can tell you in a few words," I said. "This morning Miss Alix had promised me a walk after breakfast. When I asked for her, one of the maids directed me to the rose garden. I found her there sitting on the little green bench, the one which faces the south wall. You know it?"

"It is a favourite seat of hers."

"She was there this morning, leaning back, her hands clasped in her lap, as she so often sits. Her wide, vague gaze was fixed upon the old red wall where the crimson rambler is. She looked the very spirit of the garden and for a moment I hesitated to spoil the picture. But I wanted my walk—and there was something in the absolute quiet of her pose that made me suddenly uneasy. However, I did not speak, but sat down beside her, waiting until she should turn to me. You know her slow, graceful movements and her way of half-turning with that subtle smile of hers—"

"Yes, yes. Go on."

"Well, this time she did not turn. She paid absolutely no attention to me. I spoke to her—some commonplace reminder of our promised walk. She did not answer. Then, laughingly, as one might try to arouse a child, I placed my hand over her clasped ones. Immediately I was conscious of a shock! Her hands were deathly cold—and not only cold, but *dead*. That mysterious something which animates our clay, yet which belongs to it so little, was missing from those hands. I could not be mistaken. I know the *absence* of that something so well. My fingers closed upon the hands of Alix as they might close upon a stone. I scarcely needed to look into her fixed yet sightless eyes to learn all that I needed to know. But, to make absolutely sure—I tried all the usual tests. She was undoubtedly in a state of trance."

I paused for a moment, but Harold, whose white face was now shaded by his hand, made no response. I went on in a more practical tone:

"The state in which I found Miss

Alix is common enough amongst those peculiarly constituted people whom we call mediums. I have seen it again and again. But now comes the surprising part of the story; the part which has made this morning's experience the strangest of the many strange happenings in my life. (I shall not attempt to explain it save upon the general lines of that wireless telegraphy of the mind which we call telepathy). Seeing the state in which your fiancee was, I sat quietly beside her waiting until she should awaken, for, as you know, it is never safe to rudely arouse a trance-sleeper. In order that I might detect the earliest signs of returning consciousness, I placed one hand upon her waist and the other upon her head near the temple, and, without definitely intending it, my gaze followed hers and became focussed upon the same place—the old red wall where the crimson rambler is. We may have been sitting like this for fifteen minutes when, without any shock of surprise or strangeness, I noticed that the crimson rambler was no longer climbing up the wall. The wall, in the spot where it had been, was quite bare, and set into it, in the most natural manner possible, was a small green gate with an arched top. While I gazed, mildly interested, the green gate swung back and a young girl came through the opening. She closed the gate silently and, as she turned, I saw that it was Alix. I did not notice anything strange in this, and as she came up the walk toward me, I arose to greet her. As I did so, I removed my hands from contact with the real Alix beside me—instantly the illusion (or whatever you like to call it) passed! I turned to find Alix awake and looking at me inquiringly."

Harold sprang to his feet excitedly.

"And you, a man of sense, are going to offer that bally rot as evidence-" he exclaimed. "Why, man, you were dreaming- And Alix, too, had merely fallen asleep in the sunshine!"

"You think that? Well, ask Alix. Or rather, listen to me, for I can tell you the facts as she told them to me. You remember that the girl herself knows nothing of her dead mother's abnormality. The aunt who brought her up hated it, I gather, almost as much as your father. So Alix has no past history to teach her what any peculiar experience may mean. I asked her if she had been asleep. She said, 'No,' and then blushed and added, 'Well, perhaps I was! At least I have been taking one of my dream-journeys."

"Tell me about the dream-journey?" I asked.

"She told me, quite simply. She had come into the garden, she said, for some roses, and had seated herself upon the bench to wait for me. She was admiring the crimson rambler on the south wall. Then the rose-bush seemed to fade away and she noticed what she had never seen before, a dear little green gate in the wall. It was as real as the roses had been and she opened it to see what was on the other side. When she passed through she found herself in a delightful park—a park which she had never seen. She did not wander very far, however, for she thought she heard my voice telling her to some back. So she had come back through the green gate—to find me waiting."

"But how," I asked her, "did you know that your experience was a dream-journey and not a reality?"

She laughed frankly. "I did not know it," she said. "I thought it was quite real until I sat down upon the bench again and saw you standing there. Then I looked for the green gate to point it out to you—and there is no green gate there—as you can see for yourself!"

I tried to laugh with her, but I fear it was not a success, for she looked a little startled.

"And have you ever had this

dream-journey experience before?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes," she said, "quite often. Not the same dream, but the same sense of wonder upon awakening to find that my experience had not been real. For you know," she added, "all the things which I see and do are quite, quite real. It is not like dreaming at all." I asked her why she had never spoken of her dreams, but she seemeed puzzled and said, "Are they so very strange, then?"

"And you think—?" Harold's voice was very low.

"I think, old man, that you will have to face the truth. Your little Alix is a genuine psychic."

He stood up, then, and squared his broad shoulders.

"Very well! It would seem," with a little wry smile, "that the worst has happened. It will be a hard blow for poor old Dad. As for you, Mack, I know I have been infernally rude, but a fellow in suspense is hardly responsible. I beg your pardon. I know that you have only done your duty as a man is bound to do!" He laughed a little at the old school quotation and offered me his hand.

I took it wonderingly. It was as firm as a rock.

"But, Harold boy, are you sure you understand? Your father—"

"I know." His face quivered. "Dad has always been the only one that mattered. But we've got to face the facts. The time has come when there is some one who matters—more!"

"You mean—you will risk this marriage?"

"My dear chap, for Alix I would risk—hell!"

True love is a great smoother of roads—our immortal William to the contrary notwithstanding. When a man is willing to risk hell for a woman the chances are in his favour. In the course of true love obstacles do not exist, the true lover is more effectual than an army with banners. In the case of Harold and Alix love did her golden best. Even the clear-sighted professor became happily blinded by the glamour and began to wonder why he had opposed a match so eminently blest. I myself was present at the wedding, and when my glance and the professor's met we smiled perseveringly. Perhaps we were both afraid to cease smiling lest the skeleton in the closet might rattle its bones.

But the skeleton's time had not yet come. So silent was he that Harold openly scoffed at him and, I think, began to look upon me in the light of a solemn old croaker who had been needlessly alarmed by a trifle.

"Alix hardly ever dreams now!" he told me, triumphantly, some months after the wedding. I looked up with a quick twinge of fear. It seemed already that the skeleton was stirring!

"What!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that she still allows herself to dream at all? Did you not give her my warning? as you promised!"

"Er—yes—I warned her. I told her you thought she had better not give in to it. And, of course, she doesn't. But once in a while she has these odd little experiences—quite charming some of them are. She tells me about them afterwards. Of course, we say nothing to father. His attitude is as incomprehensible as ever. I never could understand how a broad-minded man like him can refuse to recognize certain possibilities. 'There are more things in heaven and earth—'"

"Spare me! Spare me that particular quotation, please! Can't you see that it is because your father does admit certain possibilities, does believe that there are 'more things in heaven and earth' that he is so anxious? May not these things bring evil as well as good? What if your father's knowledge leads him to suspect that the good is problematical,

the evil sure? At least that is what I believe. If I wished I could terrify you with tales of poor unfortunates who have been burned at this same fire. Ignorant meddlers, who believed themselves gods, have come to me for help—help which often I have been unable to give. Let me tell you, Harold, that your wife is playing with edged tools."

"I simply can't see it, Mack!"

"No. You are wilfully blind. But I will warn you this once more. If Alix persists in giving way to these trance-states she is in grave danger. No one believes more firmly than I that there may be another world, close to, interpenetrating perhaps, our normal realities. But that other world is not for us. We enter it at our peril. As you love your wife, I caution you not to let her stray within its borders."

He left me with a troubled face; but a depressing sense of failure told me that he was far from being as seriously impressed as I had hoped. I had made him uncomfortable, but I had not made him afraid.

After this we did not meet for more than a year. My work claimed me more and more and he was happy with Alix in their pretty country home. When I saw him again it was with the shadow of life heavy upon him; for within that year, he had been a father, and now he was a father who had lost his son. The child, a beautiful boy, had lived but three months. Harold could not speak of him. He was the type of man who worships children and his great loss left him dumb. It was the professor who told me details of the sad little drama, adding that Harold had sobered suddenly and that Alix could not be aroused from an enveloping despair. Then, at the end of our interview, the skeleton came forth boldly and rattled his bones.

"I am afraid for her now, as I have never been before!" he told me. "I need not tell you how such a state of depression superinduces that in which we have reason to fear. You have influence with Harold. If you could do anything—warn her through him, I should be grateful."

"I will do what I can," I told him, and it was with this promise weighing rather heavily upon me that I found myself once more a guest in the house of my friend.

There was no need for spying this time. The truth was plain for all to see. I had not been an hour in that atmosphere before I shared the Professor's fears. I spoke to Harold at once and he heard me more patiently than before, but when I had finished he shook his head.

"You do not understand, old man!" he said. "These harmless psychic experiences are all that she has now. Since the boy died they are her only comfort. How can I forbid her to find peace where she can?"

My anxiety inclined me to be rather brutal. "And if she had taken to drinking absinthe to forget her grief would you allow her to find peace that way?" I asked. "Or would you try to save her for her own sake as well as yours? Great heavens, man, rouse yourself! Don't you recognize the danger—"

"Hush! Here she is."

As he spoke Alix came in. Prepared as I was, I was shocked at the change in her. I had seen her last a lovely, graceful girl, dreamy-eyed, sweet-lipped, full of the pulsing tide of life. I saw her now, a grief-stricken woman, languid, unsmiling, with all the strength and glory of her youth burned out. She came forward, hesitatingly, offering me a lifeless hand. Her once firm lips were trembling, her serene eyes were now restless and vague. She had a curious look of one who is always listening. What did she hear?

As I talked to her, the impression strengthened. She seemed to catch scarcely half of my remarks, and often answered at random. One might have thought her partially deaf—save for that listening look! With her

husband it was the same, and if one of us addressed her suddenly she would turn with a start as if our speech had interrupted some other and more engrossing conversation.

There was little that I could do, but I did what I could. Disregarding Harold, I spoke to Alix herself. She would not listen, but perhaps the suggestion of blame worked upon her conscience, for one morning toward the end of my stay she came to me of her own accord. I was sitting in the rose garden—although the roses were now a thing of the past. There were dead leaves upon the paths and only the bare bones of the crimson rambler clung to the old red wall. Alix came and sat down beside me.

"Do you remember the little green gate, Doctor?" she said. "I have often found my way through it since. Do you know, I have discovered an odd coincidence; there really was a gate there years and years ago—long and long before the Professor bought this place. There is a story about it. It entered into a park, just like it does in my dream. The park, the story says, belonged to a very evil man and he made love to a young girl who lived in this very house. She eloped with him, through that gate! He was to marry her, but he never did. She never came home."

"A sad little story, Alix."

"Yes. But true, I'm sure. I have often seen her wandering in the park, always alone. I have never spoken to her. She seems too sad to talk."

"Alix," I said. "If you will not listen to me, will you not listen to Harold?"

"No. For he will not ask me to. You are wrong. You are all wrong. That is what I want to explain to you before you go. Should not I be the best judge? It is because I want you to stop worrying Harold about me that I am going to tell you something, something wonderful! You know that I thought I could not live when my baby died. I love Harold, but I must be one of those women who love children better than husbands. And my baby was so beautiful—" She broke off and sat gazing before her in the old way with her clasped hands in her lap.

"Go on," I urged her gently.

"For all my despair, I never could believe that he was really gone. It did not seem possible. I was always expecting to find him somewhere, perhaps in one of my dream-journeys. But I never did. Then, just as I was almost wild with the pain of disappointment, relief came. I heard my baby's voice."

"What!"

"I heard him call me. It was quite plain. He called, 'Mother.'"

There was silence after this. Alix had said all that she had come to say, and the pathetic horror of the thing had left me speechless. No doubt, now, that the Professor's worst fears were justified! The poor mother had taken another step along the forbidden road—the road whose end I knew too well. She had become clairaudient as well as clairvoyant. If she lost her self-control now, if she left herself at the mercy of these calling voices, it was only another step to insanity. Already it was possibly too late to appeal to common sense. However, I could but try.

"My dear," I said at last, and very gravely, "have you ever stopped to think that a three-months-old baby could not say 'Mother?'"

She started. Fear leaped into her wide eyes. But I went on:

"I do not wonder at all that you feel that your little boy is not lost to you. He is probably nearer than you dream. For a time at least, I have always liked to fancy, the dead are not remote from the living who love them. As time goes no, the distance (if we can speak of distance as belonging to that other world) may widen. Who would wish to hold a freed soul close to earth? Progression is probably the great law there as here. And if that be so, might it not naturally happen that in a spirit-

ual world the least spiritual would linger longest near the earth and perhaps be the most eager to seize a chance to get into touch with the old earth-life? I believe that there are many such unhappy beings, earth-bound by the baseness of their nature, who are ever on the alert to seize such abnormal opportunities as you—forgive me, my dear—are offering them! Most physicians would tell you that the voice you hear is no voice, but rather a delusion born of jangled nerves. I used to think that way, but of late years I have come to recognize other possibilities. Not for one moment do I think that the voice you heard was the voice of your child. He was a baby here, he is a baby there. One does not grow up suddenly because one dies. But I do believe that you may hear a voice calling you. A lying voice, a haunting voice, a voice which even now is draining your life away. I have seen such cases before. Do you not hear the voice at any time and under any circumstances? Is it not becoming more and more persistent? Does it not rouse you from sleep, prevent you from fixing your thoughts upon any occupation, interrupt the most important conversation?"

"Yes." Alix was very white. "It does all that. But do you think I grudge sleep or ease, or—anything—if I can hear my baby's voice?"

"Ah—if it *is* your baby's voice!"

"Could I be mistaken? When every nerve has ached for it so long?"

"For that very reason, if for no other! It is so easy to believe what we wish to believe. I know of an old couple who lost their only son, a sailor, whom they adored. They began to get messages from him on the planchette. They were very religious people and they looked upon the messages as a special favour of God. Then they began to hear the son's voice. They were in ecstasy—a miracle had been vouchsafed for their comforting! But before long the messages delivered by the beloved voice changed. From being sweet, hopeful, pious, they became vulgar, shocking, blasphemous! The poor old creatures were forced to listen to words and thoughts so vile that their clean souls sickened. Yet it was the same voice! Imagine their state if you can! They had no peace left in life, no hope in death. There was no room in the universe for anything save that wicked voice. They are both dead now—they died in an asylum for the insane."

"What a horrible story! But—they were really insane, weren't they?"

"No more insane than you are when you hear the voice that speaks to you!"

I had aroused her now! She sprang up with flashing eyes, and for the moment she was the girl Alix again.

"How dare you!"

"I would dare more than your anger for Harold's sake—and yours."

"And I have listened to you because you are Harold's friend. But you have surely exceeded the limit of forbearance. I shall not see you again while you remain in this house."

Her brief excitement scarcely sustained her to the end of her speech. The quickly-kindled fire burned out, and even as she turned from me the unnatural lassitude had settled down again.

I returned to town by the next train. I could do no more. The end of Harold's brief romance seemed inevitable—would have been inevitable, I believe, had Alix hated me as much as she thought she did. But, fortunately, trust had been sown before fear and liking before anger. Deep down in her consciousness Alix knew that I was her friend and that I loved Harold. Knowledge like that is hard to uproot. A little temper will not do it! So it happened that when the Great Fear came to her she turned to me for help.

One day in the middle of December I found her waiting for me in my

office. She looked white, breathless, hunted! Yet with it all she attempted to appear as usual. A chair beside her was littered with little parcels—the ostensible reasons for her presence in town.

My assistant, who was a discerning man, was talking cheerfully about the pleasant trouble of buying Christmas presents, but upon my entrance he departed with remarkable alacrity.

"My dear Alix!"

She looked at me—a look of long questioning. What she expected to see in my face I do not know, but I know what she saw there. And apparently it was enough, for with a little gasping sigh of relief she let all her hardheld self-restraint drop from her and leaning her head upon my desk found the relief of tears.

I let her have her cry out. Hysteria was a small thing beside what I might have to face later.

"And now tell me all about it, Alix."

She lifted her head.

"I will," she said. "But there is no need, is there? You knew it all long ago. It has all happened as you said. I didn't believe you. I could not. But it has all happened. Am I insane, do you think? I think I must be. I know I will be soon. But there is something left yet—the sense to realize the danger. I know you will save me if you can, doctor. But —can you?"

I did not dare to let the shadow of doubt creep into my face. Instead, I answered promptly:

"Your being here is proof enough of that. How far has the trouble gone?"

She shuddered. It was only by a great effort that she controlled herself at all—yet it was something that she could make the effort.

"The worst came last night. Last night the voices (there are many of them now) woke me and told me to murder Harold! Murder my husband—" she began to laugh—

"Stop that!" I comamnded. She forced herself to obey, and after a moment's pause went on with her story. There is no need to detail it here. It was similar to so many others. At first the voices had comforted, soothed, promised; then other voices had come, all good voices, soothing, comforting, promising. But she had little rest. Her sleep was broken. She could concentrate on nothing. She shrank from all company—even Harold, since he so often interrupted the voices. Then, gradually, came a change. The voices jeered a little, suggested morbid thoughts, laughed at sacred things! She had been frightened and had tried to shut them out, without avail. As her fear became greater, the power of the voices waxed. They haunted, tormented, shamed her! God knows what that pure-souled, sensitive woman suffered—utterly helpless in their evil power!

She was slowly dying from the torture of it all—when the last, crowning fear was added, the suggestion of murder!

"If you cannot help me (and I want you to be quite honest with me) I shall kill myself," she said when she had finished. "Otherwise some day I shall go quite mad. The voices will command and I shall obey."

Never in my life have I felt so helpless! I knew only too well that her only chance lay within herself—a chance indeed, but how fearfully small!

"I can teach you," I said slowly, "how to save yourself. It will be a long fight and a hard one. But I believe you can win out."

"Tell me," she said briefly. "You will find me a good fighter."

Even then I doubted. I was afraid. But she was plucky and—there was certainly a chance.

We did not waste a day. Harold, only partially realizing, took her away, and I went with them. We travelled incessantly. We were busily occupied all day and as tired out at night as we could possibly contrive.

Alix knew that she was working for her very life. She studied German, she studied Spanish. She bought a camera and taught herself photography. She devoted herself, body and soul, to any fad or fancy whose mastering demanded the keen attention of the moment. She read. She forced herself to read, and to understand what she read. I have seen her whole face blanched and wet with the effort to read attentively a single page. It was years, she told me, since she had cared to read a book, however fascinating, and of late she had been utterly unable to do it. The habit of concentration seemed utterly broken.

But the power was not quite lost—and that was the key-note of the cure, concentration, and again concentration. Alix must win back her own stolen thoughts, must become once more mistress of her own mind. The voices might call, but they must not be listened to. No blank moment must be left for the insidious trance to seize upon. If she was awakened from sleep, there was always something ready, some occupation, some work upon which she must concentrate. She was in the position of one who with all her strength tries to shut-to an open door! Against what powers she struggled who shall say? But slowly, slowly, the door began to yield! Sometimes it sprang wide open again. But Alix never despaired. She was clear grit. And she grew stronger with each effort. The forces of her being rallied and pushed with her against that open door. "For Harold's sake, for my dead child's sake!" she would whisper—and the door began to close!

Prayer, I think, was a powerful factor in the closing of that unlawfully opened door. Alix had a wonderful faith. When the outside pressure became too great, fresh strength came from somewhere, and little by little a vantage was gained and kept.

But it was slow. Oh, it was slow! I stayed with her until to stay longer was impossible. But I left her with hope in my heart. I felt sure, now, that she would win out. I scorned myself for ever having doubted, but who could have guessed the reserve power in that one frail woman.

She never wrote to me any news of the battle. To speak of it, to think of it, might be to give the Outside a vantage—and she dared not risk a millionth of an inch. Then one day, months after my return, she wired me one word, "Come."

I went to her as fast as train could carry me. It meant, I knew, that the final fight was on. How the trains crawled, how every moment dragged. I could not eat, sleep fled from me—and after all, I came too late. Alix had fought her Waterloo and had won! I found her, worn out in body but supremely happy. The voices were silenced, the door was shut!

Harold, more like the old Harold than he had been for long, took me by the hand with a grip that hurt. Although he had never realized just how the powers of darkness had fought for his wife's pure soul, he knew that she had been delivered from some great danger, and he knew that I knew it. Yet with the intense reserve of the true-born Briton, we put it all in our handclasp and left it out of our talk.

We stood looking down at Alix as she lay on her couch in the sunshine.

"She says she is all better," said Harold, a little doubtful, "and yet, she is too weak to walk alone. I want the opinion of her Majesty's physician."

Alix smiled up at us both.

"It is all right," she said, "the doctor understands,

> For things like this, you know, must be
> After a famous victory!

and, doctor, I want to go home!"

Never was glorious victory celebrated in plainer phrase.

From the Painting by W. E. Atkinson

MISTY DAY IN NORMANDY

Contributed to the Canadian Patriotic Fund

THE REVELATION

BY FRANCIS HAFFKINA SNOW

MISS MIRIAM LAURIE was a British "subject" by nationality; Scotch by descent; a teacher by profession, duly qualified by certificate of the Department of Education of the Province of Ontario. She taught in the St. Hilda's Collegiate Institute of Toronto; her field was algebra and plane geometry. In the Methodist college affiliated with the University she had followed, industriously and conscientiously, the so-called "Honour" course; she had won several medals in the four years leading to her graduation.

In college she had been noted for her keen, quick mind, her gift of repartee, her ability to grasp abstract facts and make them comprehensible to others. She had always won for her own college the intercollegiate women's debates.

She had chosen the Methodist college because she was the daughter of a Methodist minister, early deceased; also, because from time immemorial, the Lauries, sons and daughters, had always gained their education in theology or arts, or both, within the hallowed precincts of Victoria.

Miss Miriam Laurie had prepared herself to be a teacher from principle. One of the debates which she had won for Victoria in her fourth year turned up the following vital question: Affirmative, *"Resolved; that every woman should be compelled to earn a living wage."*

Miss Laurie had entered upon this debate with every fibre tingling. Of the truth of the proposition involved, she had not the slightest doubt. She was, indeed, in her views of woman's rights, fully twenty years in advance of her time.

At that debate she had done herself more than justice. The Vice-President of the University, a learned and sententious clerical gentleman, had declared with something almost like enthusiasm to his fellow judges, that she had spoken like Hypatia. One of the judges, a still young dull and very melancholy instructor in English, named Smyth, who had had only the vaguest and haziest ideas as to who Hypatia was, and whose sympathies were on the other side, had concurred gloomily in this view; the third, or "buffer" judge, was an imbecile and nonentity who found it expedient to follow the prevailing opinion. Neither Smyth nor the nonentity, however, were in their hearts convinced that Miss Laurie's impassioned rhetoric was sound.

At that time Miss Laurie was a tall, slim young girl whose skirts did not yet reach below her ankles. She was in gait and figure, lithe and graceful. Her face might still be called pretty; her complexion, however, was already faded, and her eyes looked tired. She read and studied night and day.

Her classmates, one by one, got married and settled down, had babies, launched boldly out upon the stream of life, bore its burdens, cares, and responsibilities. Miss Laurie, who had begun to teach immediately upon graduation, despised them in her

heart. *She* had studied sociology, history, anthropology; *she* knew the economic situation woman occupied, if they did not. What was woman but man's chattel slave, his parasite, his inferior female animal? And man—what was he but a hulking male brute, whose law was Might not Right, a bestial gross creature, at bottom, beneath education's purely superficial veneer, fond of meat and drink and other material pleasures; devoid of all fine susceptibilities, all power of divination, all intuition operating through organs more subtle than the brain?

Perhaps it was because she held these views that Miss Laurie never married. The men with whom she came in contact as a student could never get in touch with her sufficiently to show her their good side. Her tired eye could be keen and bright; her wit was mordant, and her readiness proverbial. She could embarrass, anger, and offend the majority of males in the space of three minutes, or less. She was like the seventeenth century seigneur on whom old La Bruyère turned the scalpel knife of his relentless criticism: *"Mil n' etail pas encore assist qu' il ent t'esobligé toute la compagnie."*

So Miss Laurie taught on from year to year, in one school and another. She had taught first in Alberta, among the Norwegians and Ruthenians; then in Winnipeg. Finally she had utilized her Ontario certificate and come East in answer to a "call."

Year in, year out, Miss Laurie taught algebra and plane geometry in St. Hilda's Collegiate. The girls in her various classes admired her knowledge and efficiency as much as they feared her sharp and mordant tongue. No one loved her. Other teachers received gifts of fruit and flowers, invitations, little flattering attentions, Miss Laurie never. She noticed the omissions and cared nothing for the feeling, or lack of it, they indicated. She was strong-minded; her life was guided by reason, not by sentiment. She was teaching to impart knowledge; this object attained, her relation to her pupils ceased.

Miss Laurie never attended the school dances or receptions. Wholly independent, she cared nothing for any unfavourable comment her persistent absence might cause among the School Powers that Be. She did not go, first, because as the daughter of a Methodist minister, she was traditionally opposed to dancing; secondly, by acquired education, combined with her own power of abstract thought, she could not approve the principles underlying the rythmical movement of two persons of the opposite sex gyrating solemnly in public, their bodies interclasped, and the case of two maidens dancing together, if less reprehensible, seemed to her even less excusable from the point of view of common sense.

Common sense! Ah, *that* was Miss Laurie's *fort*, her revelled bastion, her barbican, her moat and *pont levis*, defending her citadel of View-of-Life. This quality she showed in every detail of her daily existance, in her choice of lodgings, in her diet, in her habiliments, in her methods of teaching, in her habits of thought, in her relations with all those with whom she came in contact. In matters of art and emotion her keen, clear, analytic, unimaginative judgment would have done credit to Max Nordau, whose unconscious disciple and adherent she was. Painting and sculpture? A foolish, pagan, futile waste of time and effort. How could any sane and normal human being deliberately choose such a pursuit for a vocation? Studies in the nude? Oh, unspeakable horror! Poetry? All it expressed could be much better expressed in prose. If at all admissible it should be didactic and edifying in tendency, like the ancient gnomic poetry; like Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia"; or some of Wordsworth's of Matthew Arnold's philosophical poems. The

blessed damozel? Ridiculous, utterly ridiculous! The product of a brain diseased. First of all, it was absurd and contrary to reason to assume that heaven *had* a golden bar—or even any bar at all—secondly, why did the creature have seven stars in her hair? And how can one *hear* tears? Such poetry—and most all poetry was in the same case—was fit for the inhabitants of an insane asylum, not for mature and thoughtful minds, guided by reason's pure and steadfast glow.

Reason? Reason is doubly reason. Such as the years went on, could be formulated in general the trend of Miss Laurie's system of Weltanschanung (a term like all philosophical German terms, which by its very vagueness means so many things); just as in algebra the truth of the process $x+x=2x$ is axiomatic and beyond dispute.

So the four seasons of the year came and the four seasons went, and year succeeded year, regularly and monotonously. So, too, in the same ratio Miss Laurie's faded complexion grew still more faded, and her tired eyes still more tired, and her face more drawn, and the lines on her forehead and at the corners of her mouth more deeply graven and more pronounced.

So. too, did Miss Laurie grow more and more isolated like an intellectual oyster that had retired on principle within its shell. Her own family was decimated and scattered; her whilom friends and class mates also died, moved away, scattered; her friendships, never firmly solidified, disintegrated; once or twice she had gone to visit some deluded classmate who had entered blindly the state of chattel servitude which she (Miss Laurie) had on principle avoided. But she had always offended and displeased the male brute, who, as it were, held the lash in leash; and she had never been invited to come again.

On her fortieth birthday, as on other birthdays, Miss Laurie deposited in the downtown branch of the National Bank five hundred dollars. This, for twenty years, had been her way of celebrating the anniversary of her birth. It was, if not an emotional, a rational method of celebrating an event over which the average human being has no control. All through the year she saved; she drew yearly a salary of $900; of this, she used for all the expenses of her life, her severe, sensible clothing, her frugal, hygienic diet, her plain lodging, only a full four hundred; the rest in monthly payments, she carefully put aside in a japanned valuable box which had been hers since college days.

She experienced a calm and wholly rational satisfaction as she pushed through the great bank's revolving door that day. Her account, to date, totalled an even ten thousand dollars. Her old age was provided for; that much beside the austere joy of rational living, her life had brought her.

It was a dull, damp day, that anniversary of her fortieth year. It had snowed two days before; the next day warmer, had melted the snow to an oozing slush; this day, her birthday, was damp and warm; *le temps,* as the expressive French locution puts it, was *a la pluie.*

It was not, however, raining as yet. Miss Laurie, therefore, reflecting that she had not had her daily hour in the open air, decided to walk home.

Slowly and meditatively, using her tightly-rolled umbrella as a stick, Miss Laurie wended her homeward way, down busy King Street to busier Yonge Street, teeming with street cars, vehicles, shops, and human beings, then sharp to the right up Yonge toward College, on which academic thoroughfare was her abode.

She was more absent-minded, more plunged in abstract thought that day than usual. This habit of intense inner meditation had been growing on her of late. She was thinking to-day of a new explanation of the origin of life outlined by a great scientist in

The Philosophical Journal, which she read regularly every month at the city library. With knitted brows, hardly seeing the faces of the coming stream of human folk who jostled her as they pleased—her seared and yellow face stern and austere, her tired eyes gazing straight before her, she weighed and analyzed the argument which the scientist aforesaid had adduced to bolster up his strange and new hypothesis.

Suddenly, she herself did not know why, she stopped short on the slushy sidewalk, her mind still absorbed by the many complex aspects which the specific problem presented. People jostled her from side to side; mechanically she started to go on; why had she stopped, anyway?

Then she became aware of a rippling flood of melody that was pouring out from the open door of a piano store. Perhaps it was an automatic piano player; who knows? Miss Laurie did not know, so how should I? But what she did know, *nolens volens,* was that the melody that gushed forth like a golden river of harmonic sound, was very, very beautiful. And also, she knew why involuntarily, all unconsciously, despite the deep preoccupation of her rational faculties, she had so suddenly and so abruptly stopped in the very middle of the crowded, slushy sidewalk.

Her first feeling was one of vexation. Music she had always classed with the other emotional arts—a superfluous, artificial, actually harmful stimulus of the subliminal and irrational consciousness. It was her proudest boast that as a pure matter of principle, she had since her girlhood never attended a concert. The street organs and hurdy-gurdies were agony to her, and of the higher kind of music, from analytic reasons, she wanted none at all.

Why, then, had she stopped at this open door, who had not her reason triumphed, even though occupied with profound thought over its slave, and inferior, the subliminal soul, the nervous system of the spinal column? Mechanically a phrase of Guthrie, the celebrated Scotch divine, came to her mind: "The expulsive power of a new idea." Ah! *that* was it! This new theory of origins had expelled for the moment, her lifelong view of music as an emotional art—reason, for the time being, had been ousted from its throne.

And while thus, half mechanically, she settled the whys and wherefores along rational and scientific lines, the rippling of melody flowed on like a purling brook; a golden song of wordless joy, then flowed like a vast and gleaming river to the mighty sea; and in the sea there were strange depths and mysteries—sirens of vague and mystic beauty called, and beckoned snowy arms; hopes like drowned souls, floated pale and wan in the green waters; yearning rose up like Venus from the glittering foam and sank with silent, measureless sorrow underneath the waves.

And somehow—how, she could no longer explain, or seek to explain, the weeping, singing voice took Miss Laurie with it, and swept her miles and miles away, to another land, to another sphere, above the whirling earth, in paradise, in heaven. And there sang the golden harp of Israel and there chimed angelic choirs, borne on a shimmering iridescent path of harmony, now low as a fairy breath, now thunderous with a sweet and resonant tide which broke in white sheafs of rhythmic spray upon the eternal shores.

Miss Laurie drew closer and closer to the store until her forehead rested against the glass. Silently with her tired eyes half closed she stood there spellbound, wrapped in a strange and dreamy rapture—a thing that has no bond with reason—which she had had never known before.

What were they playing in there? It fascinated and enthralled her; she could not go away. It was a mere concatenation of rhythmic sound; and yet it had a voice. It spoke. It la-

mented. It told of its joys and sorrows, plaintively, simply, as a child weeps and laughs upon its mother's breast. And then it was no longer a child; it was a tortured soul; it was a sobbing creature of no age or sex, that wept out all its heart. And what a heart! All life was there. Love and hate, laughter and sobs and tears. And tenderness. Always recurrent tenderness. Love unspeakable. . . . Sorrow. . . . Regret.

Miss Laurie's eyes were full of tears. And when Beethoven, the great master of the human soul, ceased speaking, Miss Laurie still gazed in at the window. And she saw two coloured pictures, advertised for sale at a cheap price. One represented a young and beautiful woman, dressed, half reclining, half sitting on an embroidered canopy, her fair, rich, flower-like face turned upward. And bending over her from behind this canopy, leaned low a young and handsome man, in evening clothes, and his mouth was on her mouth, in a long and passionate kiss; and ecstasy was on the face of both. And underneath were few and simple words: *"It is blessed to give."*

And the other picture was the picture of a little naked child upon its mother's naked breast—and she all pale and wan in her white bed, gazed down at the little world of mingled flesh and soul which, in solemn mystery, had been born *her* flesh and *her* soul; and over them both bent a man, with the selfsame look.

Miss Laurie moved away at last. Her face was bent and her eyes, downcast, were wet with scalding tears. At the first corner she turned off down a quiet street and went home a different way.

And now the rain fell, in a fine, white drizzle, and she did not even put up her umbrella.

Miss Laurie was sobbing, and strange words came to her lips as she walked slowly home, her head bent low, in the cold drizzle, which turned into a fine and slanting rain.

"Oh, dear kind God! It's true. It's true. It's blessèd to give. To give love. To give life. And I've never given anything. I've lived in vain. And now it's too late. I'm an old woman. My youth has gone. It will never come again."

Over and over again the agonized words forced themselves out upon her quivering lips—as she passed on. The woman who had lived the life of reason—through the cold mist and rain.

"Oh, dear kind God! It's true! It's true! It is blessèd to give."

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

BRITAIN is entering upon the second phase of the Great War. The formation of a Coalition Government, combined with the national organization of labour for the manufacture of munitions of war, definitely points to a supreme effort in which the word failure has no place. It was only natural that this sudden political transformation should excite some adverse comments, and raise doubts in some minds as to the success of a Government composed of such hopelessly irreconcilable elements. But there is no room for minor differences of opinion or for party platforms when the foundations of the deep are breaking up and the existence of the Empire hangs on the issue of war. It is not a time for discussing the merits or demerits of political opponents. They, too, have a place in the life of their country and an interest in the maintenance of the Empire. On the whole, the Coalition Cabinet is admirably fitted for the special purposes for which it has been organized. It cannot, dare not fail. It is the nation in Council in the most supreme crisis of its existence.

Conjecture has been rife as to the necessity for a coalition at this particular stage. Early in the war France and Belgium united their political forces and sank all minor considerations in preparation for the life and death struggle forced upon them by Germany. In a peculiar sense the Government of the day represents the nation in all international relations, and there seemed no particular reason for suspending party government because Britain happened to be at war. There have been few coalitions in the history of the British Parliament. The most notable were those of Fox and North in 1782, of the Whigs and Peelites in 1852-1853, and of the Liberals and Conservatives who opposed Mr. Gladstone's home rule proposals, and who constituted the Unionist Party which first assumed office in Lord Salisbury's third Administration in 1895, and still retains its distinctive title. The reasons that induced Mr. Asquith to form a Coalition Ministry were not those of Lord Salisbury. There was no political deadlock such as the Home Rule agitation caused in 1895. A substantial majority stood behind Mr. Asquith in Parliament, and with commendable patriotism the Opposition gave him loyal support in all his military undertakings. Why was a Coalition sprung upon the country at this late hour? Various rumours were afloat as to differences in the Liberal Cabinet, but these do not seem to have had any foundation in fact. Nor need we look to the Churchill-Fisher estrangement as the main cause. A careful perusal of Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Manchester last month, following his temporary transfer from the Exchequer to the office of Minister for Munitions, suggests between the lines the real reason for the reorganization of the Government on a broad national basis:

"To what extent and in what direction the moral duty of each citizen to give his best to the State should be converted into a legal duty," he observed, "was a question not of principle, but of necessity, to be decided from time to time as an emergency arose during the period of the war." And proceeding directly to the subject in hand, Mr. Lloyd George continued:

"I say to those who wish to dismiss conscription for the time being as a means of levying armies for fighting abroad, that they ought not thereby to assume that compulsion is unnecessary in enabling us to mobilize the industrial strength of the country. We were the worst organized nation in the world for this war, which showed that we had nothing to do with precipitating it. It is a war of munitions, *and the Government has decided that compulsory powers are essential to utilize the resources of the country to the best advantage.*

"The employers are now subject to complete State control for industrial purposes, and if we are to make the best of our resources for the shortening of the war the principles must extend to the whole field of industrial organization, whether it be capital or labour. There must be one reservation—that State control of labour must be for the benefit of the State and not for the purpose of increasing the profits of any individual or private organization; it must increase the mobility of labour and have a greater subordination of labour to the direction and control of the State."

Few will quarrel with the British Government for arriving at this decision. Some objection has been made to what is termed conscript labour, but a Government that has taken over the transport systems of the country and commandeered factories for use as national arsenals cannot be accused of humiliating labour by imposing conditions from which employers are exempt. It is clear, however, that the Liberal Government had arrived at a parting of the ways and that the responsibility for a more sweeping organization of the national forces could not be shouldered by one party alone. The Coalition Government, if it means anything, indicates that Mr. Asquith had definitely made up his mind that circumstances might arise when compulsory service for the army as well as for labour would be necessary. With that contingency before him, the Prime Minister regretfully declined to ask his party to accept the full responsibility for such a course, and considered it imprudent to delay coalition until the actual necessity arose. For the present we have the assurance of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George that compulsory military service is not required and that what is wanted immediately is munitions, not men. *Punch* hits off the situation in a clever cartoon in which the Prime Minister is assured: "You can get all the willing service you need, sir, if you'll only organize it. Tell each man of us what is wanted of him, and he'll do it."

Meantime the slow progress of the war is disappointing to those who had buoyed themselves up with the belief that Germany would collapse after six months of fighting. There are no indications of an immediate German collapse. While final victory for the Allies is bound to come, the policy of attrition to which the Allies seem committed necessitates sacrifices on a large scale. The enemy must be driven back to his own soil before the end comes and this will entail a tremendous expenditure in blood and treasure. A writer in *The Round Table* estimates that another two million German casualties will be the price paid by the enemy for occupying Belgian and French territory, and that in order to drive the Teuton armies across the frontier again, the Allies must sacrifice an equal number of troops. The burden of filling the

gaps will fall mainly upon Britain and the self-governing Dominions. In these circumstances, Mr. Asquith was justified in putting an end to the criticisms that had arisen over the conduct of the war by the Admiralty and War Office. Lord Fisher's resignation, owing to differences with Mr. Churchill, and the failure of the War Office to meet Sir John French's insistent demands for high explosive shells, called for some changes, and a Coalition offered the readiest and most practical solution of these and other difficulties that confronted those responsible for carrying on the war.

An insidious newspaper campaign against Churchill, Kitchener and Haldane was not the least of the embarrassing incidents that determined Mr. Asquith to place the Government on an unassailable basis. The decision came suddenly and few of the Liberal Party knew of the impending change until Mr. Asquith announced in the House that he had arranged all the details with the Opposition. The strongest Liberal Government since 1868 had ceased to exist. The *Observer* relates how the breach between Lord Fisher and Mr. Churchill came over the Dardanelles question:

"Two views were possible. Lord Fisher disbelieved in the employment of ships alone against forts. Correspondents have since been allowed to explain that the sailors on the spot thought the job might be done and was well worth tackling. Again, it must be remembered that the issue never was a purely naval question and could not be decided on grounds of naval technique. Our judgment is that Lord Fisher was by no means overborne by Mr. Churchill's personal opinion only. Still, if Lord Fisher had then put his foot down he could undoubtedly have stopped the whole thing. It was his duty either to have resigned then or to accept the full and collective responsibility of the whole Board and to sustain that responsibility to the end. The real trouble between the two was temperamental, the perpetual stress between two dominating minds, neither of whom, however they might seem to acquiesce, could easily yield his interior opinion."

The only peculiar feature about the personnel of the Coalition Government is the absence of any Irish Nationalist representative. Those who know Ireland and understand the political situation there will appreciate the reasons that led Mr. John Redmond to decline Mr. Asquith's offer of a seat in the Cabinet. The home rule question is not yet finally settled and until an Irish Parliament is definitely established the Irish leader is bound to maintain an independent attitude while continuing to furnish the Government a loyal support from the Opposition benches. The day will come when the Irish representatives in the British House of Commons will be free to sit on the Government benches, but that day is not yet. Another surprise was the inclusion of Sir Edward Carson. But it must be remembered that between Mr. Asquith and the Ulster Unionist leader the closest personal friendship exists, which political differences have failed to weaken. Both have had successful careers at the Bar and both have had to hew their way to success without the adventitious aids of aristocratic birth. Mr. Gladstone discovered two men for whom he predicted success in Parliamentary life, Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey. How far his predictions were fulfilled is seen to-day in the strong confidence which both these statesmen have inspired throughout the present crisis. In Sir Edward Carson's case the road was more difficult. As a rising barrister at the Irish Bar there was little chance for promotion with so many seniors filling office or aspiring to office. But it happened to be the day of young men when Mr. Balfour at an early age undertook the most dangerous and difficult post in the Salisbury Government of the day, that of Chief Secretary, or virtual ruler

of Ireland. Those were exciting days, when the land movement was challenging at every point the coercive laws which the Government fatuously hoped would kill land reform. The courts throughout Ireland were like fortified defences when land cases came up for trial, police and soldiers in large numbers standing to arms to assert laws which long since have been wiped off the statute book as unjust and indefensible. Mr. Balfour as the chief executive authority was responsible for running the Land League to earth in every county, but the movement could not be crushed. Looking round for fearless men as Crown prosecutors—men who could face the redoubtable "Tim" Healy without fear, or walk unscared through a hostile mob—the name of Mr. Edward Carson was brought under his notice.

From that moment Carson had his feet on the political ladder, and his own natural ability did the rest. In the Asquith Cabinet he may appeal to his followers as a bigger man than he did as a hypothetical rebel or as the friend of the Kaiser. It is strange how the Ulster Unionist movement always had a sort of fascination for the Emperor William. In his Imperial yacht, the *Hohenzollern,* there hangs a picture of an Ulster Orange procession, a present from Sir Edward Carson's predecessor in the leadership of the Ulster Unionists, the late Colonel Saunderson, M.P., who was a constant visitor to Berlin and Potsdam as the guest of the German Emperor. With what chagrin Kaiser Wilhelm must now contemplate the spectacle of twenty thousand Ulster Volunteers at the front, trained in the use of arms by practising with old German rifles that have now given place to more efficient weapons. He may reflect that he is not the only one who has failed to understand the Irish question.

Another addition to the Asquith Government who was early marked out for a successful public career is Lord Curzon. Next to the Prime Minister and Mr. Balfour, he is, perhaps, the finest intellect on the Government bench. He is still young as politicians go, for he was born in 1859. As President of the Oxford Union he first came into the public eye and has remained there since. Lord Salisbury, who showed fine judgment in the selection of men, gave Lord Curzon his first appointment when still a commoner, afterwards sending him to India and raising him to the peerage. As Viceroy he had to give way to the strong man Kitchener, with whom he had serious differences, and resigned office. He has a pompous, exclusive manner that repels, and he is never likely, on this account, to be the leader of a great party.

The war is producing one striking result noted recently by the Principal of the University of Toronto. We are living in a new world of nations that are being born again. We talk now of new Russia, new France, and so on. Canada has risen to the full stature of nationhood. She has extended her boundaries into Europe. The outlook of her people is no longer Canadian or American merely. They have caught the vision splendid of the new world that has opened up, in which nations no more than individuals may live unto themselves. The war has given birth to a new world in which the keenest intellects are engaged in solving the problem of how to make the nation efficient for war purposes. Must all this stop when the sword is sheathed? Are there no Louvains and Termondes in peace times where the Prussian spirit broods over the homes and workshops? Are we nearing the day when those responsible for the government of a country will be as mindful of the efficiency of the average citizen in days of peace as they are when war calls for the best of the breed?

The Library Table

A LITERARY COINCIDENCE

BOOKS appear sometimes at strangely appropriate moments. It was surely one of the oddest chances that Mr. John Masefield's play "Philip the King" should have come out last autumn a short time after England had been plunged into the great war. If the book did not bear the evidences of long and careful workmanship one would never doubt that its inspiration came from the present crisis, so appropriate are its situations and speeches. Every page has lines which exactly fit events which but yesterday were flaring in newspaper headlines.

The play deals with the defeat of the Armada, and its single act takes place in a little dark cell in Philip of Spain's palace. He and his daughter are awaiting news of the Spanish ships—"the greatest fleet that men ever sent seaward." In these days of suspense and waiting and false reports we have learned to echo the words of the Princess to Philip:

> And yet what tales, what rumours we have heard,
> How my heart sickens for the want of news.

Canadians know by now what pain underlies such simple words. Philip tries to soothe his daughter's fears; he is buoyed up by the fanatic conviction that in subduing the English he is striking a blow for God. He believes that

> What we have done with our might
> Cannot be hateful to God.

Utterances lately ascribed to the Kaiser are not unlike this. A little later Philip describes to the Princess the "seventeen years of subtleties and crimes" which had been painfully spent in planning and perfecting the fleet.

> But it is done. I have resolved those years,
> Those men, those crimes, those great attempts, those tears,
> Sorrows and terrors of a twisted earth,
> Into this fleet, this death, this dragon's birth.

The ambition of mighty armaments in the Spain of 1588 is not very different from that in the Germany of 1915.

Towards the close of the play Philip learns that his navy is beneath the waves, and the messenger tells of the running fight which scattered the great Armada. Almost every speech forces us to remember the grim naval struggle of the last few months. Do not these words recall the unhappy *Blucher* and her wretched crew?

> Now the North Sea is haunted for all time
> By miserable souls whose dying words
> Cursed the too proud adventure as a crime.

And is it not becoming daily more clear that King Philip's confession will have to be repeated by William II. of Germany?

> Perhaps I underjudged the English fleet.

The messenger sums up his tale of disaster in words of searching pathos:

> And now the fleet is sunken in the sea,
> And all the seamen, all the might of Spain,
> Are dead, O King, and out of misery,
> Never to drag at frozen ropes again—

Never to know defeat, nor feel the pain
Of watching dear companions sink and die,
Death's everlasting armistice to the brain
Gives their poor grief's quietus; let them lie.

These lines come home to us in a more piercing way than they could have done a year ago. The same is true of many other passages in the play. When the messenger cries:

Each village throughout Spain has lost a man;
The widows in the seaports fill the streets.

we remember the unsparing toll of war which has made eight hundred widows in Chatham alone.

It is remarkable that the defeat of the Armada should have had to wait so long for a worthy poet; but it is even more remarkable that he should come forward now when England is once more at grips with a mighty enemy.

R. K. Gordon.

*

A LOVER'S TALE

By Maurice Hewlett. London: Ward, Lock and Company.

THERE is about much of Maurice Hewlett's work a rich, pungent, mediæval quality and always a fine stream of romance. This is noticeable particularly in "The Forest Lovers" and "Richard Yea and Nay," while in "The Spanish Jade" there certainly is all that one could desire in the way of romance. In his latest work he returns to the field in which he has specialized, to the type of story of which "Richard Yea and Nay" is a brilliant example. We read "A Lover's Tale" with a good deal of the same pleasure we found in reading its prototype, but on us at least the impression of chivalry, knighthood and ardent love is not so pronounced. There is in the hero, however, a curious admixture of tenderness and cruelty, faithfulness and failure, and in the heroine an equally odd blending of coarseness and gentleness, steadfastness and looseness. These two at the outset are lovers in a primitive, romantic, almost unreasoning fashion. But the youth, whose lands lie almost adjoining the maid's father's, in time pays open court to his sweetheart, and although his own wish is to take the girl in his arms and carry her away as his own without the permission of any man, he is persuaded to ask her father for her hand in formal marriage. At first the father demurs, but at length, by the promise of an exchange of many cattle, consent is given. A day is set, but before it arrives word comes that the girl's brother is about to return from the seas. The wedding is postponed in order that the brother may be present for the ceremonies, but the lover cannot see why a brother's return should be of more concern than his happiness. He therefore retires in what we call the "sulks," but on the day first set for the wedding he appears in all the glory of his festive apparel. The maid had not expected him, and she bids him come at the reappointed time. He rides away, and when the second time arrives there is a disappointed bride at the altar. The lover fails to appear, and nobody has seen him for days. Then a new suitor comes, a great fighter, and the girl in time yields to her father's wishes. Hearing of this, the first lover starts in pursuit of his rival and bride, and it is the outcome of the clash between this great fighter and the mad lover that the greatest interest of the story centres.

*

THE PRETENDER

By Robert W. Service. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

SOME readers believe that this novel is in part at least autobiographical. And there is ground for that belief, because it is a story, written in the first person, of a writer who has made a fortune as a "first-seller" and who goes to Paris, there

to find that although he is a popular author he takes no rank in the world of letters abroad. He therefore sets to work to produce something that will take its place as literature. We know that Mr. Service has been a popular author, that he has made a fortune, that he has been living at Paris. But we do not know that he has ever come to the conclusion that his work is, after all, unliterary. If he has not, then he ought to. The present book, although better than "The Trail of '98," is rather too egotistical to be impressive.

*

SONGS OF ANGUS

By Violet Jacob. London: John Murray.

IT is quite true, as Mr. John Buchan says in his introduction to this volume, that "there are few poets to-day who write in the Scots vernacular, and the modesty of the supply is perhaps determined by the slenderness of the demand, for pure Scots is a tongue which in the changes of the age is not widely understood, even in Scotland. The various accents remain, but the old words tend to be forgotten. We may be in sight of the time when that noble speech shall be degraded to a northern dialect of English." Mrs. Jacob, apart from the intrinsic merit of her verse as such, gives in this volume a fine presentation of unvulgarized Scots. It is a book that should be read by all who love rich accents and have an interest in expressive words that are falling into disuse. We quote as well for its humour as far a sample of Mrs. Jacob's fancy:

THE BEADLE O' DRUMLEE

Them that's as highly placed as me
Wha am the beadle o' Drumlee,
Should na be prood, nor yet owre free.

Me an' the meenister, ye ken,
Are no the same as a' thae men
We hae for neebours o' the glen.

The Lord gie'd him some lairnin' sma',
And me guid sense abune them a',
And them nae wuts to ken wha's wha.

Ye'd think, to hear the lees they tell,
The Sawbeth day could mind itsel'
Withoot a hand to rug the bell,

Ye'd think the Reverend Paitrick Broun
Could ca' the Bible up an' doon
An' loup his lane in till his goon.

Whiles, gin he didna get frae me
The wiselike word I weel can gie,
Whaur was the puir bit callant be?

The elders, Ross an' Weellum Aird,
An' fowk like Alexander Caird,
That think they're cocks o' ilka yaird,

Fegs aye! they'd na be sweir to rule
A lad sae newly frae the schule
Gin my auld bonnet crooned a fule!

But oh! Jehovah's unco' kind!
Whaur wad this doited pairish find
A man wi' sic a powerfu' mind?

Sae, let the pairish sleep at nicht,
Blind wi' the elders' shinin' licht,
Nor ken who's hand keeps a' things richt.

It's what they canna understan'
That brains hae ruled since time began,
An' that the beadle is the man!

*

THE KEEPER OF THE DOOR

By Ethel M. Dell. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS is the kind of novel that is immensely popular with readers who enjoy a novel, not for the number of shocks or improper chapters it contains, but for its depiction of lofty sentiment, endearing friendships, and true love, with a tingeing of melodrama in the form of a murder or two and some mild romance. Olga Ratcliffe, a country doctor's daughter, has a dear friend, Violet Campion, and a grim lover in her father's temporary assistant, Dr. Maxwell Wyndham. Violet Campion inherits her mother's insanity, and after an attack, dreading possible confinement in an asylum, induces Olga to give her poison. She dies. Olga has brain fever and forgets the incident. Later she learns that there was something mysterious in Olga's

death, and at last, owing to Wyndham's inability to explain, she believes that he administered poison to his patient. In the end she regains her memory, and apparently the lovers, married at last, live happily ever after. There are many exciting incidents and several sub-plots, but that is the main theme. The giving of the poison is treated rather naïvely as a social rather than a police court problem.

*

CONTRARY MARY

By Temple Bailey. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS story possesses elements of distinct popularity. Mary Ballard, who after all is not so contrary as some of her relatives suppose, acts on the idea that in our time women should be able to maintain themselves independently of men. And, what is more, she puts the idea to a test. The test helps to set aside the urgent solicitations of Porter Bigelow, a wealthy suitor, and involves the renting of a room to Roger Poole, a mon who, sick at heart, had lost faith in himself as well as in God. She is an interesting character and well portrayed, admirable in her devotion to her married sister, Constance; her watchful, breeding care of the weak brother, Barry; and her tender affection for her deaf aunt, Isabelle. She succeeds in putting new ambition into Roger—with the usual romantic result. Mary, having tried the life of a "working woman," is glad to become a good man's inspiration and a loving wife.

*

A FAR COUNTRY

By Winston Churchill. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

AGAIN the letter C figures initially and perhaps significantly in this the latest novel by a writer who is at least one of the most popular of American authors. All who are interested in such things will ponder over the fact that Mr. Churchill has used the letter C prominently in all his books. There are from his pen "Richard Carvel", "The Crisis", "Coniston", "The Inside of the Cup", and now "A Far Country." It may be merely a fancy or superstition of the author's, but quite apart from that speculation, it is a singular fact that in "A Far Country," and also in "The Turmoil," the latest novel by Booth Tarkington, the theme is based on the determination of a father to crush a son's literary ambitions. The Churchill novel is thrown upon a much larger canvas than Tarkington's and it involves as well problems in socialism and democracy. It is autobiographical in form, a form indeed that the author has used heretofore with telling effect, particularly in "Richard Carvel." The chief character is Hugh Paret, and the account of his career, as set down by himself, is in accord with what we imagine is the career of many successful American business men of the last quarter of a century. The background reveals elements warring over laws affecting trusts, over politics and finance, and convinces one that the happiness and contentment of the "Far Country," which Paret started out to attain, are to be found away from the life and atmosphere of those who seek wealth and the power that wealth brings with it. A strong love story gives warmth to an otherwise drab tale.

*

—"Thoughts on Business," a work that is regarded as a classic of its kind, has been republished in one volume. (Chicago: Forbes and Company).

*

—"The King's Highway," a patriotic song by Henry Newbolt, with music by Francis Newbolt, is being published at threepence. (London: The Poetry Bookshop).

Harmonious Neutrality

A correspondent sends us this story, evidently from an ironical Swiss paper. A few soldiers belonging to part of a Swiss regiment in garrison at Basel went to a certain café for refreshments. One of them sat down alone at a table. Later a civilian, a German, joined him and the two began to talk war politics.

"Would you shoot on the Germans if they invaded Switzerland?" asked the German.

"Oh, no, never!" exclaimed the soldier.

"Waiter, a pint of beer and a beefsteak with potatoes for this brave man," ordered the civilian.

"And your pals sitting at the next table—would they also not shoot the Germans if they tried to invade this country?"

And addressing again the soldier, he asked: "Is this generally the view held in the Swiss army in regard to a possible German invasion? Are all the Swiss soldiers so Germanophil?"

"I don't know," replied the soldier.

"But why would you not shoot the Germans?"

"Because we belong to the band."—*Manchester Guardian.*

An Unloved Official

Actual extract from a sailor's letter to his wife:

"Dear Jane,—I am sending you a postal order for 10s., which I hope you will get—but you may not—as this letter has to pass the Censor."—*Punch.*

*

Very Particular

A man once presented himself at the office of Ticknor and Fields with a bundle of manuscripts in his hand. He was met by Mr. Fields. "Good morning, sir," he said. "Is this Mr. Fields?" "Yes, I am Mr. Fields." "Mr. James T. Fields?" "Yes, that's my name." "I mean a member of the firm of Tichnor and Fields." "Yes, I am he." "Oh," with a look of disappointment, "then I'd like to see Mr. Tichnor."—*Exchange.*

*

Pour la Merite

Aunt Ethel: "Well, Beatrice, were you very brave at the dentist's?"

Beatrice: "Yes, auntie, I was."

Aunt Ethel: "Then, there's the half-crown I promised you. And now tell me what he did to you."

Beatrice: "He pulled out two of Willie's teeth!"—*Punch.*

"I Remember"

I remember, I remember
The cost, when I was born,
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax
And cabbages and corn.
A dozen eggs cost eighteen cents,
A pound of pork a dime;
And now I often meditate
Upon that happier time.

I remember, I remember
The rent we used to pay;
We had a house of fourteen rooms—
A dollar ten a day.
Our cook got three a week and board,
And coal was four a ton,
And apples were a cent apiece
In Eighteen Eighty-one.

I remember, I remember
My mother used to wear
The loveliest of cotton hose
At twenty cents a pair.
In silken hose my Julia goes—
A pair costs three-fifteen;
My father used a penny pen;
I type a fine machine.

I remember, I remember
What famous poems cost;
How Milton got ten dollars for
His great "Paradise Lost";
Twelve dollars bought Gray's "Elegy";
Oh, I'm so glad to be alive
In a day when I can sell a thing
Like this for twenty-five.
—F. P. Adams in *Collier's Weekly.*

*

A Dear Dog

Fred Kelly was negotiating with a street dealer for an Airedale pup,

"How much?" asked Kelly.

"Three dollars."

"Well, I'll be along this afternoon again and I may buy him."

"Better take him now. H'll probably be five dollars by then."

"Why this raise?"

"Oh," said the dealer, "probably I'll become attached to him by that time."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Light and Dark

The Optimist: "That boy will be President some day."

The Pessimist: "That boy will be Vice-President some day."—*Puck.*

*

Nursie Knew

Former President Taft tells this one on himself:

"There is a lad of my acquaintance in New Haven," said Mr. Taft, "who used to bite his nails. 'See here,' said his nurse to him one day, 'if you keep biting your nails like that, do you know what will happen to you?' "

" 'No,' said the youngster. 'What?' "

" 'You'll swell up like a balloon and burst.' "

"The boy believed his nurse. He stopped biting his nails at once. About a month after the discontinuance of his habit he encountered me at luncheon. He surveyed me with stern disapproval. Then he walked over and said to me accusingly:

" 'You bite your nails!' "—*Everybody's.*

*

Got His

A writer of plays was reading a new work before a company of the French Society of Comedy, and presently was disturbed by the sight of one of the members, M. Got, fast asleep. The author stopped and reproved the sleeper. He was reading his play to the committee in order to obtain their opinion. How could a man who was asleep give an opinion?

M. Got rubbed his eyes and remarked, "Sleep is an opinion." There was no appeal from this verdict.—*Christian Register.*

*

Concerned

Old Lady (to nephew on leave from the front): "Good-bye, my dear boy, and try and find time to send a postcard to let me know you are safely back in the trenches!"—*Punch.*

Safe to Try

A friend of Nat Goodwin's was staying with the actor at his home in California, in the hope of obtaining relief from chronic dyspepsia. One day he was taking a walk along the beach with his host.

"I have derived relief from drinking a glass of salt-water from the tide," said the invalid solemnly. "Do you think I might take a second?"

Goodwin reflected deeply. "Well," he replied, with equal seriousness, "I don't think a second would be missed."—*Osteopathic Magazine.*

Kept in Hot Water

The only unoccupied room in the hotel—one with a private bath in connection with it—was given to the stranger from Kansas. The next morning the clerk was approached by the guest when the latter was ready to check out.

"Well, did you have a good night's rest?" the clerk asked.

"No, I didn't," replied the Kansan. "The room was all right, and the bed was pretty good, but I could not sleep very much, for I was afraid some one would want to take a bath, and the only door to it was through my room."

Historical

Miss Smith, the teacher, was hearing the history class. The pupils seemed unusually dull.

"Now," she said, "Mary followed Edward VI., didn't she?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied a little girl.

"And now, who followed Mary?" asked the teacher hopefully. All was silent for a moment, then Elsie raised her hand.

"Yes, Elsie?" queried the teacher. "Who followed Mary?"

"Her little lamb, teacher," said Elsie triumphantly. — *Harper's Monthly.*

Voice of Captain (through tube): "There's a submarine about, Mac. Can you whack her up any more?"

Chief Engineer: "Ay, Ah'll get anither two knots if I ha'e to burn whusky!"—*Punch.*

Cruel Spite

Village Haberdasher: "Yew take it from me, sir, folk in our village be very spiteful agin the Germans. Why, Oi reckon Oi've sold fifty 'andkerchers wi' Kitchener's face on 'em!"—*Punch.*

Billy Snuday's Revised Version

Here is the Old Testament of David and Goliath as translated by Billy Sunday into modern slang for the benefit of the New Jersey legislators:

David was the youngest son. He had to wear his brothers' hand-me-downs. His father told him one day to go and say to his brothers, who were fighting in the trenches with Saul's army: "Your mother's getting nervous about you. You haven't 'phoned her in a long time."

When David got to the battlefield he saw Goliath. "Who's that big lobster?" he asked. His brothers said: "Why, he's the main cheese of the Philistines." David said: "Are you guys going to let that stiff pull a bluff like that? Are you going to let him get away with it? I'm going to it!"

King Saul fixed David up with some armour, but it was four sizes too big, and David threw it away. He got his sling and some smooth stones out of the creek.

When Goliath saw David he gave him the ha-ha. "Look who's here!" he said. He kidded David.

"Is that so?" yelled David. And he whirled his sling and soaked Goliath on the coco between the lamps. The giant went to the mat and took the count. David took Goliath's sword and chopped off the giant's head.

And the gang beat it.

A YOUNG GIRL'S HEAD

From the Painting by
Joseph St. Charles

Contributed to the
Canadian Patriotic Fund

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLV TORONTO, AUGUST, 1915 No. 4

THE GROWTH OF CANADIAN NATIONAL FEELING

BY CLARENCE M. WARNER

PRESIDENT OF THE ONTARIO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PRIOR to Confederation there was, in the hearts of the settlers throughout the various parts of what is now the Dominion of Canada, a certain local feeling of pride that they had been able to overcome the forests and establish themselves in the wilderness, that they or their fathers had successfully resisted a foreign enemy and that their country was gradually developing in commercial importance. This feeling was, however, distinctly local in its character, and Nova Scotia cared very little about the progress in Upper Canada, and Upper Canada took an interest in British Columbia only during the occasional fever of a gold rush. The Province of Quebec might well have been considered as a unit entirely foreign to the other settled districts. True there was in the individual Provinces, and especially among the French and United Empire Loyalists, a certain feeling of attachment for the home Province, but that was practically all. In fact, it may be stated that the various settlements had shown so much self-assertiveness that the years leading up to Confederation produced absolutely no national feeling. By the term "national feeling" I do not mean patriotism.

With Confederation an accomplished fact, the situation changed materially. It certainly created a new feeling, but one still far removed and of an entirely different cast from that which has existed among Canadians for the past fifteen years. The Provinces united in 1867 had existed as distinct units, and each citizen—the Nova Scotian, the native of New Brunswick, the Lower Canadian, and the Upper Canadian—quite naturally looked after the interests of his own Province, but the vast majority of these people, and particularly those in the English-speaking Provinces, could not forget the land of their

fathers, the land from which they had emigrated, and it took many years to transfer even a small part of their love to the land of their adoption. It was hard for them to realize that this was to be the native land of their children and their children's children, and that it was their duty to cultivate a love of their new home in order that the sentiment of nationality might be fostered in the next generation.

Distances were great and modes of communication very crude. Many great changes in economic conditions took place, each of which had its effect upon the scattered population of the Dominion. Going back to the days before Confederation, we find that the last Canadian tariff made in England was on September 8th, 1842, and, at the time of Confederation, that the British North America Act gave the colony the right to manage and regulate its own customs, trade and navigation. The charter of the Hudson's Bay Company had expired and the Crown temporarily held those great fertile plains waiting for such time as the Canadians should be ready to open them for settlement.

The Rebellion Losses Bill of 1849 created the last annexation impulse that Canada was to have, and since that time there never has been any definite sentiment in favour of such a movement. There was some agitation about it from 1887 to 1891, but the talking was done by comparatively few and their ideas were not popularly received.

Confederation followed quite as a natural development, but it took years before the bitter political rivals like Macdonald and Brown could join forces and work out the details of that great movement. After the Provinces were joined many weighty problems had to be solved, and it was fortunate that the young nation had able men to work out her destinies.

The withdrawal of the last regular British troops from Canada in 1870, except for the few which were left on request of the Canadian authorities for purposes of instruction, made thinking men more clearly understand that a real nation had started on its journey. This tended to establish self-confidence.

The Macdonald years may properly be called the developing years in Canadian history, and Macdonald's was no light task—to make a homogeneous people out of the mixture with which he had to deal. Geographical contact was not found to be binding when the disparities of race or creed were present, and it required skilful manipulation to bring the factions together and form a unit. He had a composite people to handle. A combination of Pennsylvania and New York Dutch, Highland Scotch, old Normans and Bretons and Teutons made up the eastern part of the country. The middle west contained many French and Scotch half-breeds, while on the Pacific slope there were English, Scotch, Irish, and Canadian, and not by any means a high-grade assortment of these. However, the task of fusing these great elements had to be performed, and aided by well-chosen economic and immigration policies, the vast country gradually came to feel that it was really united for more purposes than that of administration.

Probably the two most potent influences in bringing Canada to her present state of concord have been her policies of immigration and of encouraging railroad enterprise. The fact that the two great political parties in the country equally divide the honours of legislation in aid of these policies no doubt shows that their importance always has been recognized by the thinking men of the country. It was nearly twenty years after Confederation that the first great continental railway was completed and we were in a position to ask the foreigner to come to our western plains.

What did these people who occupied our country in the eighties really think of the question of Canadian national feeling, or did they think of

it at all? My conclusions, after reading many articles written at that time, are that there were a few rather rare cases where individuals had this feeling, but that the vast majority of the people did not take the trouble to think seriously on the subject. This is by no means a condemnation. In those days we thought of ourselves, and all the world thought of us, as a "colony." The Canadian travelling in Britain was thought of as a "mere colonial," and although this was not intended as derogatory it is just possible that some visitors, being over sensitive, felt that they were not treated with a proper degree of respect. The emigrants who came to our country and found homes were usually more anxious to be considered as English, Irish, or Scotch than as Canadians. What else could be expected when our tremendous immigration is considered—an immigration which in several years has amounted to a total of four per cent. of our population? Rarely did we find one who when asked as to his native country would reply with the real spirit of self-gratulation, "I am a Canadian."

In many parts of the New England States Canadians were always thought of as French, and frequently surprise was expressed when people in that country found that all Canadians did not speak the French language. Many of our best young men, particularly those of Ontario, left Canada to make new homes in the United States, and one has but to contrast their attitude after three or four years' residence in their adopted country with the attitude of new settlers in Canada to understand the difference in national feeling.

We also had a spirit of sectionalism to combat. A good example had not been set for the Lower Canadians. As long as we had English, Irish, and Scotch in Canada, the Lower Canadians considered themselves as the true *Canadians,* but when the English, Irish, and Scotch became Canadian the French recognized the broader national feeling and were one with us. Canada may truly be considered as the American Switzerland, with language but a surface mark on the rock. In contrast with the Upper Canadians the Lower Canadians have long had many of the marks of a real nation. There were but eight thousand of them in 1673, but their descendants have so increased in numbers that the vast majority of the two millions who occupy that Province to-day can trace their lineage to the original band. They are wonderfully homogeneous and love the land they dwell in. This ancestral love of home is marked, and they are free from the almost nomadic life of the Upper Canadian. No one living in Canada could fail to understand what a difference this spirit has made in attempts to blend the French with the Anglo-Saxon in Canada.

The books which were written about our country by outsiders did not tend to increase accurate information as to the real conditions here. When they were not descriptive of the frozen north they usually portrayed scenes in frontier life or historic features from Quebec which were far from emphasizing the true type of Canadian. Is it strange, then, that the average Englishman had little conception of what Canada really was, that he thought he could have breakfast in Halifax and dine in Toronto, or that we were really beginning the construction of a new nation with real feeling and actually had some national sentiment? Very little was written about Canada by Canadians. We produced a few writers whose works were well received by the English reading public, but we had told that public little about our country,

The truth of the matter is that we had absolutely no Canadian national feeling. We had not learned the lesson of manhood. Our citizens were not awakened to a realization of their possibilities. Perhaps they were thinking too much about building

their homes, their churches, their schools, and getting their country into shape by the construction of highways and railroads. In this new and vast country there were many problems with which to contend. True, we had the splendid example set by the United States in opening up and settling her West, and we did copy many of their modes, but our country did not have the great volume of free advertising in the European countries with surplus populations to dispose of which was enjoyed by our neighbours, and it was more difficult to get desirable people to come here.

Our population, though small and made up of many units of vastly different interests and affiliations, was one which combined three grand qualifications. Almost all the people in the country were tenacious, thrifty, and self-assertive, and the climate in which they lived tended to develop these virtues, with the result that the newcomers felt the influence and gradually became possessed of the same qualities. The old illustration of the Italian, Hungarian, English, and North German immigrants may well be cited to illustrate the point. These four absolutely distinct types, with their prejudices and racial characteristics, came to Canada to found new homes. To-day it is hard to tell their grandsons apart by their "speech, their habits, their customs, or their ideals."

Thus we find Canada approaching the twentieth century as a vast self-governing British colony, little known to the outside world, with over a million of her sons living in the United States, because they more readily found great opportunities for advancement in that country, with a home population of about five millions, but with a knowledge gradually making itself felt in that population that great things were in store for them and their country. We had the foundations, broad and firm, set for a national edifice which we were all anxious to construct and which we wished to be constructed with prudence and tolerance, and we wished the whole to be cemented by "goodwill, benevolence, and a truly national spirit." We had grown from "the wobbling gait of childhood" and thoroughly believed in our country, but how best to develop it with a truly national feeling was a problem.

There were natural difficulties to overcome which were new in nation-building. The geographical tenuity of the country did not encourage unity. The length without breadth, with the middle part relatively barren, and the separation of British Columbia from the rest of Canada by the mountains and the peculiarity of its climate and Pacific interests, required that measures be taken to counteract these natural barriers. Doubt might have been expressed as to how far civilization could head towards the north.

About this time several things happened which had a great influence in shaping our course. First the election of 1896, when the Liberal party came to power with a brilliant leader at its head and that leader a Frenchman. Not that this change meant so much in the national policy of the Government, because the Liberals immediately adopted the essential features of this policy, but it showed the younger and more progressive of the people that things could be changed and that a change after so many years of rule by one party was beneficial. There was another thing the change of government brought about which was most essential: it unquestionably started a broad industrial development which, as the years went on, tended to keep Canada's people employed within her own boundaries. And when our people commenced to find opportunities at home they understood better what vast possibilities for nation-building lay at their own doors.

By this time the Canadian West had begun to feel the urgent need of more men to till the soil. After the

Canadian Pacific was built many of the younger generation from the Eastern Provinces went to the West to make new homes. The railway found it necessary to build many feeders for its system. Then came advertisement, and, encouraged by healthy support from the Government, it was not long before the opportunities of this country became known to the great emigrating centres of Europe. The West began to fill up. The new settlers locating beside the sons of Eastern Canada had a good influence. While each was in a new country with the same object in view, the national feeling shown by the foreigner for his homeland and people made the native Canadian think seriously of the subject. His pride was stirred, and it was not long before he, too, began to praise his home in as strong language as his new neighbour. This gradually roused both foreigner and native-born and the beginning of a united Canadian feeling was made. .

About this time, and probably inspired by the impetus given settlement and development of the West, men began to write about Canada and the wonderful opportunities the country offered for the investment of capital. Books and magazine articles made their appearance in great numbers, so much so that a guide to this material was required to aid the student and librarian. In 1897 appeared the first volume of that splendid "Annual Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada,"* under the editorship of Professors Wrong and Langton. That this Review has appeared annually since that time and that the material for review has increased in bulk, is one proof that our authors have kept pace with the financiers.

In 1899 an Historical Exhibition was held at Victoria College, Toronto, which attracted much attention and brought to the minds of the people the history of their country as nothing else could. This was only one of the many signs that Canada was gradually awakening to a sense of her real place in the world. The country was unquestionably beginning to find herself, and it required only the opportunity to show herself to the world and to demonstrate her claims to possess international status to make her a nation—a nation whose people would with one voice declare themselves Canadians.

The opportunity presented itself in the South African War. That event did more to give Canadians a feeling of pride in their native land than any which had preceded it. Until that time, as has been stated, there was a certain feeling of new Canadianism gradually growing with the people, but uppermost, and particularly among the older citizens, was the reverence for the land of their nativity. This was the first time that the motherland had treated the colony as a partner, and Canada welcomed the opportunity of entering the partnership. The fact that she sent contingents of soldiers to help maintain British supremacy on another continent, and did so of her own volition, and that Britain accepted the aid in the partnership spirit, did much to build up national pride and feeling among Canadians. The Canadian contingents fought bravely, as all British soldiers have done for generations, and the Canadians at home read with great pride the results of the battles in which their brothers were engaged. The despatch of the contingents established a precedent for the despatch of others when the people of Canada similarly demand such action. The whole affair added to our national wealth, for it supplied us with glorious annals by adding pages of heroism.

After the war was over what influence strengthened this new national feeling and why is it so strong today? There are unquestionably many causes. First should be mentioned the growth in population and wealth

* Toronto: Glasgow, Brook and Company.

in our country that had never been equalled in our history. Cities sprang up in our West and flourished; our railroads expanded, in some cases double-tracked, and their revenues were wonderfully increased; our banks grew in number and wealth; our manufacturing enterprises multiplied, and our farmers were equally successful. An optimism born of fifteen years of steady national development now permeates the whole country. Everyone says, "The twentieth century belongs to Canada."

Another cause for this growth in national feeling is the attitude of other countries toward us and our position with regard to the United States. Canada has certainly developed more confidence in herself, and this has been particularly marked in her relations with the neighbour to the south. In some respects we have shown an increasing desire to be unlike the United States. We have been evolving our own type and have paid little attention to that of others. The national and independent spirit displayed by Americans and their pride in their country have unquestionably made us feel that we have been lacking in these respects and have tended to develop a new feeling in Canada. The recognition, first by foreign countries and then by ourselves, of our great institutions, our banks, and our railroads, had added to that pride. The rejection of the Reciprocity Agreement in 1911 was a striking example of this feeling for other countries. That verdict was not intended to show any unfriendly feeling toward the United States, but indicated merely that Canadians viewed the agreement from their standpoint as Canadians and that they had set to work to develop more or less independently.

Our relations with the Mother Country should certainly be considered in searching for causes for the development of our national feeling. In a recent magazine article addressed to Canadians a writer speaks in favour of what he calls "Historic Continuity," though he says that this expression does not convey much meaning to the average Canadian-born man or woman, because we have little appreciation of what it involves. He argues that the British who come to Canada should hold to the continuity with the homeland. What does he expect the other nationalities to do when they come here? What does he expect from Canadian-born children? Does he think we have never read those wonderful lines of Scott with the same deep feeling which they have inspired in millions of other peoples?—

> Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said,
> "This is my own, my native land."

This writer has, I fear, missed the whole grand scheme of the British Empire. With us it is not a question of loyalty to Great Britain. This has never been questioned in the homeland or in Canada. There is a sincere affection for Great Britain throughout our whole Dominion which will probably never be changed, and in every national crisis involving her interests Canada's sacrifices are the best evidence of her attachment.

What we wish to note is the attitude England has taken in dealing with Canada and how our country has received the advances which have been made. It is not many years since the Englishman came to teach us; now he comes to learn. In those days he came to find fault; now he comes to admire. He came to criticize, and now he comes to sympathize. The great statesmen of England no longer look upon us as a colony, but as a part of Britain. By a gradual evolution we became a self-governing nation, and the Englishmen in their present estimates put us upon an equal footing with themselves. At the Imperial Conference held in London in 1911, in discussing the Declaration of London, the British Government agreed "to inform and consult

the Dominions in future in regard to all Hague Conventions and 'other international agreements affecting the Dominion'." And Great Britain has promised that at the end of the present war the Dominions shall be consulted about the terms of peace. The establishment by the United States, France, Germany, and Italy, through their Consul-Generals in Canada, and with the approval of the home government, of quasi-diplomatic, although not officially recognized, channels for direct communication with the Canadian Government, made Ottawa the place for settling questions arising with these countries in place of London, and was another factor in developing Canadian national feeling. Unquestionably there has grown up a feeling of partnership between England and Canada, and the feeling has been fostered very materially by the English, Irish, and Scotch who came to Canada, as immigrants, twenty or more years ago and who have prospered in their adopted country. While retaining a feeling of affection for the old home, they have unconsciously warmed to Canada. Many of these men with their new-found wealth have journeyed to the old land after years away from it, expecting to find the old home as their memories had carried it, but were disappointed that it was so small. Perhaps they had told their families how large and imposing it was. The home had not changed, but in Canada they had grown. When they came back to us they were better for the experience, and we were better because they inspired us with a stronger love for our own land. It is a source of gratification to Canadians to see so much space given to their country in *The Times,* when twenty-five years ago they were pleased to find a single paragraph. There is no question that Canada and Great Britain are more substantially one in outlook than at any previous period in their history, and this is bound to strengthen our national feeling.

Our ever-increasing trade has been another developer of the national feeling. We are now dealing with all the nations of the earth, and we are buying from and selling to these countries direct, while in former years a great many of the trades were made through England. The large trading companies have established branches in our commercial centres. These have located representatives of foreign nations with us, and a more independent and broader spirit has manifested itself. That we can do these things has given us a different feeling about our country.

There has also been in evidence a spirit of pride in our great men who have gone out into the world and made names for themselves—our inventors, our engineers, and our railroad men and our scholars. When we read of the first telephone communication across the continent, with the Canadian, the original inventor of the system, speaking to his assistant, another Canadian, we think more kindly of our land. This feeling naturally reflects on our sons in the United States and makes them proud of their home people.

That Canadian securities have been listed in foreign exchanges and are actively traded in, and that we in recent years have been able to buy back many of our own securities which were sold when we were not so well off financially, has undoubtedly had its effect. All this trading has made us travel more and has broadened our vision. We have come to appreciate the fact that we enjoy many advantages and that after all Canada has kept pace with other countries in matters affecting the comforts of life. When the Canadian stands in one of the great terminals at New York or Chicago waiting for his train for home he finds that his "Canadian," or "International Limited," or "Black Diamond" is as sumptuous in its equipment as any of the others, and he is pleased.

The great educational institutions which have been built and are build-

ing have unquestionably had a tremendous influence on Canadian manhood and national feeling. The so-called college spirit has shown remarkable development in the last fifteen years. It has been and is a great force to strengthen and stimulate us. The young men who graduate from our universities go out with a feeling that their *alma mater* has truly been a kindly mother to them, who has given them more than money can ever repay, and they are appreciatively loyal. To-day, as a result of the efforts of these men, trade, art, industry, science, and all the other enterprises are unceasingly at work, and everywhere is visible great progress. The universities have broadened. Exchange professors are lecturing in most of our Canadian universities and the newer parts of the country are building their institutions on broad lines. Canada has demanded and rightly received a contribution of well-equipped and strong-souled men from her educational institutions. With what degree of national feeling the Canadian tells the world that we have in our midst the largest university, in point of attendance, in the British Empire, can best be judged by the one who hears this remark made.

University work has also developed a younger set of writers and has had a great influence upon the press of the land. Our libraries have grown and the collections of *Canadiana* in them are more often consulted than in former days. We were fortunate in having a few brilliant writers when the new feeling first asserted itself, and this list has steadily increased until we have been able to put out a set of books covering our own history and written by our own men of which any country might well feel proud. Our newspapers, too, have attained a higher standard. The increase in numbers of really great newspapers published from one end of our country to the other reflects our national spirit in its true light.

Canadian Clubs, historical societies, and other institutions of like kind are undoubtedly the result of a demand by the citizens for opportunities of publicly expressing their views, but they have also been great factors in building up the national feeling. I would specially emphasize the wonderful growth and development of Canadian Clubs and the work which they have done, particularly in raising the business men throughout the whole Dominion out of ordinary competitive selfishness. The public addresses which have been delivered by prominent men to Canadian Clubs in this country and in the United States have kindled a feeling the strength of which it is difficult to estimate. They have given us opportunities to discuss these questions with our neighbours to the south in a friendly manner. One speaker, Sir George Foster, told the Canadian Club in New York in 1909 that the old Canada which the members had left behind years before was a new country made by Canadian energy, brawn, enterprise, hope, and resource. He said: "There is a lamp at the window always kept burning; there is a latch-string always hanging outside; and the old Canadian home, whenever you choose to come to it, will always give you a warm welcome indeed." When that address was flashed over the wires, it appeared in our papers from one end of the land to the other and was heartily applauded by all.

Another influence which these organizations have had has been to increase our respect for the flag. The historical societies in particular have worked to that end. The fact that the national flag now flies upon post-offices as well as customs buildings throughout the whole country is indirectly due to their influence, and it has been of benefit to inspire the younger generation with proper national feeling.

More than any other event the present terrible struggle in Europe has probably shown to the world in clear-

er light the great change which has come over Canadians. Our wish to aid the motherland at this time has been spontaneous. As soon as the machinery to handle large bodies of soldiers could be put in readiness, our men commenced to move. And they are continuing to move. And they will continue to move until the Allies have won the victory. One should study the forces at work in the Canadian mind to appreciate what that means. We were making great progress along material lines. Our great industries were turning every wheel. Our railroads were adding new mileage and new equipment to handle an ever-increasing business. Then the word came that Britain was at war with the greatest fighting machine that the world had ever known. We immediately gave our best thought and work in an endeavour to take our share in the burden. Our men enlisted, our counties raised large amounts towards patriotic funds, our Provinces gave of their products, our Government assumed liabilities, and our women have worked with a devotion and patriotism which should inspire a reverence for them throughout the world. While all this was going on, this shock to our usual quiet life, our great financiers kept their heads. When the war is over, the fact that we, a new country and a great borrower of money, were able to successfully pass through the financial uncertainty and unrest without a panic and without a financial crash, will stamp us as a nation. Does anyone imagine that without being united by the strongest ties in national feeling we could accomplish so much? Have we not in this great crisis shown ourselves as a unit? When the history of our part in this great war is written it is my belief that the historian will be able to use the words of our Premier, Sir Robert Borden, when he said: "One cannot but perceive an awakened national spirit and consciousness in this Dominion. . . . When the day came that searched their spirit Canadians did not fail to remember that there is something greater than material prosperity and something greater than life itself."

Yes, Canada has developed a strong national feeling. But we should not forget that in many ways we are still unformed. There is so much that is new and uncivilized in our national life, and it is lamentable that the Westerner and the Easterner know so little of each other and of each other's problems. Notwithstanding these omissions — these gaps in the continuity of our development—we have evidences of the national feeling wherever we turn. It is shown in the power of our public schools to foster the Canadian idea—of assimilating the children of recent arrivals. It is shown in our universities, in our social life, in our economic progress, and in our people—people who in their mature judgment realize that they have a part to play in international politics and who play it with courtesy and discretion.

The stranger travelling across Canada in a railway train cannot but feel that the idea of nationality is everywhere in evidence.

Our citizens, living in all parts of the country, have a stronger feeling of pride in Canada. Our men of letters write more of their own land, and the demand for Canadians is ever on the increase. Our travellers abroad are prouder to be known as Canadians. Learned societies of other countries recognize our national spirit and pay us more attention. Our great West is coming to its own, and the settlers there take a keener interest in their native land. For many years we have led a charmed life, and one great result has been to give us confidence in ourselves. The sense of uncertainty has disappeared, and a strong Canadian ideal has taken its place.

THE REAL STRATHCONA

BY DR. GEORGE BRYCE

II.—THE NIGHTS AT SILVER HEIGHTS

IT is an old theory of friendship that the real qualities of a man can only be known by seeing him at his own table and in his own house. After Manitoba had been established and Donald A. Smith had begun his work as Land Commissioner (it may be added, as General Superintendent of Hudson's Bay Company affairs), he showed his taste and domestic disposition by acquiring property to serve as a residence and to give him an interest in what seemed likely to be his future home. One of the marked features in choosing the several residences in which he lived was his love for the historic and his admiration of the beautiful. Just as he acquired *Norway House* at Pictou, Nova Scotia, because it had been the residence of a former Hudson's Bay Company acquaintance, or Montreal as the scene of his earliest Canadian associations, or Glencoe for its picturesque and historic features, so he purchased the considerable property at *Silver Heights*, the former possession of the well known Hudson's Bay Company family Rowand.

Silver Heights, as its name implies, is an eminence some six miles west of Main Street, Winnipeg, overlooking the Assiniboine River, near the spot where the little Sturgeon Creek enters the larger stream. During the devastating floods in the Red River Settlement of 1826 and 1852, when the country was one vast sheet of water, this spot escaped submergence. Looking over the Assiniboine, which is a beautiful river, compared by a traveller to the Roman Tiber, *Silver Heights* is shaded in summer by groves of poplar trees, which also serve to shelter it from the fierce blasts of the Northern winter. When at home in Winnipeg, at the close of the day, Donald A. was driven from the Hudson's Bay Company offices to this haven of rest, which he thoroughly enjoyed. Very much improved by him, *Silver Heights*, with its added attraction of being well kept, became for years the prettiest spot in the neighbourhood of Winnipeg. Here, whether he was at home or not, his broad hospitality led to its occupancy from time to time by distinguished British and American visitors, including on different occasions the Governors-General of Canada on their visits to Manitoba.

It is true that the Commissioner's wife, to whom he was greatly devoted and who had a great influence over him, as was often seen by the writer in later years, never came to live at *Silver Heights*. She, a sister of the late Senator Hardisty, of Alberta, always claimed Montreal as her home. Montreal had been the centre of their Labrador life. The remoteness, in its early days, of Manitoba, the long journeys necessary over the wide plains, and the constant absences from home which characterized the life of a Hudson's

Bay Company officer, especially of the highest grade, made any fixed point almost impossible to be looked upon as a home. The writer knew Lady Strathcona afterwards well in Montreal, London, *Knebworth* and *Debden*, and remembers her great kindness, her devotion to her husband and her strong common sense. A little incident taken from her London life may illustrate her humorous persistence. At a small dinner given at Lord Strathcona's London residence in Grosvenor Square a melon was being served. Mr. Colmer, always his Lordship's right hand man, was present. In this connection everyone knows the fame of the Montreal melon, even in Boston. Lady Strathcona asked Colmer if this was a Montreal melon. Colmer said, "I think so, Lady Strathcona." "But is it from Montreal?" she continued. "Well, I really think so," was the answer. "But I'll not have it unless it's from Montreal." "Well," said Mr. Colmer at last, "at least I think the seed came from Montreal." Her sense of duty to Canada was very great. On the Dominion Day receptions, in her advanced age, she would stand for three hours and receive a thousand visitors. It was a sad privilege of the writer, after many years of acquaintance, to attend her funeral in 1913 in a London Church, and to witness her veteran husband following her to her last resting-place.

Returning to *Silver Heights*: Under the circumstances, in the absence of his wife, Donald A. had to become both host and hostess, and well he did his part. He was in his home, simple, affable, and had all the natural suavity and bright humour of the Celt. His thoughtfulness and good feeling toward his guests were notable. The writer remembers well the visit of the Marquis of Lorne and his suite at *Silver Heights* in 1881. With him was a distinguished staff of officers and the Chaplain was Dr. James Macgregor, of St. Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh. The Chaplain, to the time of his death four years ago, was one of the writer's dearest Scottish friends. Lord Aberdeen was entertained at *Silver Heights* and Lord Strathcona had the story when Lord Aberdeen was about to pay a second visit to Manitoba and was in London arranging to stay at *Silver Heights*, on that very night a cablegram came from Winnipeg that the house at *Silver Heights* had been burnt. It has never been restored, but the memory of the early history in Donald A. Smith's time is very vivid to the writer. Time and again in the seventies the invitation came from the Commissioner to go out and spend the night with Donald A. and return to the city in the morning. In giving his invitation he always apologized for the abominably muddy road which led out through St. James parish to *Silver Heights*. Several times he remarked to the writer that we never could have good roads in Manitoba with its alluvial soil. It was useless to suggest to him that the case was no worse than that of "muddy little York," the Toronto of the early days of Upper Canada. He declared that the railway was going to be the only satisfactory means of transport over the prairie mud. Indeed, after the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1886, he insisted on having a spur from the main line run into *Silver Heights*.

The scenes of those long nights at *Silver Heights* remain bright in the writer's memory. Appointment having been fixed, the start from the Commissioner's office was made by the faithful coachman. In due time after arrival dinner was served to the Commissioner and guest alone with all the skill and attention of a good chef. Donald A. was always very abstemious and had no sympathy whatever for making dinner a mere guzzle. He used later to attribute his good health and longevity as a nonagenarian to his temperate

use of both meat and drink. After dinner we returned to the drawing-room and there settled down to hours of reminiscence and story-telling. The writer cannot recall that in his long acquaintance with Lord Strathcona he ever talked politics. Later we may speak of his political career, but he certainly did not regard party politics with any favour. The writer in 1900 published his "Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company." To Donald A. Smith in these "Noctes Ambrosianæ" at *Silver Heights* the writer attributes much of his success in picturing the life of the old company. Though in 1881 the writer obtained permission, from Governer Goschen of the Hudson's Bay Company, to examine all documents in the Hudson's Bay Company House in Lime Street, London, from 1669 to 1821, yet he is indebted to Lord Strathcona also for extending the opportunity of search to all documents of interest up to 1899. In these evening colloquies it was plain that Donald A. Smith never lost his interest in the Labrador experience of his early manhood. In these long night conversations he could tell of dealings with the Eskimos with pleasure, but was somewhat opposed to the Moravians at Nain for what he considered narrowness and bigotry. His stories of hairbreadth escapes and at times of alarming adventures were given with a trader's simplicity and no conceit or boastfulness. For hour after hour he could tell the stories concerning Rigolette, of the fishermen and sealers, and of the occasional famines when the Hudson's Bay Company had come to the relief of the needy. These tales were given more than thirty years ago, in days when we were unacquainted with the thrilling accounts of Grenfell or the pictures of the life scenes of Norman Duncan. While, as has been stated, the conversation would turn upon the Red River experiences during the Riel period, the character and life of the worthies of old Red River were objects of greatest interest to us both.

There was one prominent man belonging to the cloth, whose actions during the Red River fiasco were often the subject of good-natured humour to the Commissioner. This favourite character during the Riel rebellion wished to perform the acrobatic feat of running both with the hare and the hounds. With him Donald A. had no patience. This Mr. Facing-both-ways had little of the man in him. He fluttered about Riel, but when the sky began to look dark fled before the usurper. Riel, it is said, made a raid on Lower Fort Garry, to make a capture with his body-guard. Among others in the Fort was this timid man. What seemed to be an attack on the Fort led him to secrete himself in a dark closet. The rebel chief himself sought out the traitor. Discovered in his closet, the refugee begged for his life and protested his innocence in most eloquent terms. The story went throughout all the Red River Settlement as one of the humours of the hour.

One man of the old Red River was to Donald A. Smith and the writer, who were then newcomers, an object of great interest. This was Andrew McDermott, the great trader of Red River. He had come out with Lord Selkirk's people in 1812. He was an Irish lad and claimed to be a descendant of Brian Boru and the Irish kings. He was *the* great Red River trader. At a time when rivals were scarcely permitted in Rupert's Land McDermott, by his shrewdness and adroit management, gained a large trade. He had no animosities, took no part in politics, to which church he belonged was a question, but he was first and last a trader. He could supply a boat, a cart, a horse, or an outfit of any kind that was wanted. He was good friends with captain and voyageur, with chief factor and labourer, with métis, Selkirk

settler or newly-arrived Canadian. All were his friends, for all were his customers. To the Commissioner and the writer, as we talked over Red River people, he was a most remarkable man.

The genial and broad-minded Archbishop Taché, known to us both, was the subject of frequent reference in these early times. With the Archbishop's suavity it required all the Archbishop's diplomacy to lead his wayward métis. He was kind to a fault and singularly open in expressing his views. He had great public spirit. Fond of his native tongue, he was in later days one day travelling southward on the Red River Railway on business. He was a delightful and jocular travelling companion. Passing the station of St. Jean Baptiste, a rough young Canadian brakeman came rushing through the train, calling, "St. Jeen! St. Jeen!" The good bishop whispered to his English speaking companion, "It is terreeble! It is terreeble." When he was about to leave at the next station the cry was made, "Letellierr! Letellierr!" The bishop whispered, "It is 'opeless! It is 'opeless." After the bishop had gone, a traveller said to the brakeman, "The Bishop does not like your way of pronouncing French very well!" The only reply was: "I did the best I could! It'll do anyway for the other fellows."

Another of the Commissioner's stories comes to mind of a well-known Winnipeg man who was notoriously a great eater. He was travelling in the old days in a covered sleigh of the Burbank Company on the trail from Winnipeg to St. Paul. He lay covered up in the heavy robes very snug. With him were two or three young fellows who knew his gastronomic powers and were ready for a lark. They were approaching Grand Forks. The young men spoke of the bad character of the table at Grand Forks stopping-place. After deliberation they agreed not to take any dinner. The gourmand heard the decision and clung to his robes. The place reached, the young men went out one after the other to take a walk. Coming back just as the stage was starting they smacked their lips and complimented the dinner they had been given. "Stop! stop! driver," cried the victim, but no—the driver simply said, "Ye had yer chance! Ye had yer chance, we can't stop for ye." It was rather too bad no doubt!

One of Donald A. Smith's mutual friends whose deeds we often recounted was Chief Factor Robert Campbell, the discoverer of the Yukon. The Commissioner had a well-founded admiration for this stalwart Highlander, who was first to cross the divide from the Liard to the Yukon rivers, where the Indians had never before seen a white man. One incident told of this explorer, who was a very religious man, was that in the region of the midnight sun he was sitting, while his camp was asleep, down by the river, where it had high banks; and, with a religious book, "Hervey's Meditations" in his hands, was reading it without difficulty. That night the Indians, as they afterwards told him, had crept up to the top of the bank to kill him. Looking down they saw the white book in his hands and were puzzled. They thought it was "bad medicine" and concluded that it was safer not to harm him. They told Campbell afterwards of what had been their plan, but that the book had saved him. One of the stories that met the Commissioner in the region of Moose Factory on the shore of Hudson Bay, as illustrating the secrecy with which the Old Hudson's Bay Company carried out their plans and work, was given by a kind old Catholic parish priest on the Bay who was not very fond of the conflicting orders of his church. He was in the habit of saying, "Yes! Yes! There are just the three Great

Secret Societies: The Masons, the Jesuits, and the Hudson's Bay Company."

The story-teller of *Silver Heights* had no objection at all to the implication against the Hudson's Bay Company, whose initials were H. B. C., that probably it was true that they were "Here Before Christ." Whether again he believed it or not, he was highly amused at the Red River story that when old Sir George Simpson—the Great Governor—was coming up over Lake of the Woods he was much given to urge his crew in the canoe to go faster and faster. The stalwart métis boatswain became at last so irritated that with one hand he seized Sir George, who was a little man, by the collar of his coat, dipped him over the side of the canoe into the lake, and with a plentiful volley of *sacrés* deposited him on the seat again.

In one of our conversations twenty or more years afterward, when the country was quieted down, the writer ventured to suggest to Lord Strathcona that the Hudson's Bay Company should give to the city the site where the old stone gate of Fort Garry now stands—for a park. This part of the suggestion was carried out, but the further request was that in the little park there should be erected a building with the old "pavilion roof" style, which was often called by some the "rebellion roof," as a replica of the old office building in the Fort where the Riel prisoners were in part confined. This building could be a museum in which the relics of the old H. B. C. days might be collected. Donald A. strongly objected to this, as he said he would fain draw the veil of oblivion over the events of the Riel period.

Thus with story, reminiscence, legend and history we would sit up till two in the morning, then closing up our discussions with Lady Macbeth's dictum: "To bed! to bed!" Thus only could we stop the bombardment of quip, or joke or serious discussion when we recounted the deeds of the old heroes of Rupert's Land, the humours of the hour, or the dreams of future greatness of the prairies of the West. In the morning it was always, after a hearty breakfast, a hurried journey back to business and to work. In after days it was the good fortune of the writer to recall many of these midnight scenes in various places where Donald A. Smith, and afterwards as Lord Strathcona, had his abode. He never lost his love of recounting the humorous, the beautiful or even at times the sombre views of life.

As the writer knew from frequent visits to the Old Land, Lord Strathcona became even more hospitable, if that were possible, than he had been at *Silver Heights*. His great wealth, of which we shall speak afterwards, and the many honours heaped upon him in later days, increased rather than weakened the friendship of his earlier life. In his home in Grosvenor Square, London, where Lady Strathcona presided, he still delighted in recalling the humours of the past. It was characteristic of him that any old settler from Manitoba or Hudson's Bay Company man, however worn his coat or humble his manners, was received cordially and treated royally by "Donald A." In his new scene of activity his love of the humorous still asserted itself. One of his latest stories to the writer was of a lady high up in the social scale who called upon him in his office to get his advice as to her son, who was one of the doubtful class called in Western Canada "remittance men." The lady shown in to the Commissioner said she wished to consult him about her "dear boy" in Canada. "He had gone to Calgary and had done pretty well, poor boy, but he now wanted some money from her to try a new experiment." Lord Strathcona replied, "Madam, if I can do anything for your son I will be most happy. What is his scheme?"

"Well," she replied, "he wants to start a gopher farm—a farm to grow gophers." Lord Strathcona, remembering the bounties given and the efforts put forth to destroy these pests of the prairie farmers, involuntarily smiled. At this the lady sprang up and went out in high dudgeon, saying to his secretary in the anteroom, "The rude man, when I told him of my son growing gophers, he laughed in my face—laughed in my face!"

The writer, though invited to visit *Glencoe*, to which many of Lord Strathcona's friends went, was never able to go, but had the pleasure of visiting *Knebworth*, in Hants, where his Lordship had leased the property of Bulwer Lytton, with its unique picture gallary. Here where he invited year after year many thousands of Canadian visitors in July, he provided for them most lavishly, transport and entertainment.

One of the latest and most delightful reminiscences of his hospitality was that of my wife and myself, with a number of other friends, being invited to *Debden*, northeast of London, beyond Cambridge. Here his Lordship had purchased an estate of some fifteen or twenty farms and a manor house of the Georgian period. *Debden* is a beautiful spot. At this time Lady Strathcona and almost all the members of the family were present—their daughter and her husband, and other members of their family. Here during our three days' visit the writer found himself again and again alone with Lord Strathcona in some "coign of vantage" talking over scenes and subjects of thirty or more years ago which occupied us at *Silver Heights*. This visit was only two or three years ago, and though his Lordship was more than ninety his memory seemed as good as ever when he reviewed the events in which he an actor and the writer as historian had been so deeply interested. While there a sculptor was also present, who was engaged in making a bust of Lord Strathcona, and it was lifelike even then.

During many of these visits the writer spoke to Lord Strathcona of the pleasure it would give him to write the life of his Lordship. Again and again he said, "Oh, there is nothing to write about," and repeated, as he often did, "Nothing to write about." He said to the writer at different times, "Oh, you historians are always raking up the things of the past—the things of the past." Now that he has gone another has taken up this work, and the writer will do his best to help the litterateur who has undertaken it.

The present attempt is but a warm friend's plan to give a true picture of the man he knew, and to speak in subsequent chapters of the kind deeds he did, of the influence he exerted in Canada and of the quite remarkable service which he rendered to the Empire and to world civilization.

The third article in this series—"The Glamour of the Fur Trade"—will be found of intense interest, both as an historical document and for the further intimate impression it gives of Strathcona.

VERSES

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

I.

WHEN the cheering ceases, quiet falls,
And all the pride of Empire fades away,
And nothing in God's world is real to me
But you—
And you I cannot find in all the empty day.

Dear heart, I was a poet; but not now!
So far from you, to sing would be to weep.
And there is naught in this mad world to sing
But you—
And you come to me only in my haunted sleep.

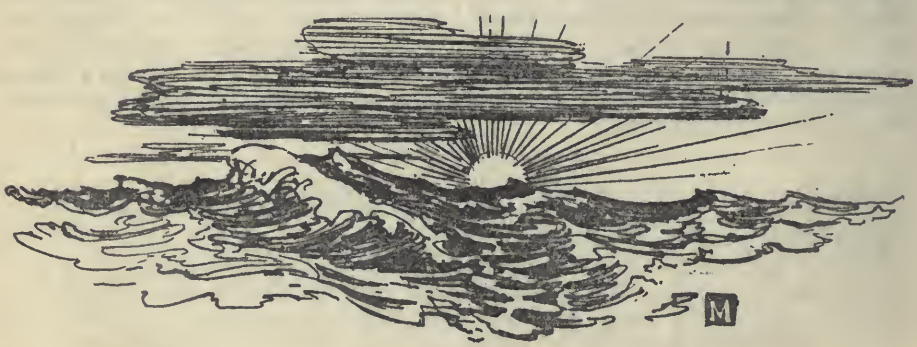
II.

He poured the wine in the cup with inscrutable smile.
"Drink, and ride on," he said, . . . melting and bright,
Flashing and warm, if flamed in the golden bowl,
Changeful and lustrous as dawns or summed delight.

"The wine in the cup is the vintage of life," he said.
"The dreams you have dreamed, the love you have loved. Drink deep,
It will fire your sword-arm with valour, and cheer your soul,
And rest your weary heart like a year-long sleep."

I drained the cup; and all life's magic was there!
The sweet June-madness of youth, the glory of years to come,
Love with a fragrance of roses, and love with a brightness of tears.
I drank—and my heart was heavy, my lips were dumb.

The stirrup-cup fell from my hand. . . . "Ride on," he said.
I urged my tired horse forward, mile upon mile,
With the magic in flavour of life on my parted lips;
But, like death in my heart, his inscrutable smile.



EVENING

Soft-ground etching
by Walter R. Duff

THE SUSSEX DOWNS, NEAR LEWES

ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS

BY M. FORSYTH GRANT

"BROIGHTON woitings, fresh from Broighton Beach! Oh, very foine whoitings! Fresh sole! I have *very* noice salmon and fresh Broighton whoitings!"

A lovely morning in August this, in the charming and picturesque town of Lewes, where one is roused from sleep by the cries of the fishmonger, who in the strongest nasal tone, with a Sussex accent, proclaims his white and glittering wares from his little cart, which is pulled by a strong horse from Brighton. At almost every house he disappears into the sensible "Tradesmen's Entrance," gets an order, comes out again, and proceeds to scrape, cut, and divide his stock of fish. The sharp knife does its work in a very clean and skilful way, and the refuse is slipped into a long leather bucket slung conveniently to the busy hand. Now and then a tidbit is given to a huge yellow-striped cat, which calmly takes his place beneath the cart with the air of an established favourite. Tinkle, tinkle down the pretty street comes the sound of a bell rung continuously by a young man in a white linen coat crying, "Hot rolls all ready for breakfast!"

The air of Lewes is delightful, and the exquisite prospect from the large bay-window of our dining-room gives a joy without interruption. The large four-storeyed house in which I have spent three happy weeks is covered with vines which, even now, are in glorious tints of crimson. A flight of steep steps leads down from the rear door of the hall to a big garden, where there is a riot of bloom of many kinds; splendid roses, fuchias, sweet peas, heliotrope, huge pink geraniums, nasturtiums, yellow and crimson dahlias, zinnias, snapdragon, and

THE RIVER OUSE, NEAR LEWES

stocks, interspersed with fruit trees bearing heavily. A miniature poultry yard is wired within one corner, and near by is heard the champing of Marquisa, the pretty thoroughbred, in her comfortable little stable. "Buffalo Bill,," a wonderful white and tan long-haired guinea pig, runs about disposing of succulent morsels in the way of grubs. Below the red brick walk leading down to a croquet ground are found more flowers and a kitchen garden which provides all manner of eatables. Standing or sitting on the garden walk or bank, there is a glorious prospect of purple-hued hills, with the first blush of heather, mingled with glimpses of white chalk pits, and on top a grand old windmill of an ancient design that is not often seen in England now; an old church with its pretty "God's Acre" is seen on the right slope, and beneath are the red-tiled and mossy roofs of a street in "Southover" of very old and lovely houses with exquisite gardens, and high under the eaves tiny windows opening into quaintest of old and panelled rooms. One of these houses was lived in by Queen Anne after her divorcement by King Henry. The old and new are forcibly brought to one's notice by the pretty lawn tennis and croquet club edging on the mournful ruins of the oldest priory in England. The walls surround the ancient and historic building, and the outlines of the room with their narrow window-casements are a joy to archæologists. This Priory of St. Pancras first existed in Saxon times as a little modern church. The magnificent church which was built afterwards was dedicated in 1145 with great pomp. The walls, which are still seen, must, according to research, have surrounded a splendid group of buildings, convent, cloister, chapter house, refectory, dormitories, infirmary, cellarers' quarters; and the cathedral, like the church, itself some 405 feet long, with the other proportions in accord, must have made up a perfect picture of conventual peace. In the priory King Henry III. took refuge when the Royalist forces were destroyed by De Montfort, and many interesting altars and tombs have been unearthed in excavations. All this splendour of the

ROTTEN ROW, LEWES

church was utterly ruined and laid low in the sacriligious times of Cromwell, and the actual account written by the chief actor in the crime is to be had in the interesting little "Guide" published by Mr. Hemage Legge. Everything was swept away in the most systematic fashion by an army of carpenters and "plummers," the dovecotes, fish ponds, granaries, all sharing the same fate.

St. Anne's Church is full of interest. It goes back to Saxon and Norman times, the stonework and carvings of the font are beautiful, and the spire is shingled with tiles of Sussex split oak.

Every day there is something to interest, and the races, for which Lewes is famous, wake the old town into stirring life; and amongst the dozens of automobiles it is delightful to see a splendid four-in-hand, driven by a gentleman, with several friends, on top of the huge brake, and a lady, very sweet and fashionably dressed, with a tiny Pekingese under her arm; smart grooms all *de rigeur;* I suppose some of the "County," who drove over to the races and stopped for the ever-ready tea at the Inn, where, by the bye, just opposite, is the place where sixteen Sussex martyrs were burned in 1556.

The quaint old houses are still left in many parts, with their heavy timbers, overhanging eaves, and bow-windows of curious shape, which mark their age.

From the other side of the house comes the health-giving air of the great Sussex downs, meeting and mingling with the salt breath of the ocean at Brighton, a short distance away, on the edge of which stands in stately gloom one of the third great prisons of England. The front, where the Governor resides, is ablaze with the colour of the beautifully-kept flower-beds; but an enormously high wall surrounds the other part, where prisoners' quarters are. Knowing there was a woman's prison, I thought it would be of interest to learn something of its arrangements, and a note to the chaplain brought a most kind answer, regretting, however, that no visitors were allowed without the express permission of the Home Secretary. It suggested that if I could give a short address, the order would be vouchsafed at once!

A QUAINT BIT OF LEWES

However, there was no time for preparation, and as my note was evidently thought to be that of a man, indeed, it would have taken too long for explanations.

The walks on the great downs bring an ever-changing picture of green turf, quaint cottages here and there and, beyond, the purple hills from which are so often swept tremendous showers and storms of rain, to be succeeded immediately by brilliant sunshine, which dries up the damp ground at once. A friend coming from London by a late train went out for a walk, and presently rushed in with, "Oh, this air, this air, you can positively eat it." Walking down the narrow High Street, through which fly hundreds of motors of all kinds, from the heavy travelling car to the trim, hooded, double motor-cycle, the varied and ancient architecture of the houses, flush with the stone pavements, and with funny little shoe-scrapers set into the walls, the stately keeps and walls of "The Castle" of Norman times are seen down a pretty, steeply-sloping street. From the superb tower a magnificent view of several counties can be seen; I shall never forget seeing the brilliant glow of fields of scarlet poppies in every direction from the castle. Opposite the castle gate is the residence of Mr. Frankfort Moore, the well-known writer and author, who lives with his charming family in a

HIGH STREET, LEWES

Showing on the right, old-fashioned Bay Windows.

delightfully quaint, old-world house, which from its silver-handled, bronze-knockered door, attracts the visitor to innumerable artistic objects within.

Lewes is perfect for one who, debilitated from hard work and nerves, wishes for quiet in bracing, delicious air, and most interesting from its historical neighbourhood. The old churches are visited daily by many who come to admire their beautiful carving and old-time environment.

THE CASTLE RUINS AT LEWES

THE HERMIT OF WHISPERING CREEK

By CARROLL AIKINS

THE people say I've lived so long
(A thousand year, if I'm not wrong)
In this old shack, with floor for bed,
That I've got sawdust in my head.
We'll call them fools, and let it go;
They think I'm mad; they *are,* I know,
For not a soul of them can hear
My water-voices, singing clear!
Their city is a passing lie,
But these stream-voices shall not die,
At least—God save me from that fear,
They've been my friends a thousand year!

Stranger, you know old Siwash Bill,
Who lives behind the Eight-Mile Hill?
Don't know old Bill? His son's your guide!
The half-breed? Yes. Bill lost his pride.
An Oxford man he says he was,
Left England for the Big Because—
No matter what! But old Bill said,
And swore it on his father's head,
That he had heard (and was not drunk,
And was not dreaming in his bunk),
That he had heard a preacher say
This stream was being ditched away!
He said the pilot had it straight,
The whole damned project, name, and date,
To steal my water to reclaim
Dry Valley from its "wasteful shame".
Dry Valley—twenty miles away!
And just to grow their oats and hay,
They'd take this melted snow of mine
And coax it down a surveyed line,
And smooth it gently, like a lake,
For fear the ditch should wash and break,
And hamper it with pipe and drain,
And use it common like the rain,
A-smearing it across the field
To give their dust a double yield.
And they can do it—that's the worst!
A fellow doesn't fyle his thirst,
Record his mate, and God defend
That I may never brand a friend!
The stream is mine, in oral fee,
Because the waters speak to me.

A thousand year they've called my name—
Has any man a prior claim?
Not by the Greater Right! But, then,
I know your courts of lawyer-men,
Their book-wise wisdom, bound in calf,
And how the very judge would laugh
And ask me for the cubic-gauge,
The signed and sealed recording page—
No justice there! And that is why
I fear these mates of mine may die
And leave their places bare and cold,
With me beside them sick and old.
Sometimes (perhaps my hearing's poor,
I hope to God it's nothing more),
The voices seem to falter out
And whisper, where they used to shout,
Seem kind of sad, and weary, too,
Not laughing like they used to do;
And then I think of what Bill said,
And seem to see the stony bed
A-glaring at me in the sun,
With all the singing voices dumb!
And then I watch the water sink
Below that lower basin brink,
Go down and down, and how I fret
And feel to find if it is wet,
And wonder if the flow will stop,
If they have stolen every drop,
And clench my hands, and grit my teeth,
And curse that irrigation thief—
Until the bursting clouds bring rain
That sends it flooding back again!
That's how we stand—I left the town
Because the people trod me down;
I left your life and hate and lies,
Your city with its peering eyes;
I called the old life at an end
And took this stream for wife and friend!
And now—hush! Listen to the stream
And tell me, Stranger, does it seem
Not quite so loud, and is it low,
Low—lower than a while ago?
Hush! Hark the voices—bend your ear—
What's that? Speak louder! I can't hear—
What's that? No answer! What? Good-bye?
You're leaving this old channel dry
And going round the other way
To help them grow . . . their oats . . . and hay . . .
You're leaving me . . . you've made the start . . .
Don't like the ditch . . . but friends must part . . .
Remember you? But, Heaven above!
You know. I gave you all my love . . .
I'll not forget! God help me, lad!
They're drying—and I'm going mad!

ISAAC BROCK, ESQUIRE,

President, administering the Government of the Province of Upper Canada, and Major General Commanding his Majesty's Forces therein, &c. &c. &c.

TO *Joseph Bermy, Gentleman* — GREETING.

REPOSING especial Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage and good Conduct, I do hereby appoint you to be *Ensign in the Fifth Regiment of Lincoln Militia* during pleasure, and of which *Andw Bradt Esq* is *Lieutenant Colonel* you are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of *Ensign* by exercising, and well disciplining both the inferior Officers and Men of the said Militia.—And I do hereby Command them to obey you as their *Ensign*

And you are to observe and follow all such Orders and Directions as you shall from time to time receive from me or any other your Superior Officer, according to Law.

GIVEN under my Hand and Seal at Arms at *York* this *First* Day of *May* in the Year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and *twelve* and in the *Fifty Second* year of His Majesty's Reign.

Isaac Brock M.G. & Pres.

By His Honor's Command,

W. Hamilton
Acting Secretary

A DOCUMENT OF 1812

Reproduction of a commission in the Lincoln Militia given personally by Isaac Brock to Joseph Bermey and now in the possession of a descendant of that gentleman

A HONEYLESS HONEYMOON

BY CLIFFORD MONTGOMERY ARLINGTON

"SUPPOSE we miss the train?" asked the girl laughingly.

"Oh! let's drive on a little farther; this is about the only time I've had with you to-day. Confound that fellow, Harrison! I believe he got up a picnic my last day here just to put a spoke in my wheel! And if I hadn't thought of taking a drive, he might have succeeded."

"His bet with you was awfully funny, Dan. What do you suppose made him get you on the subject of honeymoons?"

"Jealousy, I suppose, if you want to call mud, mud—and not alluvial deposit. But, all the same, if I have one, I'll win. I know I could be on a honeymoon and fool people, who didn't really know for sure."

"Perhaps you only think so. But, really, it must be getting late, and if we miss the train, you know there's no other west to-night. Look at your watch and see what time it is."

"Six-thirty," said the man, consulting his time-piece, "the train leaves in ten minutes."

"Oh! Dan, whatever are we going to do?" cried the girl; "we *can't* get back in time."

"I know it," replied the man coolly.

"But we must! What would the girls say? Turn around, perhaps we can make it yet. It may be late in starting."

Her companion stopped the horse.

"Well, if we do miss it, it won't be murder. Accidents like that have happened before. When we're old, we'll always be glad we did it. Why not have a little romance in modern life? The knights of old did as they wanted to. We're too civilized now, don't you think?"

"It would be a great stunt!" exclaimed the girl in a tone that was a mixture of nervousness and gaiety. "But they'd say we did it on purpose."

"Supposing they did, we can make up a good story, and if we stick to it they'll probably end by believing it."

"Now you're trying to waste time. We're debating here and meanwhile we're losing any chance of catching the train."

"We can't get back in time now. Let's make the best of it."

"But, Dan, what are we going to do?"

"Do you want me to tell you?"

"Why, of course; what do you mean?"

"Well, then, Margaret, come with me!"

"What!"

"You know after the rather cool treatment of your people here I can't stay any longer. We've had a wonderful week together again, but the separation that's coming is too long. I can't go away without you. Won't you come with me, sweetheart?" His tone was low and very ardent.

"Oh! I can't! What would mother say?"

"There are some questions you have to answer for yourself. If we part now, it may be for ever. What do *you* say?"

"I don't want you to go away from me, dear, but circumstances are so difficult . . ." her voice trailed off in a sigh.

"You know I love you, dearest," said the man slipping his arm around her, and turning her face up to his, "Can you say three little words in return?"

"I love you!" exclaimed the girl, throwing her arms around his neck, and hiding her blonde head on his shoulder.

Next moment their lips met in burning kisses.

"Now, we've got to beat it!" said the man at the end of a few minutes with a masculinely quick return to actualities.

"Oh! Dan, I can't go *now,* I meant to-morrow."

"It's this minute or never. I can't and won't stay longer."

"But you *silly man,* I've no clothes or anything."

"Get them at Brookdale," replied her companion succinctly, gathering up the reins, and starting the horse forward at a good clip.

"Oh! I can't, Dan. Let's go back! I'll make some excuse to mother, and we'll go to-morrow—if you still want me."

"Can't be done. Just got time to make the train."

"What train? Is there a later one home from Brookdale?"

"Hardly. The train we are going to catch is the Occidental Limited, East, but I think for the time being we'll re-christen it the "Honeymoon Express," that is, for ourselves, because I'm also going to win that bet."

"This is so sudden—Oh! I know that sounds bromidic, but I suppose I might have known you'd do something original," she said with about one part resentment and three parts grudging admiration in her tone.

"Then you will come?"

"Why, yes, of course, I will, Dan. But why do you ask? You were taking it for granted all the time."

"Just a good bluff up to this second," he replied with a sigh of relief. "Now I feel a little surer. But we've got to hustle; our train leaves at nine sharp."

Events then followed so rapidly as to leave on the girl the impression that they were living in a dream, not an indolent, after-dinner-hammocky dream, but a rapid-fire-Krupp-moving-picture-drama sort of dream.

Not without reason did business associates praise the man's executive capacity. Twenty minutes' rapid driving (which probably made the poor livery-horse wish that similar events should occur most rarely) brought them to the main street of Brookdale. A large sign, "Drygoods Emporium," caught the girl's eye, and she pointed it out to her companion.

"What have you to get?" he asked unthinkingly.

"Oh, lots of . . . things," she replied blushing.

"Well, look here, all I can give you is three-quarters of an hour. Will that be all right?" he said, passing her some bank-notes. "Meanwhile I'll attend to the other matters."

"I'll do my best," she said. "but you know—or you will know—it's hard for a woman to shop quickly."

"Got everything you need for a few days?" he said later, as he invaded a part of the store given over to women's dainty attire, the cynosure of several deeply-interested clerks.

"Pretty nearly, as far as necessities are concerned, but where am I to put them?"

"How will this do?" he inquired, motioning a boy carrying a suitcase to approach.

"That will be splendid! How thoughtful you are!"

Then in a moment they were back again in the buggy driving rapidly.

"Here we are!" he said, stopping before a square frame house.

They alighted, and before they had time to knock, the door opened and a rather young man in clerical garb

ushered them in with cordial welcome in every sign of voice and gesture. Two ladies, whom he presented as his wife and sister-in-law, came in, and the simple but binding ceremony was over almost before the couple could realize that now they were joined in holy wedlock in very reality—so vividly did it seem that they were watching objectively a rapid incident on the stage.

After the ceremony they enjoyed a little supper, which the minister and his family made gay with kindly tact. Then another short drive took them to the station in good time to arrange for the return of the horse and rig and the sending of several necessary telegrams.

At nine-five the express hurtled up, pausing just long enough to let them hop on. The train seemed crowded, so the man departed on a search for seats.

"Nothing left in the chair-car or Pullman. After going through about twenty-seven cars all I can find is one double seat. I've given an obstinate-looking man a couple of good cigars to hold that," he announced on his return.

"Oh! well, cheer up, we don't care!"

"I know you don't, but hang it! I like to do things well. You'd think I'd never travelled off the Pere Marquette."

"Oh; I know you've been all over Europe and America, don't worry."

They proceeded, pilgrim-fashion, to the seat reserved by the expedient mentioned above.

"There! We have seats anyway, though I'd not have selected a car filled with musical freaks, if I'd had my choice."

This last referred to the harmonious (?) efforts of a group of holiday-makers at one end, who were trying—successfully—to weave "Silver Threads Among the Gold" into new and startling symphonies of sound.

"But our troubles will soon be over. A clear run of two hours—and then the mountains. Just wait till you see the mountains, Mrs. Webster!"

"Mrs. Who?"

"Don't you know your new name yet? You'll have to do better than that if we're to win that bet. You get half if we win, you know," said the man laughingly.

"Of course, Dan, I *am* stupid," said his wife with heightened colour. "Where are we going?"

"Wildwood Inn, White Mountains, prettiest place in the East."

"You've been there before?"

"Of course! Wouldn't go a place I hadn't on a trip like this. Be too easy a mark for porters and other land-pirates."

"Good place to have a good time?"

"Wonderful!" said Webster reminiscently.

"What a clever man to take me to a place whose points of vantage you have tried and tested by previous sweethearts!" said his wife maliciously.

"But this is different," protested her husband. "Of course, I knew some girls before I met you. One has to have contrasts to form a judgment. You don't appreciate pleasure unless you have known pain, or summer unless there's been winter," he parried cleverly. "You've had lots of affairs, too. Why, Jack Spencer told me . . ."

"Jack is the greatest male gossip in Williamstown," interrupted the girl, "but I've not had any *since* we had our understanding. But, Dan," she said, changing the subject, "I've been very selfish. What are you going to do for clothes and so on?"

Her husband smiled.

"Didn't you notice the second suitcase?" he asked pointing up to the rack.

"Why, I did in a way, but I didn't pay any special attention to it. Did you do some shopping, too, when you left me in the store?"

"Well, no," was the answer, "I left one ready in Brookdale yester-

day. It was taking a chance, but . . . ."

"Daniel Webster, you had this all planned!" exclaimed the girl, a number of little significant details becoming suddenly connected by circumstantial evidence.

"I'm afraid so, dear. What are going to do about it?" was his triumphant answer.

"You naughty man! Do you know I'm going to punish you for that?"

She glanced around. They were in the back seat. No one was looking. She pulled his head down and kissed him on the lips. "I'll torture you slowly and gorgeously when I get you alone."

"Punish me some more!" urged the man.

"Just wait till later," threatened the girl flushing.

"Are they expecting us at Wildwood?" she asked after a short pause.

"Why, I sent an urgent wire yesterday—taking another risk—and I think it will be all right. They know me, of course, from previous visits and will probably do their best to oblige a former client. But then again, it's the night of the Fourth. We'll just have to take chances—but we're getting used to that, aren't we? Don't forget we've been married nearly a year. And, by the way, if you look in the ring you'll find a date ten months back engraved inside—an idea I saw done once. Clever, eh? Especially good for prying verandah cats."

"Are you a descendant of *the* Daniel Webster?" inquired his wife with apparent innocence.

Wildwood station was reached at eleven-fifteen. The waiting luxurious auto-bus in the scarlet and buff of the far-famed Wildwood Inn whirled them away.

"Ah! Mr. Bright, get my wire all right?" said Webster to the clerk.

"Yes, indeed," replied the clerk, "very glad to see you back again, especially since we didn't have you last year. I'm afraid the best we can do for you to-night, though, is a cot in the room of Mr. Anderson, whom you met here before I think. He happened to be here when your wire arrived and volunteered this suggestion when we were about to wire back that we had no room. As a matter of fact, we're crowded to the roof, and several are occupying hammocks on the verandahs."

"But, Mr. Bright, I've Mrs. Webster with me. This is impossible," said Webster.

"You didn't mention that in your wire."

"Why—no I didn't," said the man realizing for the first time that he had made a fatal blunder in the telegram, "she decided to come at the last moment. You see I had to go to Europe on business last year," he went on more fluently, "and when we were married I got an extra month, and we made it our honeymoon trip. This year it looked for a while as if we wouldn't have a trip at all, but at the last moment I managed to arrange it, and, of course, we came to Wildwood."

Mrs. Webster, standing a few paces away, nearly choked in her efforts to keep from laughing at her husband's clever combination of truth and fiction.

"But, pardon me, I am forgetting. Margaret, this is Mr. Bright."

"Very glad to meet you," said the girl coming forward with full-power smile. "I'm sure you can remedy my husband's carelessness, can't you?"

"I'll go and see the housekeeper right away, Mrs. Webster," replied Bright. "Perhaps she can suggest something. Be sure we'll do our best," he added gallantly, hastening away.

"This is the very devil, Margaret," said Webster with emphasis.

"Yes, isn't it!" she assented warmly. "It's so very inconvenient, but perhaps we'll be all right."

"The best we can do is to give Mrs. Webster a cot in the house-keep-

er's room for to-night," said Bright on his return. "Even to do that we'll have to rig up another hammock for somebody. Then to-morrow we can probably arrange things better. A Mrs. Walker is leaving, and I'll give you her room. Will that be all right?"

Webster let slip a syllable which rhymes perfectly with bell, but recollecting himself he said, with as much nonchalence as experience in college dramatics and the University of the World had taught him:

"Oh! we'll make the best of it, Mr. Bright. I know you'll get us something better to-morrow."

"I suppose you are tired after your journey, and will want to retire at once. Front!" called the clerk.

Two bellboys seized a suitcase each and stood waiting—and observant. Plainly there was no loophole. Even Napoleon must have had some moments like these.

"Good-night, Margaret," said Webster with studied matter-of-factness. "See you in the morning about eight-thirty for breakfast."

"Yes, that will be about right," replied his wife, "and don't wait for me if I'm not down on time," she continued, playing up to his lead, "I know you don't like to wait, and I may be a little late."

But, of course, they breakfasted together.

"Wildwood is pretty, isn't it?" asked Webster as they gazed out of the window of the dining-room.

"Yes, indeed," assented his wife.

"Beautiful Wildwood, exquisite scenery," he ran on, "garage, tennis, golf—and two cots!"

A peal of silvery laughter rewarded his sally.

"This is an awful joke on us. Heavens! if it should ever get out that a supposedly experienced traveller like myself forgot to ask for reservations for two," he said.

"Oh, well, the unexpected always happens, you know," was her reply.

"Just let one more unexpected thing happen, if you want to see a first-class, A. No. 1, double-barrelled, self-oiling, ball-bearing volcanic eruption!" ejaculated Webster.

"But a bad beginning makes a good ending," she replied vivaciously.

After breakfast a stroll killed time very well till lunch. When I say stroll, I mean a stroll plus the discussion of a certain bungalow, which Webster proposed to build. In fact, they had only two rooms planned when it was time to return.

After lunch Mrs. Webster announced that she was going to take a nap. Her husband spent the time this occupied for her mooning around the smoking-room. He seemed unable under the new circumstances to recollect just how he used to fill up these little intervals—which shows perhaps how one's point of view may change.

At four-thirty Mrs. Webster came down for tea. Her husband presented her to several ladies he knew. Then the fiction of the European tour was casually produced and passed muster.

When Webster returned from an unsuccessful search for a non-existent book of photos taken on the trip, in which he was almost beginning to believe himself, he saw his wife and some of the ladies comparing and discussing rings.

"I'll bet old Mrs. Jenkins has noted the date on the ring," he thought exultantly, "and I'll have evidence enough to win that bet twice over," which later proved indeed to be the case.

Dinner was at seven. From force of habit Webster donned his evening suit, and strolled into the rotunda to wait for his wife. As the clock marked a minute or two to seven he was struck by a sudden thought. When I say struck, possibly flattened out would be more appropriate. What would his wife wear? She had no evening dress with her, and couldn't possibly have got a suitable one in the "Drygoods Emporium." But even

"Beautiful wild wood, exquisite scenery," he ran on, "garage, tennis, golf and—two cots."

as he was seeking the correct solution to this new problem, he saw her tall, shapely figure descending the stairway—and in a black evening gown, which set off her blonde beauty to perfection!

"How did you manage it?" he asked eagerly.

"I'll tell you later. You like it?"

"You look stunning!" he said, but if printed words could give the tone!

"You see, I remember that you like me in black silk," she rejoined.

The rotunda soon became animated by various groups, but the Websters felt each proud of the other, in case comparisons were made—which is very usually the case at summer ho-

tels. Of course, we're a democratic people, but—

Then the bomb exploded.

Webster went to get the key of the room promised by the clerk.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Webster," replied the clerk to his inquiry, "Mrs. Walker has at the last moment decided to stay another day. If you can only excuse this, to-morrow we'll positively have something. In fact, I'll give you my own suite, if all else fails. I'd do that now, but I've got to work there most of the night on accounts. We extremely regret your inconvenience, but it's all we can offer you till to-morrow."

"Well, Margaret," said Webster nonchalantly, "I'm in for another of Anderson's golf post-mortems, but it can't be helped. Shall we go and see what the chef has for us?"

"Yes, let's!" replied his wife philosophically. "I do feel rather peckish, and you can tell me a little more about 'dear old London', in case the house-keeper should get on that subject. I had a few narrow escapes last night, and as it is, I've told more fibs recently than in my whole previous existence."

Webster with that *sang froid* which only considerable experience can give, hypnotized the head-waiter with a single glance into giving them just the right table. After all personality counts in these matters.

The orchestra was discoursing sweet music. Solicitous waiters were bringing delicate viands. Flowers added their perfume. Webster was gazing across the table at a beautiful woman whose grace enchanted him. Mrs. Webster's eyes dwelt approvingly on a tall, distinguished man, who wore his evening-clothes with an air that was different.

Delmonico's definition that a perfect dinner consists of four elements —taste of exquisite viands, the perfume of flowers, the sound of entrancing music, and the sight of beauty—was perfectly fulfilled. But to be truthful there was a little fly in the ointment on this occasion.

"Tell me about the dress," said Webster.

"Don't you recognize it?"

"No, where'd you get it?"

"Well, I knew your preference for a certain little black silk dress, and so I wore it to the picnic. This after, when I learned accidentally from one of the ladies that it was customary to dress for dinner here."

"Of course—this isn't Paris!" interrupted her husband.

"So I cut out the neck, shortened the sleeves, added a touch of lace, and there you have it! It would never have seemed plausible to come here without one—and I didn't want to strain your imaginative faculty in new inventions about lost luggage."

"I knew I was getting a pretty woman, but I didn't know you were so clever," said her husband with emphasis.

"Flatterer! I am adding that to your score, and I have a long memory!"

"Are you happy?"

"Yes," she said, but the simple monosyllable spoke volumes.

The superb, silent, scintillating evening was wonderfully beautiful, but suddenly its silence was interrupted by the staccato crashes of a tango from the Casino.

"Do you care to dance?" asked the man.

"Yes, but I don't know the latest. They wouldn't let us learn to do it at home. Is it hard to do?"

"No, very easy; I'll show you how to do it in short order."

They danced together twice. Then other new friends who sought introductions through the ladies she had met at tea claimed her; and all too soon the evening flitted past.

"Well, I guess it's the little cot for yours," remarked Webster as they parted at the stairs. "Good-night."

"Good-night, Dan, see you in the morning," replied his wife smilingly.

"Telegrams for Mr. Webster!" a

bellboy was calling as they met again next morning.

"Excuse me a moment, dear, while I see what these are," said Webster, taking the yellow envelopes, the first of which he opened and read. His expression changed from buoyant happiness to sombre depression. Silently he handed the message to his wife. This is what she read:

"California deal demands your immediate return for several days. Sorry interrupt your vacation, which you can continue a week later.
(Signed) "J. H. ARTHURS."

"It's the chief, and I've got to go! He's always awfully decent, and I know he'd not have sent this if it were not of the highest importance. Of course, he doesn't know I'm just married."

"Oh! I always have to keep the office posted regarding a change of address. Just a minute, I'll see when we can get a train."

"We can get one at eight-ten, right after dinner, which will land us in Boston half an hour before midnight. Do you mind?"

"Of course not, but where do we go then? I'm getting a little tired of hotels!" declared the girl.

"We won't have to go to a hotel; read that," he replied, passing her the second telegram.

It read as follows:

"Glad to let you have my flat. Am leaving to-night for two months' vacation in Muskoka. Janitor will let you in any time. Congratulations, you sly dog. Why didn't you let us know?
(Signed) "HARRY."

"I wired Harry Pierce, telling him to keep the news confidential, thinking it might come in handy later, when we were looking for an apartment. What do you think of it?"

"Oh, it won't be so bad," said the girl smilingly. "Besides, you know I'm just crazy to try experiments in cooking on an appreciative guest. You'll have to say you like it, whether you do or not."

On the chair-car at the rear of the express the Websters were sitting an hour or so later.

"You know, I can't tell you how badly I feel about this interruption," the man was saying for the 'steenth time.

"It's not your fault, dear, and you know, as I said before, a bad beginning always makes a good ending."

"The ending ought to be a whirlwind in that case. It's been a queer sort of honeymoon so far—a kind of honeyless honeymoon!" said Webster, "but I've a toast to propose. Here Sam," he called to the porter, "bring us some French coffee in glasses, good and strong."

When it came, he said, raising his glass:

"Now, then, will you drink to a real honeymoon, free from clerks, hotels, and misunderstandings!"

She clinked her glass against his.

"To the end of a tragedy-farce! Here's to my big Boss, Boston, and Bliss!" said his wife with sparkling eyes.

The express arrived at eleven-thirty. A taxi whirled them to the Lennox Mansions. Webster found the janitor. A silver dollar illuminated his Swedish obtuseness. They were ushered into the apartment, and the door closed behind them.

HOAR FROST

From the photograph
by W. S. Louson

FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

VIII—THE BIDDULPH TRAGEDY

BY JOHN MARKEY

THERE is a popular belief, so commonly held that it has become crystallized into a proverb, to the effect that "murder will out." The proverb is probably based, not so much on experience, as on humanity's faith in an all-ruling Providence, which sooner or later, in one way or another, will vindicate the cause of justice. The sober fact is that many of the world's most notable murders have never been followed by any vindication of justice, so far, at least, as human institutions are concerned. It is now thirty-five years since what was, perhaps, the most atrocious murder in the whole history of civilized Canada was committed, yet to this day nobody has ever been convicted of or punished for it. This is all the more remarkable because of the fact that quite a number of people must have been involved in it, and because it was never treated as much of a mystery in the section in which it was committed.

The reference is to the Biddulph tragedy. During the early hours of the fourth of February, 1880—somewhere between midnight and daybreak—the occupants, four in number, of the Donnelly home, on the Roman line of the township of Biddulph, in Middlesex county, were beaten either to death or a state of helplessness. The house was then set on fire and the bodies burned beyond recognition. The house itself was totally destroyed. Shortly afterwards another member of the Donnelly family was called to the door of his brother's home, about four miles away, and shot. A number of people were arrested. Six were finally held for trial. One of the prisoners, charged with being the ringleader, was placed on trial twice. The first time the jury disagreed. The second time it acquitted him. The other prisoners were released on bail with five indictments hanging over them; but to this day not one of them has ever been brought to trial. There is no probability now that anybody ever will be punished for this murder, notwithstanding that at least two witnesses for the Crown swore positively, and refused to have their testimony broken by cross-examination, that they were eye-witnesses and were able to identify some of the participants.

The story of the murder may be thus briefly related: On the Roman line of the township of Biddulph, about four miles from the village of Lucan, lived the Donnelly family. The Roman line was so called because it had been settled by Roman Catholics. It was thus distinguished from the Protestant line on one side and the Swamp line—so called from an immense cedar swamp—on the other. The Donnelly family at the time of the murder consisted of James, the father, aged sixty-four; his wife Judith, aged fifty-seven; their sons, Thomas, aged twenty-six, and John, aged twenty-three, and their niece,

Bridget Donnelly, but recently out from Ireland, aged twenty-four, all living on the homestead; William, residing at Whalen's Corners, about four miles away; Patrick, living at Thorold; Robert, living at Glencoe, and a daughter, Janey, living near London. The Donnelly name had long occupied a conspicuous place in the local history of the township. Rightly or wrongly it had been associated with a great deal of disturbance and not a little crime. Barns were burned, crops were destroyed, animals were mutilated. There were periods of terrorism when people scarcely knew where to look for safety. It was said that the father of the family had a prison record. It was known that he had had a lawsuit for the possession of fifty acres of land, and that he had lost it. It was known also that the man who had won the suit and established his claim to the fifty acres had his barns destroyed by fire and some of his animals disembowelled. There was little doubt that the fire was of incendiary origin, and if anybody hesitated to whisper his suspicion as to where the guilt lay it was probably through fear. The Donnelly boys drove stage from Lucan to London for years. Different rival stages were set up at different times, and these attempts to establish competition were followed by the destruction of vehicles and the mutilation of horses, the victims always being the would-be competitors.

This kind of work went on for years. It became a habit with some people to blame the Donnellys for everything in the nature of an outrage or daredeviltry that occurred. The Donnelly boys always claimed that they were persecuted and that they were the victims of jealousy and of rivalry. Eventually the people of the section were divided into three classes, the Donnelly faction, the anti-Donnelly faction, and the neutrals. The feeling at times ran very high. Some of the offences by which the peace of the community was disturbed were undoubtedly brutal and intolerable. Many others were mere acts of cunning and daring, regarded by their perpetrators as practical jokes, but magnified by the victims into violent outrages. There is no doubt that the Donnelly boys had no monopoly of the practical jokes, and there is little doubt that they came in for more than their due share of the blame.

The late Reverend Father Connolly, afterwards parish priest of Ingersoll, was then in charge of the Roman line church. He was a good man and a devoted priest; but his language was probably more impulsive than diplomatic at times. He has been held by some to be to some extent blameworthy in connection with the tragedy. It is no more than fair to his memory to say that those who were best qualified by actual knowledge as well as disposition to judge fairly have always fully acquitted him. He was sorely plagued by escapades and outrages which destroyed the peace of the community and brought disgrace upon his people, and it is very probable that he did demand, from the altar, if there was no way of putting an end to it all. This was probably the origin of the legend that he had asked if there was nobody who would rid the parish of the disturbers. It is true that William Donnelly, in his evidence, did say that the priest had called him a cripple and a devil; but it is more than likely that William was depending on hearsay evidence. What is known for certainty is that Father Connolly, in a final effort to secure peace and order among his flock, did provide a book, which was placed at the entrance to the church. Everybody in the parish who was willing to keep the peace himself and assist others in keeping order was invited to sign his name in this book. The book was freely signed, and among the first to use it were members of the Donnelly family. In time the book disappeared from the porch of

the church. It is said that it was taken over to the Cedar Swamp school-house, situated some miles from the church, and that it was there used in the organization of the Vigilance Committee. Father Connolly's name has been used in connection with the formation of this committee. There is absolutely no evidence that he had anything to do with it. He strove to get the members of his flock to pledge themselves to maintain order; but there was no organization. Afterwards a secret, oath-bound organization was formed, but this met in the Cedar Swamp school, not in the church, and there is no evidence that Father Connolly had anything to do with it.

In spite of the efforts of the priest and of the Vigilance Committee the trouble continued. A climax was reached when the barns on Patrick Ryder's farm were destroyed by fire one night in the early part of 1880. Suspicion fell on the Donnellys. James Donnelly and his wife Judith were formally accused. They were summoned to appear before a magistrate at Granton for preliminary examination. They did appear, but owing to the absence of a witness the case was adjourned till February fourth. When that date arrived they had gone before a higher tribunal. It was on the morning of the fourth that the murder took place.

History is indebted to a remarkable circumstance for all it has to tell about the murder itself. As the Donnellys were due at Granton on the fourth, a young lad was brought down from Lucan to feed the pigs and look after the stock during their absence. This was Johnny O'Connor. He was only eleven years of age, but appears to have been unusually bright and self-possessed for his years. His story furnished the main evidence for the Crown. It was told again and again—at the inquest, at the preliminary examination, at the first trial, and at the second trial—and always it was substantially the same. It was corroborated to some extent by the evidence of William Donnelly, and afterwards by the alleged confession of William Feehley. Moreover, it furnished a reasonable explanation of how it came that the Donnellys allowed themselves to be so easily disposed of in the end. The Donnelly home was known to be well prepared for defence. There were firearms of various kinds distributed through the house. The old man, at any rate, was known to be a crack shot, and there was never any doubt in the mind of anybody familiar with the facts that the family could have made a spirited defence. Why did they allow themselves to be murdered without striking a blow or firing a shot? The boy's story furnishes an explanation. Briefly told, his story was as follows: He went to bed with old man Donnelly. Mrs. Donnelly and Bridget, the niece, slept in the adjoining bedroom. Tom slept in the kitchen. John had gone over to William's place at Whalen's Corners and had not returned. About two o'clock in the morning young O'Connor was awakened by some talk. Old man Donnelly had already arisen and a man was standing at the door of the bedroom holding a light so that he might dress. This man was James Carroll, the constable. Donnelly asked Carroll why he was disturbing him now, and Carroll replied that there was another charge against him. When the old man went out into the kitchen the boy heard him ask Tom if he were handcuffed. Tom replied, "Yes, he thinks he's smart." Then a crowd of men rushed into the house and began beating the two Donnellys. Tom managed to rush out through the front door, but somebody cried to smash him on the head, and he was driven back in again. Bridget tried to escape by running upstairs, but some of the crowd followed her. When the trouble began the boy slipped under the bed and took refuge behind a large clothes-basket there. From this posi-

tion he declared that he was able to see a part of what was going on. He positively identified James Carroll, the constable, and John Purtell. Having disposed, as they thought, of all the occupants of the house, the men poured coal oil on the bed under which young O'Connor was hiding, and set fire to it. Then they left. When the coast was clear the boy slipped out from his hiding-place, which was already becoming uncomfortable, and ran across the road to the residence of Patrick Whalen. He told the story of the murder, in part at least, but Mrs. Whalen refused to call the boys, fearing that they might be killed, as she said, and it was some time before old Mr. Whalen went over to the burning building to investigate. The house was burned to the ground and the occupants were beyond recognition.

The story told by William Donnelly, who lived at Whalen's Corners, was to the effect that his brother John, who was sleeping at his house that night, was awakened some time between midnight and morning by the cry of "Fire!" As he went to the door to investigate he was shot. William realized, presumably, that he himself, and not his brother, was the victim sought, and he allowed his sense of self-preservation to keep him well under cover, but he declared that by peeping out from behind the window-blind he was able to get a fairly distinct view of what was going on outside, and he was positive that among the crowd of men in front of the house he identified James Carroll, James Ryder, and John Kennedy. Carroll, he said, he knew only too well as a constable. Ryder he had known from boyhood, and Kennedy was his brother-in-law. He said he heard Kennedy remark, "Brother-in-law is easy at last."

The coroner's jury returned a verdict against parties unknown. Meantime several arrests had been made. Finally six men were held for trial, namely, James Carroll, John Kennedy, Martin McLaughlin, James Ryder, John Purtell, and Thomas Ryder. An attempt was made to secure a change of venue on the ground that a condition of terrorism prevailed in the community, which would make it very difficult to secure a competent jury. It was decided, however, that the trial should go on at London. The trial was held early in October. Five indictments were returned against each of the six prisoners, one for each of the murdered victims. James Carroll was the only man actually put on trial, and he was charged with the murder of Judith Donnelly. The other indictments were held in abeyance. Mr. Justice Armour was the trial judge. The late Sir Æmelius Irving, Q.C., conducted the prosecution, assisted by Crown-Attorney Hutchinson. The late Judge MacMahon, then practising in London, conducted the defence. The chief evidence for the Crown was that already outlined in the stories of Johnny O'Connor and William Donnelly. The defence depended partly on the very able cross-examination of the leading witnesses by Mr. MacMahon, and partly on an attempt to establish an alibi. A witness was produced to testify that Carroll had slept at the Ryder home on the night of the murder and could not have been at the scene of the tragedy. The case lasted all week, and the jury, after deliberating for nearly seven hours, reported than an agreement was impossible. The jury stood seven for acquittal, four for conviction, and one undecided. The judge's charge, while judicial and temperate, was generally interpreted as bearing strongly against the prisoner. Carroll was again put on trial before a special court the following February. Mr. Justice Cameron presided, and the counsel for the Crown and the defence were the same as before. The evidence was largely a repetition of that produced at the previous trial, with the addition of evidence in rebuttal of that produced for Carroll's

alibi. A new witness swore that Carroll was not at Ryder's house up till ten o'clock on the night of the murder. The jury, after deliberating for an hour and a quarter, brought in a verdict of not guilty. The verdict was greeted with great applause, in which the prisoners joined. It was generally conceded that young O'Connor stood the severe ordeal of examination and cross-examination remarkably well.

The prisoners were all liberated on bail to appear if called upon again. Against Carroll there still remained four indictments; against all the other prisoners the original five indictments remained. The prisoners had been in confinement for about a year. That imprisonment was all the punishment ever inflicted by the law on any of them. No successful attempt was made to bring any of them to trial again. Nor is it likely that any attempt will ever be made. The trial judge in releasing the men said that the jury had taken a lenient view of the evidence against them. Purtell remained in London; the rest of the prisoners returned to their homes in Biddulph after a spirited celebration of their release. Carroll remained for some years in the township, and then went West, where he disappeared from public view. William Donnelly kept a diary of local affairs in Biddulph, in which he tried to show that the hand of retributive justice was heavily laid on the accused; but as a matter of fact his evidence was not convincing. There was no real evidence that fate was more severe with the accused than with their neighbours.

The release of the prisoners was not the end of the attempt of justice to vindicate itself. In the May following the trial, two brothers, named James and William Feehley, former residents of Biddulph, were arrested at Saginaw, Michigan, on the strength of an alleged confession made by one of them. Johnny O'Connor in his evidence had stated that on the evening previous to the murder James Feehley paid a visit to the Donnelly house and remained for a time in conversation with the inmates. This statement was borne out by the alleged confession, in which James Feehley was made to say that he was induced by members of the Vigilance Committee to visit the Donnelly home for the purpose of ascertaining who was there. Feehley had quarrelled with some of the accused, and it was said that he was accustomed to boast at times that he had the necessary information to hang them. According to the alleged confession he was a witness of the whole awful tragedy, but took no part in it, beyond paying the visit to the Donnelly home. His story, according to the confession, corroborated the evidence of young O'Connor in a general way, except in one particular. He said that the boy was mistaken in his identification of John Purtell, who was not present. There was something like a general belief in the neighbourhood that the boy was mistaken in regard to this man, for Purtell was always credited with having been friendly to the Donnelly boys. The Feehley brothers were brought back to Canada and committed for trial, on a charge of murder, but there was no evidence against them except that which they were said to have furnished by their own talk, and nothing came of it.

The Donnelly boys who survived the tragedy are now all dead. Patrick, the last of them, died at St. Catharines only a year or so ago. He was a man of excellent reputation both in Biddulph and elsewhere. Father Connolly declared that had Patrick remained at home the murder would probably never have been committed. Father Connolly also declared that he had never had any trouble with either of the old folks. John Donnelly was also generally acquitted by the people of the district of any serious participation in the crimes that were charged against other members of the Donnelly family. William

Donnelly was credited with being the chief disturbing element. People said that he made the balls while others fired them. He also made many ballads, which he was accustomed to sing to familiar song-tunes which he played on the fiddle. In these ballads his enemies were often held up to scorn and ridicule in a way that was not calculated to promote the spirit of good feeling. On one occasion when a large party of Vigilants, armed with clubs and sticks and slabs, made a reconnaissance in force in front of William's home, he met them with his fiddle and dispersed them by playing airily, "Bony Crossing the Alps."

Biddulph gained a very unenviable reputation because of the tragedy, and this remained with it for many years; yet the testimony of those who knew the people well has always been that the great majority of them were kindly, hospitable, and peaceable, and the fact remains that since the awful tragedy the township has enjoyed comparative peace.

ON A SEASON'S RAMBLES

By ROBERT CARY

THAT wildflow'rs this winged, buzzing Summer I
In mead and greenwood, field and swamp have seen.
Fivefinger, with its tiny palms; wild-bean,
Ox-eyes, and Susans, the weed named butterfly;
Loosestrife, so golden starred; the vain Joe-Pye;
Great Mullein, much perched of kingbirds; wintergreen
With berried-blossoms; from foot of fairy-queen
White moccasins that sandal fair July;
All-bounteous Nature, how abroad hath he
Since tender years been at thy beck and call
Whose spirit, from flow'r to weed, like to a bee
Hath been disposed to suck with sweets life's gall;
He who has heard in spring's bird-melody
The buds bloom, and a soundless requiem of fall!

THE GOLDEN CIRCLET

BY JENNY ZELDA KARLAN

JOHN CAMPBELL walked past the main entrance of the *Royal Theatre* with the curious state of mind of one who is partly able to regard himself from the outside. In front of him were bill-boards announcing a play whose *première* was soon to take place—"The Golden Circlet," by Conrad Howe. Even though he had struggled hard and failed often, though he was now within sight of success, he found it hard to believe that prosaic John Campbell was Conrad Howe, the author. He watched the many people who stopped to look at the advertisement, and a feeling that he was guilty of a serious misdemeanour crept slowly over him, for he was taking them, as it were, at a disadvantage. He was almost inclined to tap one elderly gentleman on the shoulder and assure him that no deception was intended.

The secret of the authorship of "The Golden Circlet" had been well kept, for only three people knew it and not one of them was a woman. Campbell had assumed the other name with a feeling that his own had brought him no luck; and as he stood there he imagined he could see passersby shrugging their shoulders and remarking: "What! Campbell still writing plays? What a fool a man is, to be wasting his time on that." He therefore had put down the pen and Conrad Howe had taken it up. Nevertheless, Conrad Howe had actually written a play which seemed to have in it the elements of popularity.

"The Golden Circlet" — three words that represented six months' grinding work, during which time John Campbell practically shut himself away from the world, had declined all invitations, had paid no calls and had risked all on this one last throw. When the thing of his great concentration was finished, it seemed like again coming into fresh air, and with the new breath came back to memory names he had almost forgotten, foremost of which was that of a girl whom he had thought it would be wiser to forget, and, strange to say, while his work-mania was with him he had, it seemed, almost forgotten. It is wonderful what hard work will do with a man, for a time; but when the pause comes, human nature must always have its backward glance, its old searchings and reviving pains.

As Campbell stood near the entrance of the theatre, quite suddenly his attention was drawn by a passerby who happened to be one he did not at that moment care to meet. Prompted by sudden thought, he slipped into a doorway just in time to escape the eyes of a girl who was walking very quickly in his direction. He waited for a moment—she did not pass. He soon ventured to glance out, and, to his satisfaction, she was leaving the theatre. His first impulse was to overtake her and make a clean breast of it all, but a moment's reflection suggested to him that, having restrained himself for so long, it would be foolish to take a doubtful step now.

The girl could have had no idea that the name Conrad Howe served as anything more than a cloak for John Campbell, and this seemed to show Campbell an opportunity for a little emotional comedy. Now that his position had grown to be one of some little distinction, he felt free to indulge in humour. He walked carelessly up to the box office and asked with a downward glance, "Did a lady take seats a moment ago, a lady with a red hat and fur-trimmed cloak?"

"Pretty?" asked the ticket-seller.

"Very pretty," answered Campbell, with a smile playing about his eyes.

"Yes," came the reply with a searching look, "the lady has secured a box for two."

"Two!" scowled Campbell, with an inner question in the word. "Is the next seat taken?"

The man in the office looked at his plan, then said, "No, sir, it is not."

"Then give it to me, please," said Campbell, and a moment later he walked leisurely away, closely examining his ticket and feeling at the same time that he had done a good morning's work. He had, at any rate, made sure of a seat near Maxine. If her companion should be a gentleman, it would matter a great deal; if a lady, it, of course, need not matter. He winced a little as he thought what great changes might in six months take place.

Maxine was in no way bound to him. True enough, they had seemed to understand each other, and at the same time between them there had always existed a pleasant friendship. But he, as a struggling writer with nothing but debts to his credit, had not dared to lay those debts and a doubtful future at his lady's feet.

During the following week his time was fully occupied, but when the great day came and the final rehearsal was over, he had a few hours in which to feel that almost unendurable excitement which precedes an evident ordeal, the result of which is not in one's own hands. His part of the great work was over, but the appalling idea was, would the players, after all his hard and conscientious work, rise to theirs? He assured himself that they would, but what mattered his enthusiasm, when the result depended on what others would say. His excitement was almost doubled by the prospect of watching the effect of his hard work on the face of Maxine Burrell.

He reached the theatre a few minutes before the curtain rose. While standing looking listlessly at the usual rush and pell-mell of theatre-goers, he suddenly saw Maxine in the company of a man whom he had never before seen. He hurried quickly into the theatre, trying to avoid meeting anyone he knew, and was ushered to his seat, which was done just in time to escape so far unobserved by Maxine. He waited till she was comfortably seated beside him, then exclaimed in a low voice, "You are as interested in plays as ever?"

"Mr. Campbell!" she cried, half turning to face him; and he was almost sure that the hand she held out to him trembled a little.

"May I ask your forgiveness for my having neglected you during the past six months? I have been working terribly hard — almost night and day."

She stared vacantly, and at the next instant almost a look of care swept over her face as she asked, "At a play?"

"Yes, at a play," he replied slowly.

"You are forgiven," she said sweetly, "for you are brave and courageous to stick to your ideals."

"Then I am rewarded," he murmured, with a downward glance.

A swift look at her face assured him that she was not less beautiful. The soft brown eyes, the prettily curved lips as well as the peach-like tint of her nicely rounded face were yet unchanged.

"Do you know who is this Mr. Con-

rad Howe?'' he asked indifferently.

''No. No one seems to know. His identity has been kept a secret, and most successfully,'' she answered, with a puzzled look.

''Do you suppose it isn't his real name?'' he cautiously asked.

''I have an idea that it isn't. It sounds to me, somehow, assumed. What do you think?''

Just then came an interruption from the third party, and Maxine suddenly, with embarrassment, realized that she had entirely overlooked the simple courtesy of their introduction. Then, with a quick turn, she said, ''Tom, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Campbell. Mr. Campbell, this is my cousin, Captain Irving, who is just home from India.'' And as they bowed stiffly to each other she went on cheerfully, turning her glance to her cousin, ''We were discussing whether the name Conrad Howe is a real or a pen name. What do you think?'' he was asked.

''I don't know anything about these writers,'' he said, shifting a little uneasily. Then he almost snapped out, ''I don't know why they shouldn't use their own names unless they are ashamed of them.''

''Perhaps you don't understand,'' Maxine suggested.

''Perhaps I don't,'' he scowled.

''The climate of India is so trying,'' she whispered, under her breath.

''It must be,'' said Campbell, smiling.

Their attention at this point was drawn by the orchestra, as it played softly. Then the curtain rose.

As the author saw his work develop before his eyes he had the feeling of one who stands aside and beholds an audience in breathless interest. He did not begrudge the experience that had gone towards the making of it, nor did he regret that he had toiled so hard for his ideals.

When the curtain fell upon the first act the clamour of applause was the true outcome of genuine emotion aroused by legitimate means. Campbell became weak and almost sick as he realized vividly what it all meant to him, and he realized, above all, what little value it would be should he fail in the greater matter of his love.

Maxine leaned towards him, and with tears in her eyes that betrayed deep feeling for what had been produced in the first act, she said, ''This is the sort of play we have been waiting for—it speaks of what is quite true and human.''

Campbell looked up with a sign of triumph on his face and added, ''Conrad Howe should be a happy man tonight—if he is in the house.''

To this Maxine replied with excited anxiety.

''I hope he is,'' she said, ''there's sure to be a call for a few words, being that this is a new play and such a grand success!''

''It must be pretty hard on a man,'' he said, and his heart thumped so fiercely that he was afraid she could hear it.

''Why don't you write plays of this kind?'' she asked casually.

''It's the sort of thing I've been aiming at,'' he said amusedly.

''Go on aiming and you'll succeed,'' she exclaimed, as she braced herself a little.

''With your encouragement I feel I could do anything.''

''This isn't a bad play, is it?'' broke in Captain Irving.

''Why it's splendid,'' flashed Maxine, with much enthusiasm.

Irving thoughtfully tapped his programme, then fairly blurted out, ''The author certainly knows something about plays, too. There's none of that puzzling that leads one to nowhere.'' Then he went on, apparently with deep interest: ''And the heroine is perfectly delightful—so genuinely emotional.''

''She is!'' said Campbell.

As a matter of fact, both she and her work were the result of a careful study made by Campbell of Maxine,

and for some reason, thought Campbell, but she appeared to be entierly unconscious of it.

"There are only three acts, too," observed the Captain, seemingly well pleased. "Now that's sensible. Four and five acts, with long waits, are killing. I should call it taking your money on false pretences." Then, with a shrug as though annoyed, he added, "One doesn't come to a theatre to hear the band play."

When the curtain rose again all noise in the house instantly settled so that for fully a half minute utter silence reigned. Maxine leaned forward with the eagerness of a child. Even Captain Irving sat forward so that interest could be read not only on his face but also in his slightly curved back.

Campbell again began to feel master of himself. Part of the future at last, he thought, is now favourably solved, and to a man so anxious to be told of his standing, his watchful eye needed no more than the expression on Maxine's face and comments he had just received from the critical Captain Irving. Yes favourably, he silently mused, and Oh! how much that means to a man that steps from poverty to the pleasant security of success can only be realized by those who have striven wretchedly from a likewise position. Then he smiled as he thought,

"The mere fact of being able to pay a debt with promptitude is indeed capable of affording a great deal of joy," and to John Campbell the thought was like the breath of pure air filling a world of smoke. Now that so much was within his grasp he longed with all the height of desire just as does the every-day world. The height of our desire grows as we advance. Only a few months before he had travelled innumerable miles of wearying rickety roads, of trying hours when others slept snugly in their comfortable beds, hours that were to mean (perhaps) success—and many other things.

In the second act was a simple love-scene that held the audience in a spell of surprise. It was most touching and convincing. Campbell's sharp gaze confided to him that there was no laughing or even snickering—a thing almost unforgivable (provoked by someone or other) in a theatre when sentiment is being displayed. This gave him much satisfaction, and he dropped quietly back in his seat and slowly closed his eyes.

When the curtain again fell, Maxine almost impetuously cried, "You didn't see all of that act. Are you tired—or were you asleep?"

"I'm neither tired or sleepy, and I heard everything," was the soft reply.

"Didn't you think the love-scene beautiful?"

"Yes," he said, and he blushed a little at his own candour.

"I didn't think much of that," said Captain Irving with humorous hauteur. "I suppose it's because I can't picture myself saying pretty things to a girl." Then he blurted out: "It's not my style, you know. I feel 'em, but can't express 'em. My notion is that the girl should make love to me."

At this all three sat back and gave way to hearty laughter, and Maxine said, "But you must surely begin."

"That's just the hardest part of it," came the reply, with a little shake of the head, "I can't."

Just at that moment Mr. Campbell rose and rather apologetically said, "I'm sorry, but I must leave you now, having promised to attend at another part of the house. When the play is over will you remain here till I return to claim my chair beside you?"

He finished the words with a look that was mingled with pleading. Then he added, "I have an idea that I can find out who this Conrad Howe is. Should I be right, may I bring him to see you?"

"Please do!" said Maxine. "I shall wait for you.

With that he went out into the street and lighted a cigarette, glad

to again look at the blue sky. The aspect of the world was now changed for him, and he saw as with a microscope even the small uninteresting stores; and with new eyes viewed the cars, the horses, and had more interest than ever from the dirty-faced little newsboys who went noisily about their work. Every person upon the pavement seemed a friend, at times the maddening noise of the street traffic was to him even something grand. The stars above the housetops looked down and blinked with kindly eyes. The cool air put fresh courage into his veins, quieted his throbbing pulse and made hope loom up bright and real before his hungry eyes.

Inside the theatre, it had been altogether difficult to see clearly through the existing substantial facts, but out in the confusion of the street it proved an easy matter. He told himself there was no doubt about "The Golden Circlet" nor about there being not far away a Maxine Burrell, nor was there a doubt as to himself of whom he could hardly think at such a time as this when there was so much gliding smoothly into the filling cup. It was no dream. But the name "Conrad Howe" flared at him from the placards. Was it a real name? He touched the large black letters with his fingers to make sure they might not vanish as if touched by a magic wand.

Ten minutes passed before he reentered the theatre by the stage door. There he was met in the wings by the manager, who came forward with overwhelming congratulations. Campbell accepted them expectantly and did not resent the vigorous handshake.

"There is bound to be a call for "The Author" said the manager. "You'll speak a word from the footlights, won't you? It's always better —pleases them, you know." Then he went on to ask, as if it were something important that he had almost forgotten, whether Campbell felt at all nervous? Come round to my office and have something refreshing. This is a great success, Mr. Howe—nothing like it for years. Just listen to that applause, and there's no doubt as to who is the cause. Come along and have a drink."

Campbell went readily enough, and glad of the opportunity, for the atmosphere of the theatre seemed stifling and was again playing on his nerves a little.

When the closing curtain fell, cheers rose from all over the house. The mysterious secret was a success, and in the midst of the noise, before he could realize it, Campbell found himself before the curtain, profusely bowing, dazzled by the foot-lights and at the same time straining his eyes to see one particular face, and, as if in obedience to his longing, the face rose before him, flushed and excited, with eyes from which delight and astonishment had hardly died away and lips that smiled tremulously as two glistening tears trickled down towards them. Ah, this was the supreme moment of his triumph!

As quickly as he could make his escape, he found his way back to the box. Maxine was alone. As he approached, she raised her head. The colour had deserted her cheeks. As she rose, he held out his hand, and looking her full in the eyes slowly said, with a growing smile, "I have brought you Conrad Howe."

The first shock of surprise having left her, she stood with considerable calmness, and could he have but had a glimpse into the heart that was full of passionate pride, it would have greatly gladdened him, but instead of Maxine at that moment making any such revelation, she faced him and quite emphatically said, "Why did you not tell me before? Mr. Campbell, it was cruel of you."

"Perhaps it was," he answered, a little shamefacedly, "but should I have failed I could not bear that you should know it."

She softened a little as she said, "Such an act I should not call one of true friendship."

"Did I ever profess true friendship for you?" he asked before she had time to look, which caused her to draw a quick breath and turning her gaze downward she nervously played with her fan.

"You see," he went on, as if then were the time to speak, "I was so very much alone in the world that I had to make my mark in my own way. A few months ago things were very gloomy for me, and I just shut myself up and plugged."

"It must have been horribly hard for you," she said, "to lock yourself away like that from everything."

"It was hard," he said with a sigh. "Nor am I going to pretend that it wasn't. I had hope—not very bright perhaps, but still it was enough to keep me from going under."

"You had confidence in yourself and in your work," she added with vim.

"I had more than that," he urged. "Can you not guess what it was?"

Their voices rang out curiously hollow in the theatre, which was now almost empty.

"I daresay you hoped to gain success and money?" was her questioning reply.

"Yes, and more than that," said Campbell, straightening up as if to provide himself with more courage, as he added: "Maxine, the redeeming secret of my success was in the hope to in time win your love. Could you not guess?"

He took a step forward and continued with a sorrowful expression:

"Don't kill my illusion—don't ring down the curtain on my romance, Maxine, and leave me hopelessly groping in the dark. Everything I did was for you—yes, for you. You were the inspiration of whatever good is in "The Golden Circlet". Maxine, don't you—can't you—understand that it was the very thought of you, and you only, that kept my head above water. I feel I am come to you now with the very best God has given me to offer."

As Campbell finished, his words seemed to come from a depth that caused them to sound somewhat choked, and as he turned his head, she saw for a brief moment in the reflection of a light under which he stood that he looked pained and that doubt was marked plainly upon his face.

Maxine stood looking at him for a moment, and in the stillness she thought she heard him stifle a sob. She pictured him standing there so manly, and strong; she thought of what good friends they had been, what utter respect he had always shown her and how she had always admired him and thought of him as being the only man in all the world to whom she could loosen the bonds of her heart and truly admit him worthy. There he stood, tense and still. Could he possibly think it in her to wish to refuse.

There was not a sound, until suddenly she stepped close up to him and with one hand on his arm and her eyes full of tenderness, she said, "You might have come before. You need never have been ashamed, and I could perhaps have helped you."

His head was in a whirl; everything was turning out just as he had hoped and prayed. How he longed to hold her clasped in his arms, but he told himself that he dared not risk it until he could feel sure she would be his.

With this last hope surging in his brain, he turned to her excitedly and said, "Darling, now that the dark days are over, you won't turn from me and say that I don't need your help. For believe me, I need it and you more than ever."

Lifting her face to his she held out both hands to him, and he thought she looked sweeter at that moment than anyone he had seen in his whole life.

"I am yours always," she said. "But I think you could have asked me this one question long ago. As it is, think of the golden hours we have perhaps both forfeited."

Campbell took her in his arms, in spite of a watchful, grinning usher standing close by, and said, "Never mind, the future holds everything for us both." Then with rising spirit he went on, "They may even damn my play now if they like."

At this point they were aroused by the loud protest of Captain Irving's voice.

"I tell you," he was saying, "I did leave a lady in this theatre when I went to call for my car, and she hasn't come out yet. I've had a taxi waiting thirty minutes."

"It's Tom," Maxine whispered mischievously. "And to think I had forgotten all about him!"

"Miss Burrell is quite safe. We have just been settling a little matter which is of great importance to us both," said Campbell, with a side glance at Maxine.

Captain Irving, smilingly, looked studyingly into each of their faces, and as he stood back, one could read on his face an expression that showed he had understood.

"The Devil you have," he murmured under his breath. Then he said aloud, looking just a little excited, yet pleasant, "Well, Maxine, I cannot keep the cab waiting any longer. I congratulate you, Mr. Howe, on your " Golden Circlet". That was a neat little surprise you'd hatched for us. I like your play—I even think I'll like you when I know you better. Won't you have supper with us? We'll drink to the hope that you will produce the other golden circlet with equal success, old chap."

THE STRANGE LIGHT

BY MARGARET BELL

THEY had called him Barton, after the little mother, whose light flickered out when he came into the world. The folk of Litchfield did not pay much attention to him, except to say that he was a very strange child. And his old grandfather was deaf, and spent his evenings nodding on the doorstep, if it was summer, and before the rusty stove in his shop, if it was winter. All day long he mended shoes.

So Barton was left to himself most of the time. Strange that it should have fallen to his lot to light the village lamps. He used to think that each light was a soul, reminding him, in some vague way, of the little mother who rested under the willows. And he learned to love the lamps. They were the only friends he had.

One night in autumn, when the trees dropped tiny fragments of gold and red and bronze at his feet, he seemed to loiter longer than usual over his lamps. There was in the air a peculiar sadness, which he loved. And he could hear the mill-wheel splashing against the waters of the pond. He stayed several moments at each lamp, and trimmed the wicks carefully. One might have thought that he was saying good-bye to them. But perhaps it was the melancholy sound of the October wind through the trees that would suggest the thought. Barton whistled a little air he had heard his Sunday school teacher sing. It was not a joyous air, but had something in it which seemed to harmonize with the melancholy in the wind. Barton always told himself that there was sadness in every song, perhaps hidden, but always there. He seemed to feel a satisfaction in the song, whenever he whistled it. He was a funny little fellow, the villagers said.

He came to the light outside the blacksmith's house. It flickered peevishly for a while, then went out. Barton could not understand why, as there seemed to be enough oil in the lamp, and the wick was good.

"What a strange little soul," he thought. "Usually, you are the brightest of all. To-night you seem tired and would like to fall asleep. I'll try a new wick.

He took a fresh wick from his pocket, and threw the old one awav. A bright light sprang up, when he touched the match to it.

"Oh, I see," Barton said to himself," that is what you want. You must be the soul of old Herman, the blacksmith, who spends his days trying to make sparks of light. Nothing is of itself in Herman's shop."

He went whistling away, with his can of oil, now and then pausing a moment to listen to the wind and the plashing of the mill-wheel. The night was quite dark, except for the lights he made. And he felt happy that he was a lamp-lighter.

Within the cottage of Widow Glasgow he could see several small children grouped in a circle before a neat, new, shining stove. The mother sat sewing, and did not seem to notice the melancholy of the wind. That was how there was such a happy fire in

the stove, and why all the children went to the village school by the widow's sewing. So Barton thought she had no time to listen to the wind or the mill-wheel. For a moment he felt that he would like to steal in and sit quietly in a corner, just to hear what they were saying. He was quite sure that the mother was telling some wonderful story. But there were still several lamps to light. And Barton knew that the old innkeeper at the edge of the village would be very cross if his light was not shining in good time. For there were people who came in automobiles sometimes, and stopped there. Barton had had a ride in one, once. He happened to be lighting the lamp, just as a big car drove along. There was a woman in it who was very kind. She had asked him his name and had taken him out for a long ride, while her husband and his friend were in the little inn.

The widow's lamp gleamed bright and seemed to light up a larger space than any of the others. Barton felt glad when he saw it, and looked again toward the group around the stove.

"I love the soul in that light," he thought. "It is the biggest in all the village and never has to be coaxed to shine. The Widow Glasgow must be very good."

And he took up his can and walked on.

There was a queer old man who lived in a little hut not far from the widow's cottage. People said he hid his money in a hole, so that the banks could not have the use of it. He took barely enough out of his hoard to buy bits of stale bread and cheese. Barton often saw him stealing around his hut, carrying a candle. He looked always as if he feared someone would rush up behind him and strike the light from his hand. He watched for the lamp to be lit outside the gate. For when it was he would put out his candle and go to bed. Barton always noticed that he had to fill the old man's lamp every night. The widow's would burn the whole night through, with only half a bowlful of oil. And the chimney of the miser's lamp was murky. Barton carried a special cloth to clean it. He felt sorry for the old fellow, and thought how hard it must be to live always in darkness, except for a light from the outside.

On this night he saw the old man seated at a table, his head on his hands, and beside him a bag from which coins tumbled to the floor. A tiny bit of candle fluttered at his elbow, and the shade on the window flapped in the wind. Barton stood filling the lamp, but the old man did not move. In a moment or two the candle gave a last sputter and went out. Barton thought it best not to disturb the poor old creature, so he went on toward the inn. But he noticed that the wind seemed to whistle a more mournful dirge over the miser's hut.

The innkeeper was fuming with anger. His lamp was not lit, and a party of men had motored out from the city. Barton touched his match to the wick, and the light sputtered up so furiously it broke the chimney to pieces. The innkeeper swore and struck him on the head. So he ran to the little store and bought a new chimney out of his savings.

Barton felt glad when he had finished that night. The souls which flickered through the streets seemed at war, he thought. He was very tired, and would have liked to lie down beside the fading autumn leaves to go to sleep.

But just then he saw another light ahead of him. It flickered for one short moment, then disappeared, then flickered again. Barton wondered what it could be. It was not like his lights, it was so restless. He followed it past the innkeeper's, along the path which led between the rows of elms, in and out through the night time shadows. Now it would dart into a bunch of shrubbery on the roadside. and lose itself for a moment. And Barton would wait on the edge of the path. In a few minutes it would

reappear and beckon him into broad, open spaces, where the summer grass lay browned by autumn frosts. And on and on it went, past rows of dark green hedge and fields of mellowed corn. And Barton followed, forgetful of the other lights he had left away behind. It found the path which led to the millpond, and it took him past the clump of pines which sighed so mournfully. Away in the distance the mill-wheel had ceased its plashing and the miller was asleep. A little breeze struck his face in a kind of caress. He felt very happy. For the new light was a new soul, he thought, beckoning him on and still farther on—to happiness.

It floated here and there, just a few feet ahead of him, and paused at last. He ran after it, and felt himself sink into the waters of the pond.

The firefly waited a moment, then fluttered back to the village, where Barton's lights still gleamed before the cottages.

A REQUEST

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

WHEN I am dead
I would that ye make my bed
On that low-lying, windy waste by the sea,
Where the silvery grasses rustle and lisp;
There, where the crisp
Foam-flakes shall fly over me,
And murmurs creep
From the ancient heart of the deep
Lulling me ever, I shall most sweetly sleep,
While the eerie sea-folk croon
On the long dim shore by the light of a waning moon.

I shall not hear
Clamour of young life anear,
Voices of gladness to stir an unrest;
Only the wandering mists of the sea
Will companion me;
Only the wind in its quest
Will come where I lie,
Or the rain from the brooding sky
With furtive footsteps will pass me by;
And never a dream of the earth
Will break on my slumber with lure of an outlived mirth.

WAYSIDE PASTURE

From the Painting by
T. Austen Brown

In the National Art
Gallery of Canada

GUSTAVE

BY H. B. FOLSETTER

DOWN in that pyrogenic section of Vancouver, in the halo of the hash-houses, fried fish and chipped potato shops, liquor houses, blatant shooting-galleries, hock bureaus, and labour bureaucracies; in an apartment over the *Siwash Saloon*, lived one Knoot, with his wife and child.

Knoot was a yellow-headed Dane. He had just washed in a small tin basin, and as he mopped the soap from his ears with a diminutive towel he observed the writing on Humenhink's board being added to by a pussy individual of venous colouring. It was an intimation of additional opportunity to the associated, enforced idle throng of the kerb and street. It read:

> Wanted—Five pick and shovel hands on railroad work, forty miles from city.

Knoot regarded it favourably, though he was one of those who go down to the sea in ships, prodigious of shoulder, uncomplaining in his look of resolution. But he treasured a woman and had elected to stay on shore. He turned, wiping thoroughly each thick finger.

"Look," said he with anxious brevity, and his wife, already beginning the performance of bathing the baby in the basin, pushed basin and baby to the centre of the table and hurried to comply. Her eyes encountered the battery of windows opposite, then dropped to the thronging pavements and the labour advertisements. A day had come in the history of the Province when workmen were being stopped by the Government from crossing its borders to seek employment, and a hopeful light leaped to her eyes.

"Why, that is not Humenhinks in the door!" she observed.

"Him sell out to Leignitz," said Knoot. "Humenhink gone broke."

"I don't like that man," said she.

"Give me two dolla," said Knoot holding out one hand and throwing the towel on a nail with accurate aim. Mrs. Knoot looked up into her husband's eyes, then down. It meant digging deep into her resources.

"You got to go to bank, eh?" observed Knoot with a whimsical smile as she smuggled her hand down the length of her stocking.

She passed him the money and Knoot kissed her and splashed and kissed the crowing baby, dived for his coat and disappeared out of the door down the stairs and into the street. She saw him cross the street and enter Humenhink's, then she turned away from the window, back into the room.

The four walls of the room with its drab paper were meagrely pictured. Everything was scrupulously clean, the gas stove with its simmering kettle had a polished glint, but it was the life of the brawling infant, the disclosure of love that rescued it from mediocrity. Lean times had revoked her habitual good nature and her cheery smile, as she kissed the baby. "A yob for papa. Papa going to buy a yob," followed by a chuckle of

mirth, spoke well of her fortitude.

In the labour agency Knoot held parley with Leignitz. He was a near corpulent man with the glassy green eye of over-stimulation, and the short-windedness of the unexercised. His Derby hat was of the latest brand, his fat chubby fingers sparkled diamonds. He lolled a straight round cigar between his full-blooded lips and bore heavily on the pine-board counter. When Knoot left him, it was to secure blankets and meet four others at the ferry. They were to walk to the job forty miles over one of the toughest trails in Christendom.

Scarcely had Knoot gone when Humenhink, coming down the opposite side of the street, from supper, observed Leignitz surreptitiously looking up and down the crowded street, then proceed to obliterate the advertisement on the board. Humenhink was behind him before the last of it was gone, and Leignitz, turning round, instinctively panted his surprise in Humenhink's face.

"You know not to do that, Leignitz," said Humenhink with a sour frown and an inviting step indoors away from the curious eyes of the crowd. Inside he pounced on him with his eyes. "Low down dirty fraud," said he angrily. "Look here, you agreed that not until to-morrow were you going to take possession. I've a mind to have you pinched. But you'll get yours. You see all that new front in the store," he went on, calmly pointing to the marks of carpentry of a later date than the store in general. "And you see all that hungry, half-cocked, penniless mob out there. There's some guys among that bunch more power than Sandow ever was or any other strong man that ever played in vaudeville. I fell heir to this place after McCurdy, and he was a bigger man than you. One of them guys came in here after just such a dirty deal as you've given that five. He'd the punch of a powerful hammer and the grip of a bear-trap. He just gathered McCurdy in a grip, tore belly and all, and bunched him through the window. The front went with him, timber and all. McCurdy went from the sidewalk to the undertaker's, then to the cemetery. The mob walked up around the guy that done it and he never was heard of again. McCurdy got his."

In Leignitz's eye dawned a new light of respect for that mob. He had reckoned them law-cowed and shackled with the fear of industrial intimidation. It joggled his overweening confidence in his estimate of men. In the space of three blocks were five hundred of them. Men, hulking giants of six and seven feet, that could cut into timber with the precision and the monotony of a machine. Trappers from the raw-ribbed wild, prospectors from the maintained fastnesses, fellows in adversity with civilization breed, architects, bakers, mechanics of every denomination, ex-parsons, and unfrocked priests. labourers, professors, drummers, enervates from the pen and the scourings of Europe. Here was no veneer, the faces had an idea gnawing and grim. The city for a while had boasted draining from the world two thousand people every month and a portion of this glut of human misery paraded itself before the eyes of Leignitz.

"You never told me that the ex-boss of this city had been agitating for a civic and provincial labour bureau, when you sold me your damned place," snarled Leignitz pushing the previous evening's *World*, with a prominent editorial on the subject, under Humenhink's nose.

"That's what got ye. You got to figuring that you had better make hay while the sun was shining and get your money back, eh?" sneered Humenhink.

"Leignitz," said Humenhink with a sinister look and a knuckling of fists, "you've spoiled my good name. I was a-going to stay here and now I've half a mind to light on you

with both hands, then finish you up with the police."

Leignitz backed off and rounded the counter. He placed his hand on something hard and cold under the boards.

"I ain't afraid of no sucker," said he defiantly, "and you should worry about staying in a place what's got as many guys on the streets on the bum. Look at 'em!"

"You can have your money back, minus the price of hunting up them guys, if you say so," said Humenhink, knowing the firearm below the counter to be the reason of Leignitz's sudden boldness.

Leignitz did not reply, and Humenhink, with a cold steely look at him, pulled his hat straight on his head and passed out.

Over the street and up a storey above the *Siwash Saloon,* Knoot rolled everything into a blanket.

"I bin the son of a gun of a bindle stiff now vifee," said he, rising to his feet with his bundle on his back and grinning at her. "Come back reech man. Buy ze booze-joint below and go sleep all ze time."

"Oh, no, Gustave. No place to drink. Bad! Bad!" laughed she.

"Got to do something wid all ze money comin'," observed he in the mood for teasing, and tying the knot in the rope circling bundle and waist. "We start a dairy farm and make milky milk, Gustave."

"Leesten," said Knoot, putting his hand to his ear. The ragtime from a cranky piano floated up with the tinkling of glasses and the wordy brawling of humans. "You tink any son of a gun know to drink milk in dis tuff countree," said he solemnly, suppressing his laughter.

They embraced.

Mrs. Knoot blinked back her tears. "Good-bye, Gustave, good-bye. You soon be reech man. Forget about poor wife."

He was lumbering down the wooden stairs with his clumsy boots and heavy bundle. "Me forget bout baby. Going to make him Politician Meenister of Public Works. Gustave Knoot, he, he! The fat leetle son of a gun," called Knoot back to her. His powerful tones boomed jovially in the chamber as he echoed her good-bye.

Under the garish welcome at the ferry where they were to start were his mates of the road. A Slavonian, a Russian, a couple of Swedes. They started off on the long hard trail together.

If there was anybody capable of making Leignitz toe the line of decency it was Mrs. Leignitz, and Humenhinks took the precaution of informing her of her husband's misdeeds as a safeguard to himself against blame in the event of something happening. Next morning she came down to the Labour Bureau after leaving Humenhink.

"Did you do that, Joe?" said she, flaring at him. "Now you told me. Now you had pretty near to get out of 'Frisco. You told me. Oh, I could scratch you. If we've got to get out of here. I'll—I'll, oh, you pig—" (and who knows a man better than his wife). She selected a crayon from a box on the counter and walking out to the boards, wrote: "Wanted—A Seamstress."

She came back in, gave him a glare, threw the crayon in the box. "I'm coming down here to watch you," she shouted, then walked into the street again.

Over the street and up a storey, Mrs. Knoot had watched the performance. She dropped the baby in a chair, dived downstairs and across the thronging street and into Leignitz's.

"I be a seamstress. I bin want a yob. How much you want?" said she, panting.

"Fifty cent," said Leignitz obeying his commercial instinct, though unacquainted with the nature of his wife's advertisement. "Vat job? Vat you say, wumans? A seamstress, vat seamstress you speak of?" He came around the counter and looked at the

board. Then down the street after his wife. He became a little subdued, then a little exasperated. "Ask the wumans," gasped he, throwing up his hands.

Mrs. Knoot did, then rushed back to her baby. So it came about that she and her child moved into the rear of the Leignitz Labour Agency to help Mrs. Leignitz with the making of her spring clothes.

Leignitz probably had no intention of immediate further crookedness, but his wife's nearness was a power for his good undisputed, and her peeping through the partition door when patronage crossed the threshold settled all qualms of the wary as to the substantiality of the Leignitz agency.

In that door one day she saw a bearded man appear. His eyes were calm until they fastened on Leignitz, when they filled with wolfish dreadful expression and remained. Her heart stopped beating. She silenced the tongue of Mrs. Knoot immediately and watched like a lynx the motions of the man.

Her husband's notrils became dilated with apprehension and the cold sweat of fear burst out in beads on his forehead. Both his hands were wide apart, on the counter the bejewelled fingers spread.

The door shut like a flip of a whip, the man putting his back to it and throwing down his blanket.

He came to Leignitz in two quick strides, with the crouching poise of a beast. And the Labour Agent looked down into the emaciated face beneath the grisly hair, into the blue eyes, pools of concentrated light and hate.

The vibrant voice of Humenhinks recited remotely yet dominantly in the recesses of his mind the announcement of reckoning.

Leignitz lived quick in the space of a second. With deft imperceptible manipulation he confronted the man on the level of the stomach with a gun of large calibre.

Knoot knew nothing of its potentialities. He was a man-handler, knowing only the grapple and the knife. With a quick blow of his fist he shattered the grip of Leignitz, and the exploding gun crashed through the glass into the street.

"I bin walk my hide off, but I save some for you," said Knoot, preparing to leap over the counter at Leignitz. Mrs. Leignitz, sitting paralyzed with terror, finally broke her hold and rushed out. Mrs. Knoot, unable to see, surprised by the shot and in a panic at hearing her husband's voice, followed her, the baby in her arms.

"Gustave! Gustave!" she screamed.

Without seeing her, Knoot brushed aside Mrs. Leignitz and she staggered to the floor, where she lay stunned.

"Gustave, Gustave," sobbed his wife, putting the baby on the counter in front of him and preparing to hold him from killing Leignitz.

The baby was an obstacle, impeding him. With one quick hand, Knoot, blind with cold passion, raised the snowy bundle high to cast it down. It was soft and alive and wriggling, and his hand came down on the perpendicular with sudden and awful care. Its delighted eyes, its crowing mouth, its dimpled satin skin, confronted him.

"Gustave, ze baby!" he gasped. "Gustave!" Then he saw his wife and the rising Mrs. Leignitz, and his eyes became calm and enduring. He turned gravely to Leignitz, but the Labour Agent had gone *via* the rear.

The crowd peered through the window and a policeman knocked at the door.

"Gustave," entreated the father, trembling at what he had been about to do, and kissing and fondling his child.

So Humenhink fell heir to the agency again. Let us hope there may not always be a little child between Leignitz and eternity.

THE DIARY OF ROBERT CAMPBELL

I.—THE RED RIVER SETTLEMENT

THE FIRST OF THREE ARTICLES ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF WESTERN CANADA

BY G. W. BARTLETT

THE yearly trade boat of the Hudson's Bay Company, on its annual trip to York Factory in 1830, left on the pier there a raw-boned young giant who, hailing from Glenlyon, in Argyle, naturally boasted the name Campbell. Robert Campbell, like many of his fellow Scots, brought few assets to the new land except a stout heart, an iron constitution, and a youthful ambition to advance his fortunes in the service of the company of adventurers. These were qualities which made him a leading figure in the explorations of the remotest Northwest in the days of expansion under the rule of Governor Simpson. But it is not the adventurous career of the explorer which we purpose to trace here. We shall content ourselves with a peep at Winnipeg and the Red River colony as revealed through his diary of eighty-five years ago.

Campbell landed at York Factory in the summer of 1830, and at once set out with the York boat brigade over the long chain of rockbound lakes and raging rivers to Lake Winnipeg, and thence to Red River. In this mad turmoil of waters, Campbell could not see the undeveloped power whose riches we are but beginning to tap, for "electric power" was then an uncoined phrase. Nor could he dream that the grim gray rocks were the strong-box of the vast treasures in which we are now but beginning to dip our fingers. Even more remote from his wildest fancies was the idea that some day the shriek of a transcontinental railway flier would echo in these wilds, the fourth option in the Canadian section of an all-British world itinerary. The brigade entered the Red River the 21st of September, and after about twenty miles' rowing, camped near the foot of Chute la Biche (St. Andrew's Rapids). "It was indeed a pleasure," he writes, "after the lonely region we had traversed, to note the evidences of life and civilization, to see the smoke curl up from the chimneys, to hear the familiar sounds of the farmyard, to listen to the hum of human voices. The infant settlement looked like an oasis in the desert—a world of its own, in which peace, comfort, and contentment seemed to reign. Its interchange with the outside world was limited to two mails a year, one in June by the canoe route from Montreal, the other in autumn by the York Factory ships." It has been frequently remarked that modern commerce, even though diverted for a time by artificial causes, inevitably returns to the old trails blazed by the pathfinders of the West. The Kamin-

istiquia and Dawson routes to the West are now indelibly etched into the rocky countryside by the steel of three great transcontinental railways, supplemented by—who shall say how many passenger and freighter craft on the lakes? This great Canadian route had gradually been gaining precedence over the northern route by Hudson Bay as a passenger line; but still each was rendering the colony the precious boon of one annual mail. After many years the expansion of the East into the West, and the building of railways, left the northern route a by-way, almost a myth to the mass of Canadians of the succeeding generation. But to-day the whistle of the construction train, working northward and eastward from the prairies, announces that the Hudson Bay route is coming into its own. What bloody strife of primitive man, what cool relentless warfare of rival fur companies, what knavery and jangle of political discord in later days have woven their webs of red and black and yellow about these rival routes!

But we must return to the prophetic vision. A hungry young Scot is impatiently awaiting his supper of whitefish and hard-tack with, we hope, a few fresh eggs sent down by a friendly settler on the farm above. As he eats his simple meal, Campbell sees nothing of the great St. Andrew's lock which has given us six hundred miles of navigation from the foot of Lake Winnipeg far into the United States. He sees only a shallow tawny flood brawling down over the rocks—a troublesome piece of tracking with the tow-line, nothing more. No sign does the young adventurer see of the busy city of Selkirk; it is still a poplar wilderness. A few pits in the rock a few miles south mark the site of the new fort the company is preparing to erect—partly in resentment at the insubordinate conduct of the French métis at The Forks, and partly to avoid the troublesome rapids. This fort, completed two years later, served its purpose for half a century, and still remains complete in its warehouses, stone walls, flanking towers, the most perfect relic of former times now remaining in a prosaic West.

"At 2.00 p.m.," resumes the journal, "we arrived at Fort Garry. The old fort was situated at the junction of the two rivers." Nothing remains of it to-day but the old stone bastion of the landward gate. The rest of the wall was sold by a soulless corporation for a mere pittance, as building stone. The group of houses inside, all that then was of the present city of Winnipeg, have since rotted away or been moved out of the way of the traffic of South Main Street.

"The population consists of four elements: The natives (Indians) occupy the lower part of the settlement toward the lake; next above come the English and Scotch retired servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, who married in the country. Then at Kildonan were the Selkirk settlers, a prosperous community with good farms. The French and half-breeds, mostly retired servants of the Company, are located around St. Boniface and along the banks of both rivers for some distance above."

The Indians are gone from St. Peter's. The growth of the city of Selkirk made the Indian lands valuable. The inevitable occurred. The Indians sold out and retired to a reserve on Lake Winnipeg. The descendants of the old Company's servants above Selkirk remain to perpetuate such historic names as Gunn, Hay, Bunn, Isbister, on the ribbon-like river lots of St. Andrew's parish. As old officers of the Company, they formed almost the total membership of the Council of Assiniboia, and left a deep impression on the social and political life of young Manitoba. As for the Kildonan settlers—who of the West does not know the McBeths, the Mathesons, the McIvors, the Hendersons, the Munroes, the Polsons, and a dozen other pioneer families of these arcadian days! In the whirl and turmoil of such stirring days these

sturdy Scots formed a nucleus of solid respectability around which the elements of law and order could ever crystallize to save the colony from anarchy. The volatile French métis are still on the river lots above; the stock which has produced the Riels, Lepines, Delormes, and others who have played their part and gone to their account. Let us not, while condemning the rashness of one, minimize the service they have rendered as a restraining influence on their hot-blooded kinsmen, the red buffalo-hunters of the plains, in the days when the whites were less than a handful in the prairie vasts.

But though these elements are prominent in the complex life of the West, the white-washed log cabins of the pioneers have given place to palatial suburban residences. Electric trams, automobiles, and motor-boats have transformed the river and the trails as far as St. Andrew's into suburban streets of the city of Winnipeg. The river lot is being turned into the real estate sub-division, and the back country into five-acre market-gardens.

"The spiritual welfare of the Catholics was looked after by Bishop Provincher, assisted by two or three priests. The bishop was a fine portly man, beloved by his people and respected by all. The Protestants had two Church of England clergymen. Reverend David Jones, an eloquent speaker and a superior man in every respect, lived in St. John's parsonage, where an excellent school was established under his superintendence. Reverend William Cochrane was an excellent man of practical turn of mind, whose advice carried much weight among the settlers. 'We have no lawyers, and only one doctor,' remarked Mr. Cochrane to me, 'nor is there much need for either. So harmonious is the intercourse that prevails throughout the community, and so healthy the climate. But for the occasional dropping-off of old people, death should be forgotten by us altogether!' "

At the fort, Campbell finds men whose names are now historic. Governor Simpson wintered there that year; Robert Logan, a former Governor, was operating a wind grist-mill, experiencing little competition from the water-mills on the Seine and Inkster's Creek, for "these were so often out of order that they could not be depended on."

Governor Donald McKenzie, of Assiniboia, was a veteran of the Northwest Company in the days before the union—"a famous old hero, and withal a fine, kind-hearted man," says his admiring countryman. Under him were Mr. McMillan and Mr. Duncan Findlayson, four clerks, and the requisite complement of servants. Campbell worked on the farm, assisted in the survey of the fifty-acre lots at St. Andrew's Rapid, hunted buffalo, which were then valued at "twenty shillings a carcase, delivered at your door." He also accompanied a party to a salt lake fifty miles south of Pembina, where they evaporated brine for the supply of the fort. These salt lakes, together with the streams of Winnipegosis region, supplied the colony in the days before the railway brought a cheaper supply. Next year Campbell was sent to Norway House, and thence to McKenzie River. From this point his career of exploration begins—the Stikine, the Yukon, the starvation winter at Deese's Lake, but each is an unpenned epic in itself.

The second article in this series will follow Campbell in his daring explorations into the Upper Stikine.

BRITISH WARS AND THE POETS

BY R. K. GORDON

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THE dealings of English literature with war have been long and interesting. It is a story of ten centuries and of many aspects, in which war has at different periods checked, stimulated, and altered the activity of literature.

The first wars of which we can trace the influence on our literature are the long struggles against the Danes, which began at the end of the eighth century and dragged on for about two hundred years. The immediate effect on literature was destructive. A flourishing literature in the north of England was practically blotted out, and some of the monastic centres of learning were sacked. We cannot guess what we have lost from the wholesale destruction of manuscripts. The terror inspired by these raiders is vividly implied in the lines of an old Irish poet, thus translated by Dr. Kuno Meyer:

Bitter is the wind to-night,
It tosses the ocean's white hair;
To-night I fear not the fierce warriors of Norway
Coursing on the Irish Sea.

An often-quoted sentence of King Alfred's gives a suggestive picture of the decay of learning at the time of his accession in 871: "It had," he says, "so entirely declined in England that there were very few on this side of the Humber who could understand their church services in English."

Literature, however, owes something to the Danes. The only three English poems of note written between the time of Alfred and the Conquest were inspired by the struggle against the invaders. The defeat of the Danes and Scots in 937 at the battle of Brunanburh was sung in a poem which would have been "long since mute" but for Tennyson's vigorous translation. The taunt flung at Constantinus, King of the Scots,

Traitor and trickster
And spurner of treaties,

has a strangely familiar sound at the present moment. It might have come from William Watson.

The other two poems are among the great things in our early literature. The apocryphal story of Judith is told in one with power and exulting with the purpose no doubt of rousing feeling against the ravagers of the land. The last of these three poems records in simple lines the defeat of the English at Maldon in 991, and their unavailing heroism. It was written almost immediately after the battle, possibly by a survivor, and its simple creed of refusal to admit defeat is finely expressed by one of the old warriors: "Thought shall be the harder, heart the keener, courage the greater as our strength grows less." This stubborn hardihood is typical of English courage. It finds perfect expression in Tennyson's words:

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will,
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

The retreat from Mons is one of the

last emphatic declarations of the spirit in action.

The poem on Maldon is the last strong utterance of Old English verse. The passing of England under Norman rule marks the disappearance of the old Teutonic world and the greatest single break in the history of English literature. The Norman cavalry riding down Harold's axemen and spearmen symbolize the triumph of the literary fashions of France over the more rugged and simple literature of England. England learned, like the rest of Europe, to bow the knee to the rhymes and stories of France. When in course of time, the two peoples were fused together, there resulted a new race, speaking a language immeasurably enriched, and finding supreme expression in our first great literary master, Geoffrey Chaucer. But this took time. The first result of the Conquest was to discourage the native literature. It is a mistake to suppose that any deliberate attempt was made by the Normans to suppress English, but the presence of a more cultured urbane rival put the rougher language out of countenance. It was many centuries before English prose mastered its new elements and learned to use them with clarity and grace; and not till the fourteenth century did English poetry produce work which could compete with French in well-bred ease and polish.

The first wars after the Norman Conquest which concern literature are the long series of Scottish campaigns. English verse is discreetly silent in the matter of Bannockburn. But its hero is the subject of one of the greatest books in early Scottish literature, "The Bruce," by Robert Barbour (1376), valuable as history and excellent as romance. The Scottish tactics are vividly pictured, their preference for the defensive, their positions among the hills and mosses, their swift retreats to the forest, the ravaging of the country before the advancing enemy and their sudden night attacks. When the English finally learned the secret of combining dismounted cavalry and archers, the result was disastrous for Scottish pikemen, and English poetry had a chance to speak out. Laurence Minot's poems are no great matter as literature, but they represent almost the earliest verses in England which can be called national. In celebrating Edward's victories, they express a fierce hatred of French and Scotch:

Scots out of Berwick and of Aberdeen,
At the Bannockburn were ye too keen;
There slew ye many sakles, as it was seen,
And now has King Edward wroken it, I ween.

The long bow, the cloth-yard shaft and the English yeoman are the heroes of the Hundred Years' War and of the literature inspired by its triumphs. The knight, though important, is a less significant figure. Portraits of both types were drawn by the keenest observer of the fourteenth century, Geoffrey Chaucer, in lines which have been often quoted:

A knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he loved chivalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.

He had fought far afield in Alexandria, Prussia, Granada, Russia, and his doublet was still soiled with the rust of armour. In the picture of the yeoman we see the victor of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt:

And he was clad in cote and hood of grene;
A sheef of pecock-arwes brights and kene
Under his belt he bar ful thriftily;
Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly;
His arwes drouped noght with fetheres lowe,
And in his hand he bar a mighty bowe.

Of such men as these actually in the thick of battle contemporary English literature has remarkably little to tell us. Chaucer, in spite of his share in the campaign of 1359-60, scarcely mentions the great war. His contemporary, John Gower, is silent

or else moralizing, except in such occasional vivid words as these, which might be applied to the present misery of Belgium:

The cherche is brent, the priest is slain,
The wif, the maide is ek forlain,
The lawe is lore and God unserved.

Agincourt was a great subject for the poets in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Popular ballads and songs of thanksgiving were heard in London, just as after Waterloo, and in the music halls of to-day. Three memorable years, 1415, 1815, 1915. One of these contemporary songs on Agincourt has come down to us with its music:

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro Victoria!
Our King went forth to Normandy,
With grace and might and chivalry;
There God for him wrought marvelously,
Wherefore England may call and cry,
Deo Gratias!
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro Victoria.

The heroes of the battle are the subject of a very spirited poem of the sixteenth century:

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt,
Never to be forgot,
Or known to no men?
Where English cloth-yard arrows
Killed the French like tame sparrows,
Slaine by our bowmen.

Drayton's famous Ballad of Agincourt and Shakespeare's picture in Henry V. of the English army on the eve of battle are among our national possessions. The intolerable winter just ended in France and Flanders is recalled to us by King Henry's words:

Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field.

And when honest Fluellen indignantly denounces the killing of boys as being "expressly against the law of arms," we remember Mr. Kipling's recent story, "Swept and Garnished," and certain black charges against the Germans.

Elizabethan poetry illustrates what is a common relation between war and literature. The victories of the day are not recorded by the great poets, but a general stir of pride and exaltation is felt in the literature following the defeat of the Armada in 1588. The intense patriotism of the time ransacked English history and made narrative poems and historical dramas out of ancestral exploits. Drayton sang of Agincourt, not of the Armada. There is some naval verse, as, for example, Deloney's ballads on the Armada, but one would gladly throw all of it overboard for Tennyson's "Revenge," or Newbolt's "Drake's Drum."

The naval decadence of the next two reigns is lamented by a Devonshire poet, William Browne:

Those vessels lie,
Rotting like houses through ill-husbandry;
And on their masts, where oft the ship boy stood,
Or silver trumpets charm'd the brackish flood,
Some wearied crow is set, and daily seen
Their sides instead of pitch caulked o'er with green.

England's prime is past and he feels that:

Time never can produce men to o'ertake
The fames of Grenville, Davis, Gilbert. Drake,
Or worthy Hawkins, or of thousands more.

Their fame is still undimmed, and Henry Newbolt's poem, "Drake's Drum," reminds us that Devonshire has not forgotten that,

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas.

The army of Elizabeth's reign gave small excuse for exulting poetry. Its power to defend England was never tested; the fleet held the narrow seas. When used for offensive purposes towards the end of the reign, it was anything but efficient. One reason, no doubt, was the abuse of the system of compulsory service, by which the able-bodied men bought themselves off and the weaklings were sent to the wars. Shakespeare shows us Sir

John Falstaff's methods of raising troops, "I have misused the King's press damnably," he confesses, "I have got in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers three hundred and odd pounds." He is engagingly frank in describing the men he finally chooses, "No eye hath seen such scarecrows. . . . There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Alban's or the red-nose innkeeper at Daventry. But that's all one. They'll find linen enough on every hedge."

The change in weapons is reflected in the literature of the time. To the disgust of the older generation, the archer was giving way to the musketeer. One of these inconsolables, the Reverend William Harrison, complains that "our strong shooting is decayed and laid in bed." The new types of infantry are carefully enumerated in a ballad celebrating a victory won in Flanders in 1600:

"Stand to it, noble pike men,
And look well round about;
And shoot you right, you bowmen,
And we will keep them out;
You musket and caliver men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'll be the foremost man in fight,"
Says brave Lord Willoughby.

The effects of the Civil War on literature were many, intimate and varied. It came home to men's minds and bosoms in a way that no foreign campaign could do. Few writers kept their lives and fortunes untouched by the struggle. Some became exiles, some prisoners, some soldiers. Even Milton, who in so many things "was like a star and dwelt apart," was whirled into the turmoil of public events. The growing mutterings in England recalled him from Italy. "I considered it dishonourable to be enjoying myself at my ease in foreign lands while my countrymen were striking a blow for freedom." George Wither, who sold his estate, raised a troop of horse for Parliament and was taken prisoner by the Royalists, expressed his devotion in words which could have been echoed by many writers on either side:

Our callings and estates we flung away;
Our plate, our coin, our jewels, and our rings,
Arms, ornaments, and all our precious things,
To you we brought as bountifully in
As if they had old rusty horseshoes been.

Milton is the greatest figure on the side of Parliament, but the majority of the writers were Royalist in their sympathies. Sir John Denham fought for Charles, and on the collapse of the King's cause fled to France; Sir William Davenant won his knighthood at the siege of Gloucester, and when the Royalist hopes were broken he, too, went overseas. Cowley and Cleveland were both driven out of Cambridge and joined the King's party in Oxford; Fuller and Jeremy Taylor were chaplains in the Royalist army; Waller plotted for the King and went into exile; John Earle was deprived of his living and became a chaplain to the future Charles II. abroad; Francis Quarles was plundered by the Roundheads of his valuable books and manuscripts. Lovelace presented a petition to Parliament that the King be restored to his rights; he was imprisoned in the Gate House at Westminster and from there he wrote the famous lines:

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.

James Howell, the letter writer, a Royalist spy for ten years preceding the outbreak of war, fought at Edgehill and in 1642 was thrown into the Fleet. His account of his seizure is a vivid example of the harsh contact between war and literature. "One morning betimes there rush'd into my chamber five armed men with swords, pistols, and bills, and told me they had a warrant from the Parlia-

ment for me; I desir'd to see their warrant, they deny'd it; I desir'd to see the date of it, they deny'd it; I desir'd to see my name in the warrant, they deny'd it. At last one of them pull'd a greasy paper out of his pocket and shew'd me only three or four names subscrib'd and no more; so they rush'd presently into my closet, and seized on all my papers and letters, and anything that was manuscript; and many printed books they took also, and hurl'd all into a great hair trunk which they carry'd away with them."

Amid all this tumult a few writers practised their art in peace and quietness. The drums and tramplings of war did not break in upon the rapt meditations and absorbing hobbies of Sir Thomas Browne, and Izaak Walton remained a simple wanderer by English streams. But they were the exceptions.

This fierce preoccupation with public affairs was inevitably a check on literature of the higher sort. The greatest poet of the age is the best example. Between 1640 and 1660 Milton wrote scarcely any poetry, and the little he did write was partly inspired by the men and events of the time. His energy found vent in political pamphlets. It is idle to lament such a loss, and the girded strength of Milton's later poetry may serve to remind us of the bracing effect war sometimes exerts on literature. If Milton had not cast himself with complete devotion into the struggle and had not willingly spent himself for his cause, the spirit of "Paradise Lost" and "Samson Agonistes" would be a poorer thing.

"The distracted estate of England, threatened with a cloud of blood by a civil war" brought about the closing of the theatres in 1642 on the eve of hostilities. The five companies of actors then in existence were broken up. They were almost unanimous in Royalist sympathies, and among several who enlisted we have records of only one who joined the Parliamentary side. The dramatists had to find a livelihood as best they could. James Shirley, for instance, fought for the Royalists, fled to France after Marston Moor, and afterwards crept back to England. When the King came into his own again in 1660 the drama revenged itself on the war by turning its attack on Royalist and Roundhead. John Lacy, an actor who had fought for the King, satirized the soldiers of both parties in a comedy called "The Old Troop" (1672). Puritanism and false Royalists were held up to ridicule in Cowley's "Cutter of Coleman Street." The greed and hypocrisy of the Saints were exposed in Sir Robert Howard's play, "The Committee," which Sir Roger de Coverley approved as being "a good Church of England comedy." In other plays Cromwell was the butt of the satire.

The most typical literary form in which the strong party feelings of the time found expression was satire, pamphlets of hard-hitting prose, verses bitter or humorous. Satire seldom outlives its victim and most of the satirical literature of the Civil War consists of squibs long since burnt out. But these forgotten pieces reveal, as greater literature does not, the state of contemporary feelings. Wit and numbers were on the side of the Cavaliers, and the Roundheads offered many points for ridicule. One of their wittiest assailants, Alexander Brome, contrasts their religious devotion and their rebellious spirit in "The Saints' Encouragement":

'Tis for religion that you fight,
And for the kingdom's good;
By robbing churches, plundering men,
And shedding guiltless blood.
Down with the orthodoxal train,
All loyal subjects slay;
When these are gone, we shall be blest
The clean contrary way.

The poem ends with no comfortable words for the saints:

But when our faith and works fall down,
And all our hopes decay,
Our acts will bear us up to heaven
The clean contrary way.

The Scots who played no small part in the shipwreck of the King's hopes did not escape the lash of the Cavalier satirists. John Cleveland is the most bitter, and England's northern neighbours have seldom been more harshly treated than in his poem, "The Rebel Scot":

A land where one may pray with cursed intent,
O may they never suffer banishment!
Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom,
Not forced him wander, but confin'd him home!

But out of the whole mass of satirical verse, only one poem of any length has a lasting place in literature, Samuel Butler's "Hudibras," the best burlesque in the language. Butler took no part in the struggle, but after the Restoration he appealed in his poem with immediate success to the anti-puritan party. The poem became a text-book of the Royalist cause. The moral of "Hudibras" is simple—that men were fools to fight for religion and that those who pretended to do so were knaves. Butler lets his satire play on the motley crew who set out in the hope of reforming religion:

The oyster women lock'd their fish up
And trudg'd away to cry "No Bishop".
. . . . .
Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the church,
Some cried the Covenant instead
Of pudding, pies, and ginger-bread.
. . . . .
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to reformation.

The prose satire has no more intrinsic merit than the verse. The pamphlets which Milton's great name bears up are almost the only ones which have won a footing in literature. One other may be mentioned, "Killing no Murder," by Colonel Sexby. For frankness it has few rivals in English, for it is nothing else but a vigorous incitement to the assassination of the protector.

War creates journalism. It is to the Civil War that we owe the real beginnings of English newspapers. In November, 1641, appeared the first printed periodical of domestic news. During the struggle each side had its journals. Satire and the giving of news were the two main objects. The Parliamentary writers were superior in numbers and coarseness, the Royalists in wit. Some papers appeared daily. "A diurnal," says Cleveland, the Cavalier satirist, "is a puny chronicle, scarce pen feather'd with the wings of time. It is a history in sippets, the English Iliad in a nutshell, the true apocryphal Parliament —Book of Maccabees, in single sheets. It would tire a Welsh pedigree to reckon how many Aps 'tis removed from an annual; for 'tis of that extract, only of the younger house, like a shrimp to a lobster." This mass of journalism written to catch the public ear had a double effect on literature. It helped to simplify English prose and also to create a reading public.

There is an amusing passage in one of Addison's Tatlers which, though written nearly seventy years after the Civil War, applies equally well to that period. Nor is it quite out of date yet. He describes the exploits of the news-writers in the war with France: "They have been upon parties and skirmishes, when our armies have lain still; and given the general assault to many a place, when the besiegers were quiet in their trenches. They have made us masters of several strong towns many weeks before our generals could do it; and completed victories when our greatest captains have been glad to come off with a drawn battle." The imaginative reporter is still with us.

The intrusion of the Civil War into literature is more clearly seen in books not dealing directly with the conflict. The clash of arms is heard, for instance, in one of the loveliest of all English lyrics:

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

In Milton's poetry contemporary questions constantly thrust themselves forward. In "Paradise Lost" Satan is the hero and his unsuccessful rebellion is recounted with sympathy by one who felt for the lost cause of Puritanism. The politics of Hell are not described without reminiscences of the politics of Westminster. The archangel Michael discusses with Adam the origin of monarchy, and they decide that it is a necessary evil, a judgment sent by God on a degenerate people:

Tyranny must be,
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse—
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice and some fatal curse annexed,
Deprives them of their outward liberty,
Their inward lost.

When the archangel Gabriel reproaches Satan with treachery, he is really voicing Milton's indignation at General Monk's desertion to the side of Charles II. and his faithlessness to the Parliament:

O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!
Faithful to whom? To thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head!
Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to the acknowledged Power supreme?

The military triumphs of the Commonwealth were the theme of more than one poet. Andrew Marvell did justice to Cromwell's Irish campaign and to Blake's great victory over the Spanish fleet at Santa Cruz in 1657. The few triumphs of the two Dutch wars of 1665 and 1672 were sung by Dryden and Waller, while the inefficiency of the navy and the slackness of the Government invited satire. After the burning of the English ships in the Medway, Marvell spoke his mind on the country's slovenly naval policy:

Meantime through all the yards their orders run
To lay the ships up, cease the keels begun,
The timber rots, the useless axe does rust,
The unpractised saw lies buried in its dust,
The busy hammer sleeps, the ropes untwine,
The stores and wages all are mine and thine.

England was in greater danger of invasion than she has been at any later time, except perhaps in Napoleon's day. Halifax, a distinguished and neglected writer, put the case strongly in "A Rough Draught of a New Model at Sea," a pamphlet which is full of interest because of its surprisingly modern tone. "The first article of an Englishman's political creed must be that he believeth in the sea. Without that there needeth no general council to pronounce him incapable of salvation here."

Marlborough's brilliant campaigns in the reign of Queen Anne have not received full justice in literature. Of three sets of verses, for example, on the battle of Blenheim (1704) Prior's are playful and of no great value, Addison's are a polished effusion showing more scholarship than passion, and those of John Philips are too bad not to quote:

Now from each van
The brazen instruments of death discharge
Horrid flames, and turbid streaming clouds
Of smoke sulphureous; intermixt with these
Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiss,
Singeing the air, and from long distance bring
Surprising slaughter; on each side they fly
By chains connext, and with destructive sweep
Behead whole troops at once; the hairy scalps
Are whirled aloof, while numerous trunks bestrew
Th' ensanguin'd field.

Poetry of this sort adds to the sufferings caused by war.

Marlborough was not only unlucky in his eulogists; he also fell foul of the greatest writer of the age, Jonathan Swift. The mainstay of the Tory party, Swift, wished to bring the war to an end and the pamphlets, in which he argued for peace, were the greatest political journalism of the day. His argument was that war

did not pay, and in "The Conduct of the Allies" he poured contempt on the flimsy trophies England might win. "It will no doubt be a mighty comfort to our grandchildren, when they see a few rags hung up in Westminster Hall, which cost an hundred millions whereof they are paying the arrears, and boasting, as beggars do, that their grandfathers were rich and great." The pamphlet appeared November 27th, 1711; a month later Marlborough was stripped of his appointments. Literature has seldom intervened so emphatically in the fortunes of war. It is interesting that the present war with all its intricate causes and with the large number of countries involved, has revived the pamphlet as a simple method of bringing home to the people the nature of the struggle which is convulsing Europe.

War, however, fills but a small space in eighteenth century literature. Smollett in his novels gives a vivid picture of naval life, its hardships, its filth, its amusements; and Captain Marryat, the friend of boyhood, does the same work half a century later. There is, too, the gentlest of all English soldiers, the least formidable of veterans, Sterne's Uncle Toby. Nautical plays, so numerous as to form a definite literary type, delighted eighteenth century audiences with their mixture of farce and patriotism, but they were things of the day and have been long forgotten.

In the real poetry of war there is little or nothing in England to compare with the Scottish verse inspired by the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. The indecisive battle of Sheriffmuir in 1715 is described in a witty poem:

There's some say that we wan,
And some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man;
But one thing I'm sure,
That at Sherra-muir,
A battle there was that I saw, man.

Prince Charlie's dashing victory at Prestonpans in 1745 over Sir John Cope drew a song of pawkie sarcasm from Adam Skirving, a farmer of the neighbourhood. Especially good is the appearance of the English general at Dunbar, minus his army:

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came
They speer'd at him, "Where's a' your men?"
"The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' this morning."

It is said that a lieutenant in Cope's army, aggrieved by the song, sent a challenge to Skirving to fight him at Haddington. "Gang awa' back," said the farmer to the messenger, "and tell Mr. Smith that I hae nae leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak a look o' him, and if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if no, I'll do as he did—I'll rin awa." But Charlie's fortunes gave few chances for exulting and many for the expression of that personal loyalty and devotion to a lost cause which are so characteristic of Scottish literature. The wistful longing of

Royal Charlie's now awa'
Safely owre the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa
Should he ne'er come back again,

is the burden of many laments, both in Gaelic and Scots. Few things in our literature have a more piercing note.

The Napoleonic wars were not fully recorded by our poets. Wordsworth has left us most that is memorable; some noble sonnets and "The Character of the Happy Warrior," a half real, half ideal portrait of Nelson:

Who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired.

Byron's splendid but hackneyed rhetoric, "There was a sound of revelry by night," is still unfaded and impressive. A young Irish clergyman, Charles Wolfe, is remembered as the author of the famous lines on

"The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna," the greatest poem dealing with any single incident of the war. The ringing verses of Thomas Campbell from which a century has taken none of their fiery vigour almost complete the sum of great poetry inspired by the struggle with Napoleon. Warren Hastings expressed a wish that Scott would write a poem on the exploits of Nelson. After reading Scott's stiff utterances on Waterloo, we cannot regret that he left the navy to Campbell, even though we regard his "Pibroch o' Donald Dhu" as one of the finest calls to arms in our language. Southey as a conscientious poet laureate wrote of the great battle, but the result is a sort of patriotic guide-book in rhyme. The truth would seem to be that the subject was too vast to be grasped by a contemporary and made servant to his art. Thomas Hardy's great panoramic drama, "The Dynasts," is the first attempt in our literature to display the vastness and complexity of the whole struggle.

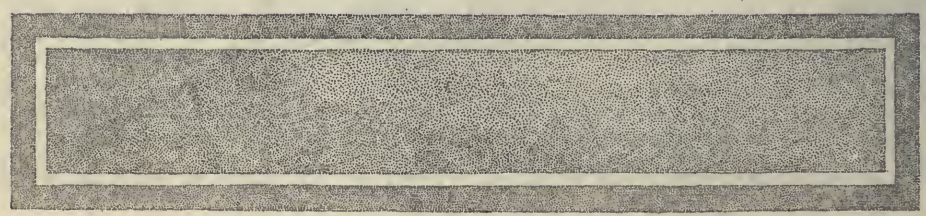
The Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny have left strangely little mark. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "The Defence of Lucknow" are their only permanent literary records. Of South Africa Mr. Kipling and others have spoken.

It is not possible to tell the effect the present war may have on our literature. The variety of the past relationships between literature and war makes prophecy folly. It is not always the great battles and campaigns which receive their due in poetry. The Armada's defeat was not worthily sung till Mr. Masefield's "Philip the King" appeared a few months ago. The stress of the fight has already called forth poems which we will not easily forget from Hardy, Vernède, Kipling, Binyon, and others. The name of one poet is very closely linked with the war, that of Rupert Brooke, who died on a French hospital ship at the Dardanelles a few weeks ago. One of his last poems, a memorable sonnet, seems to foretell his own fate, and it speaks for the unnumbered English dead who are lying and who will shortly lie on foreign fields:

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

But in spite of the present poetical activity, it may be that the complex interests of modern literature will not be greatly affected even by such a vast upheaval as is now shaking Europe. It is equally possible that some poet in the future will turn,

Our dreaful marches to delightful measures.



From the photograph by H. Otto Frind, F.R.G.S.

VIEW OF THE SOUTHERN ALPS, NEW ZEALAND

WILY MISS WILTON

BY W. E. NORRIS

AUTHOR OF "THE SQUARE PEG," "NOT GUILTY," ETC.

"WE will not," said Mr. Hickson, standing with his back to the fire and addressing his son, "waste more words upon an issue so clearly defined. You are determined, you tell me, to marry a woman who skips about the boards of a London theatre under the name of Letty Maltravers. You point out that you are of age, assert that you are of sound mind, and claim the right to marry anybody you like. I, on my side, have merely to repeat the answer that I gave you some time ago. Marry, since you are bent upon it, a woman whom neither your mother nor I can receive; only understand that on the day when you take that step, the handsome allowance which you have hitherto had from me will be reduced to a sum of £300 per annum and that you will get nothing more than a corresponding amount of capital on my death. There is no occasion for us to quarrel; but we both now know how we stand, and I believe you are pretty well aware that when I say a thing I mean it."

"Same here," quietly observed the tall, dark-haired young man with the slight upturned moustache who sat facing the speaker.

A looker-on would probably have judged that the appearance of the two men was such as to lend support to their common boast. The elder — square-shouldered, gray-bearded, keen-eyed, architect of his own very large fortune, proprietor of the many broad acres which surrounded Dropfield Hall, and member of Parliament for the neighbouring borough of Netherhampton—had the air of one born to command; the younger—subaltern in a smart cavalry regiment which he would assuredly have to quit, should he persist in his matrimonial craze—had inherited the paternal mouth and chin, and possessed, in addition, a certain aspect of sleepy serenity and obstinacy which was all his own. Neither showed the slightest sign of anger, while each (so a looker-on might have guessed) secretly anticipated that the other would end by giving in. However, there was no looker-on, except poor old Mrs. Hickson, who scarcely counted as such, for her vision was blurred by tears. To Mrs. Hickson it was all very dreadful indeed. Dreadful that Hugh should have been led astray by this wicked, designing actress; almost more dreadful that he should be threatened by pecuniary ruin; most dreadful of all that she should be severed for the rest of her days from the son whom she adored. Because, although John might choose to talk about not quarrelling, it was only too obvious that nothing short of surrender by one of the disputants could possibly avert a quarrel. So Mrs. Hickson, conscious of personal impotence, could but twist her jewelled fingers together miserably and weep.

She sheltered herself hastily behind a newspaper when the butler came

in and handed a card to Mr. Hickson, who, after glancing at it, grunted out:

"Oh, all right. Show the lady into the library."

The card exhibited the name of Miss Violet Wilton, beneath which was scribbled in pencil, "from *The Universe.*" Mr. Hickson had promised to grant an interview to a representative of that enterprising journal and, although he was not best pleased at finding that he was to be cathechized by a female emissary, he recognized the necessity of receiving her. He was, in one way and another, a prominent personage, and a General Election was imminent, and to give offence to *The Universe* would be to make a rather bad start. Moreover, long experience had taught him how to deal with interviewers—even with the voluble, discursive feminine variety of the genus—so he told himself that he would be rid of this one in twenty minutes at the outside.

If at the end of half an hour he had not yet got rid of her and was in no great hurry to do so, it was not only because Miss Wilton, so far from being voluble or discursive, proved to be singularly quick and practical in her methods, much less because she was quite young, nice-looking, and becomingly dressed. What appealed to Mr. Hickson, as a man of affairs, was the girl's grasp of the business that she had in hand. Her highly eulogistic sketch, which she read aloud to him, was already complete, save for the personal touches which she added to it while she talked; the few queries that she put were pertinent, not impertinent; her synopsis of her subject's public career and titles to distinction required no amending.

"Yes," she murmured, as she closed her note-book and tapped her chin with her pencil reflectively; "I think I've got it all now, except the local colouring. I should like, if I may, just to have a look round the house and grounds before I go. Oh, and, by the way, Mr. Hickson, there's this affair of your son and Letty Maltravers. What am I to say about it?"

"You will say nothing at all about it," answered Mr. Hickson, turning a displeased countenance upon his bland interrogator.

Miss Wilton met his gaze with unruffled composure. "Just as you think best," she returned; "only there has been a great deal of talk, you know, and I hear that even in your own constituency people are accusing you of ruthless severity. If I might venture to advise, I would point out that a very good effect would be produced by your intimating that you don't really intend to cut the offender adrift."

"My dear young lady," answered Mr. Hickson, "I cannot allow my domestic concerns to be dragged into a political contest."

"Oh, very well," said Miss Wilton good-humouredly. "After the kind way in which you have received me, I must, of course, respect your decision, though I am afraid it may cost you votes. I am simply bound to make some allusion to the matter in my article; but I'll let you down as lightly as possible. I shall say, 'Upon this delicate topic Mr. Hickson is evidently disinclined to enlarge. He smilingly puts it by and proposes a visit to his famous conservatories and hot-houses.' "

Mr. Hickson had not been going to propose any such thing; yet he presently found himself exhibiting the orchids of which he was justifiably proud to an appreciative, intelligent and sympathetic visitor. Curiously appreciative and intelligent, this newspaper woman; more and more sympathetic, too, while she chatted easily about this, that and the other. Mr. Hickson, who entertained old-fashioned ideas respecting the legitimate sphere of feminine activity, was not disposed to view lady journalists over favourably; still he had a hearty esteem for all fellow-mortals, male or female, who know how to earn an independent livelihood somehow or other. She was an orphan, she told

him, in reply to a question which he felt sufficiently interested in her to ask; her father, a country parson, had left her but a few hundred pounds; so, having fortunately discovered that she had a knack for her present craft, she had adopted it.

"I suppose," she remarked, "you would not approve. You would think governessing much safer and more respectable. Well, perhaps. Not nearly as amusing though, and so long as one has sense enough to take care of one's self, what does one's trade matter? Personally, if I could dance like Letty Maltravers, I'd apply to-morrow for the part that she's throwing up."

"Then," said Mr. Hickson sternly, "you would do a very wrong and foolish thing. Yours is a perfectly honourable avocation. That it is not exempt from dangers for a lady who is very young and—er—attractive I don't deny; but no doubt, as you say, you can protect yourself from annoyance and insult. Ballet-girls couldn't do that if they would, and I am afraid not many of them would if they could."

"I daresay you know all about them," Miss Wilton observed demurely. "I have been told that they are neither better nor worse than their neighbours; but one can't believe all one hears. Anyhow, I quite understand your not wanting your son to marry one of them. What I don't understand is your threatening to disinherit him. That sort of thing is so out-of-date! And it's always a pity for a public man to be out-of-date. I should have thought a much better plan would be just quietly to cure him of his disease. Apply a counter-irritant, I mean. He's only three or four and twenty, isn't he?"

"Not twenty-four yet; but—"

"My dear sir, one need never despair of them at that age. Stave the crisis off and get him to fall in love with somebody else. Any moderately good-looking girl will do."

Mr. Hickson was a good deal amused at the notion of directing destiny in this off-hand style. "You don't know my son Hugh," said he with a grim smile.

However, she was soon to make good that deficiency. The inspection of the hot-houses had occupied some time, and it was now so nearly the luncheon hour that Mr. Hickson felt constrained to offer a hospitality which was promptly accepted. Thus it was that surprising things came to pass. It was not, to be sure, so very surprising that the stranger should at once win her way to the good graces of simple, kind-hearted Mrs. Hickson; but to convert the bored indifference with which Hugh sat down to table into the interested animation which he displayed before he rose was really no small feat, and this Miss Wilton accomplished without any visible effort. Her host, watching her and listening to her, could not but admit that she was an uncommonly clever girl, and his opinion of her rose still higher when, as he was escorting her to the front door (for she had to leave immediately after luncheon) he overheard his son murmuring something to her about meeting in London. He also heard her laughing reply of—

"I'll say good-bye now, please. I want one last word with Mr. Hickson before I go."

This last word, which was spoken on the doorstep, was not less frank than her previous utterance.

"Well," said she, "there you are! I thought I'd just show you. It's as easy as that, you see."

"I see what is easy to you," was Mr. Hickson's slightly bewildered reply. "Whether it would be easy to anybody else is another question."

He paused; then resumed, with that swift decision whereby so many of his commercial triumphs had been won: "It has been a great pleasure to make your acquaintance, Miss Wilton, and I should be sorry to think that we were not to foregather again. In about a fortnight, as you know,

the election is to take place. Possibly the spectacle might have some value for you from a professional point of view. If so, and if you cared to run down to us as our guest for the last few days we should be very glad indeed to see you."

While he made this somewhat audacious proposition, his clear eyes stared straight at hers, which were dancing with merriment. Of course, she realized—was, in truth, meant to realize—why she was asked; but she took no umbrage.

"Oh, thanks awfully," she replied. "Yes, I'll come. It will be rather fun, I think."

And, as if this were not a sufficiently plain intimation that she accepted the part assigned to her—"Chain up your son in the meantime," she went on. "Make out that he's wanted here for shooting parties or something. The essential is to prevent him from returning to London and his Letty."

Upon the morning of the day appointed for the taking of the poll at Netherhampton Mr. Hickson passed the events of the previous fortnight in mental review and asked himself whether he was satisfied or not. On the whole, he felt able to reply in the affirmative. His return was virtually assured, and although at some of the meetings there had been rude interruptions relating to his family affairs, it had undoubtedly told in his favour that his son had almost always been at his side on the platform. He was entitled, he thought, to take credit for some strategic skill in that he had contrived to detain his son at Dropfield the whole time, and it was gratifying that not once during the course of it had the young man alluded to Miss Letty Maltravers. On the other hand, what was to be thought about the astonishing Miss Wilton, who for several days past had formed one of the rather large party assembled under his roof? There was really only one deduction that could be drawn from her behaviour: she meant to marry Hugh, and what was more, she was going to do it. Of course, the unspoken past had involved a danger—if danger it ought to be called—which so shrewd a man as Mr. Hickson was not likely to ignore; only he had not regarded it as serious or imminent, because he had good reason to believe that Hugh, whatever else he might be, was not a weathercock. But who can explain or account for the whirling tergiversations of youth? What was beyond question was the completeness of Miss Wilton's conquest. Hugh and she had become inseparable; the young man was her undisguised, abject slave; everybody was laughing about it. Mr. Hickson himself would have laughed, had he not felt it a little irritating and a little humiliating to be the father of so unstable a fellow. For the rest, let him marry the girl, by all means, if he wanted to marry her. He might, it was true. have done better for himself; but then he had nearly done so much worse! Miss Wilton, when all was said, was a gentlewoman by birth and manners. However, the time seemed to have arrived for speaking plainly to Hugh, who was accordingly drawn aside after breakfast and brought to book with:

"Now, look here; you've been carrying on for some days in a style which I oughtn't to allow in my house, unless it means what I presume it does. It's my duty to ask you what it means, because I don't forget—though perhaps you do—that scarcely a fortnight ago you were proclaiming your unalterable determination to marry a dancing girl called Letty Maltravers."

"That's all right," answered Hugh composedly. "I haven't changed my mind."

"The deuce you haven't! Then all I can say is that you have given Miss Wilton, not to mention myself, grave cause for complaint."

"I don't see it, sir," drawled the

young man, as he lighted a cigarette. "You can't fairly complain of me for taking a hand in your transparent game. You ought to have known that I'm a man of my word, like yourself. And, after all, I don't suppose you would consent to my leading Miss Wilton to the altar, would you?"

"Consent!" cried the disconcerted schemer; "of course, I should consent! Only too thankful to see you married to a girl who is worth a dozen of you!"

"Really? I thought perhaps you and she were only pulling my leg. Sorry to disappoint you; but, you see, I'm pledged to Letty, and I don't break my pledges."

"Very well," said Mr. Hickson curtly; "go your own way then. You are aware of what the consequences will be."

Mr. Hickson headed the poll with a substantial majority. Miss Wilton was the first to shake the re-elected member by the hand and congratulate him upon "a well-deserved victory."

"Thanks. Wish I could return the compliment," was the somewhat ungracious rejoinder.

This was in an upper chamber at the Town Hall, where a large concourse had assembled, and before Miss Wilton, whose countenance had assumed an expression of innocent interrogation, could open her lips, Colonel Battersby, the rosy, good-humoured high sheriff, thrust his way towards her.

"Well, Miss Letty, this is making acquaintance with the county under happy auspices—what? Give you joy with all my heart!—and you, too, Hickson. You've done the right thing in the right way, sir. I've no doubt you were as well aware as anybody that there were stupid and malicious rumours about your having forbidden your son's marriage and that they weren't doing you any good with the electors; but you're not the man to offer explanations to people who had no right to ask for them. You preferred to let facts speak for themselves. As for me, I must say that I never gave a moment's credence to that silly talk. I've known Miss Maltravers, on the stage and off it, long enough to know that anybody might be proud to welcome her as a daughter-in-law, and I know you, Hickson, a great deal too well to mistake you for an obstinate, prejudiced jackass."

It is not certain that Mr. Hickson altogether merited the above encomium; but what may be said for him is that under no circumstances did he lose command of his wits. Enlightened on the instant by Colonel Battersby's harangue and Miss Wilton's subdued smile, he replied:

"Much obliged to you, Battersby. As you say, I'm in the habit of conducting my own affairs after my own fashion, and I don't know that I've ever had reason to regret that rule."

Not for another quarter of an hour was it possible for him to breathe a word, without being overheard, to the young lady who remained at his elbow. Only as they were quitting the building did he manage to whisper in her ear:

"A pretty trick you've played me, you two! I'm sure I don't know what you expect to get for your duplicity—"

"Oh, but I think you do!" the girl gently interrupted. "It was your fault, not ours, remember that a trick had to be resorted to. And I took care to be as truthful as I possibly could. My name really is Wilton, and my father really was a clergyman, and I really did get *The Universe* people to employ me as an interviewer."

Mr. Hickson burst into a short laugh. "Oh, you're clever," he said; "a good deal cleverer than I thought you were this morning, I may tell you. Well, of course, you win the game. If it comes to that, though, I don't exactly lose either; for I told Hugh I should only be too thankful to see him married to Miss Wilton, and when I say a thing, I mean it."

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

WITH a total casualty list representing nine battalions at war strength Canada is being brought nearer to the heart of things where her sons are facing death with such sublime courage and devotion. After eleven months of war the British nations are settling down to the prosaic but necessary task of organization. It is the one great lesson which Germany has taught Britain—the value of organization. War is more than ever a vast complicated machine for killing men. Into its gory maw must be fed a continuous supply of men and munitions. The effect of organization on war was never lost sight of by the great master-minds of the deathless armies whose deeds are recorded in history. Frederick the Great, in his account of the Seven Years War, relates how he collected vast quantities of stores, munitions, and accoutrements to cover all possible contingencies. He never underrated the importance of detail and organization in preparing for war. Germany is *par excellence* the home of organization. Moltke was the great organizer of victory in 1870. The story goes that when France was at last jockeyed into war Moltke, aroused from his slumbers, went to a pigeon-hole, handed over the plan of campaign to an officer, and retired once more to enjoy a good night's sleep. To a greater extent than is generally recognized the United States and Canada are striking examples of this *penchant* for efficiency on the part of the German people. One has only to enter any district peopled by Germans to realize to what a remarkable degree this is true of the American continent. On the other hand, the British race, with that fine contempt for shackles of all kinds that distinguishes it throughout history, is jealous of its liberty and seeks ever to avoid methods that tend to enslave the individual. German efficiency as perfected in the Fatherland means the enslavement of the German people. It has given the German army initial advantages that have cost the Allies dearly, but against these temporary advantages in war time must be placed the lowered morale of a machine-made nation compared with a nation which voluntarily surrenders its individual rights for the good of the commonwealth in the hour of necessity. Nor must we lose sight of the permanent injury wrought in peace times in a country like Germany, where democracy has no place. It is well to remember these things in view of the clamorous Conscriptionists in the United Kingdom. The suggestion in this quarter that democracy has developed to dangerous extremes under the British Liberal régime, 1905-1914, that a country in which democratic principles prevail is unfitted for war compared with a nation like Germany, shows the danger that Britain would run were the necessities of the hour to force the United Kingdom into the hands of any party that regarded conscription, industrial or military, as other than a temporary expedient.

The difficulties of the British War Office are not due to defects inherent in democratic principles. From the outset Kitchener had a free hand and all the demands made upon the taxpayers were cheerfully and instantly complied with by a House of Commons which, in respect of personnel, is the most democratic assembly in the world. Nor is the trouble to be sought for in the party system of government. It is inherent rather in the character of the British people, irrespective of party. In his Autobiography, the late General Sir William Butler—whose warnings before the South African campaign, if heeded, would have saved the British many disasters—observed of the English people:

"I have sometimes thought that, for some inscrutable reason, the Almighty had given the English people a marvellous faculty of acquiring wealth in peace, only equalled by their wonderful power of wasting wealth in war—'muddling through,' I think they call it. I remember the Greeks in Cyprus used to exclaim as they watched our ways, 'Is it not a pity that God, who has given these people so much money, should not have also bestowed upon them some brains?' Or is it only

'A way they have in the army?'

'A way they have in the navy?'

And if this be the case, could not the many 'Varsities which we now possess lay their hands at mending that particular 'way,' lest it should end all our other ways?"

On the whole, however, most people see much good in what some would describe as the idiosyncracies of the British people. They are slow to draw the sword. Germany is where Britain was three centuries ago. The British having once tasted of the greater freedom there is little likelihood of a *coup d'etat* by the reactionaries.

Mr. Lloyd George's speech on the Munitions Bill in the House of Commons is presumptive evidence that a democratic people, living under democratic institutions, are capable of defending their heritage. The gist of his speech was that the problem of victory is to exceed the munitions output of the enemy, which in shells alone totals a quarter of a million a day. The one bright spot in the whole business was his assurance that whereas the enemy has attained the limit of possible output of munitions, Britain has only just crossed the threshold of her possibilities. Hitherto the organization of the nation for war has been largely the work of departments. Henceforth the work will be nation-wide in scope. The importance of the munitions problem may be grasped more readily by the civilian when it is stated that the French hold their trenches by a few rifles and the support of their wonderful 75-mm. guns; while the British hold their trenches mainly by rifle fire. The French system has been described as "expensive in ammunition. Ours is expensive in life."

Those who grumble over the prospect of another winter campaign do not seem to realize the extent of the opposition. War maps, as Hilaire Belloc points out in one of his lectures, have been responsible for much of the unfounded optimism that prevailed when war broke out. It is forgotten that the enemy countries are densely populated while vast tracts of Russia that appear in war maps are very sparsely populated. A survey of the geographical area combined with population will modify considerably the views of those who believe that Austria-Hungary and Germany are facing long odds. Another delusion cherished by most people at the opening of the war was that Germany could not long maintain the fight owing to economic conditions. The industrial condition of Germany to-day is far from unsatisfactory. Unemployment is comparatively small, and following the confusion of the first month life is now more or less normal throughout the country. During the second month of the war army purchases on a large scale commenced. By next August it has been calculated that the army contracts placed in

Germany will be almost equal to the total export trade in times of peace. The nation has been reorganized on a war basis, piano manufacturers now turning out barbed wire, and so on through all the various industries. The need of men is distinctly felt and many industries are short of labour. The coal output has diminished owing to labour shortage, but until autumn it is believed that the effects of this shortage of men on the comforts and necessities of civil life will not be apparent. The German people still dream of victory and look forward to balancing their war losses by the huge indemnities which they hope to make the Allies pay.

A remarkable series of articles has appeared in *The London Evening News* from the pen of a neutral citizen who has travelled several times through Germany and Austria since the commencement of the war. These articles have been republished in book form, "What I Saw in Berlin," (Eveleigh Nash), and have arrested a good deal of attention in England. It is the story of the author's wanderings since the beginning of the war, during which he visited eight capitals and travelled fifteen thousand miles. In the march of historic events it seems a long cry to Craigavon and the Ulster Volunteers. That the author was visiting there in April, 1914, and from other internal evidence in his book, it is safe to conclude that "Piermarini" is a newspaper correspondent or a secret service agent, and not, as he says, a medical doctor. At Craigavon, on the occasion of his visit, were present Sir Edward Carson and a few officers of H.M.S. *Pathfinder*, then patrolling the Ulster coast for contraband. The *Pathfinder* and its officers found a watery grave after the war commenced, and Sir Edward Carson's statement that "In any case, we are training here some jolly good troops" has come true.

The author has visited Berlin twice since the war broke out, the last time in December. What he observed there and in other belligerent capitals is set down in chronological order, and being a shrewd observer and a graphic writer the author has added to the list of war books one of engrossing interest. How the peoples at war live and move while Europe is agonizing in the throes of a new birth is of tremendous interest to the general reader. The trip from London to Berlin was carried out without much difficulty, although the author was under arrest several times. Berlin on the surface had not changed her habits much in December on account of the war. London, he states, shows more marked changes than the German capital. Places of amusement were opened as usual, food prices were very little higher, and there were none of the evidences of famine and war panic referred to in English newspapers. "Everything seems pretty normal," writes the author in October, 1914. Fifty thousand boys of sixteen years were drilling all over the country anxious to be ready as volunteers in February. Enthusiasm for the Kaiser, the army, and the Fatherland was evident on all sides. "The confidence of the people, fed on false news, on fantastic reports, on gigantic illusions, is unbounded." The Germans despise their Austrian allies and glory in their isolation. "One hears in the street people talking like this: 'We are bound to win; it is fatal and it is ridiculous to see a few decrepit nations trying to stop God's will. We are the only race of dictators; we will have the whole world at our feet and impose our laws on every nation.'" Some Germans talked glibly of getting "a concession for maize plantation in Algeria," or an "ostrich farm in South Africa"—so sure were they of ruling the world. Only in military circles is the gravity of the struggle realized, but the fears secretly expressed do not reach the people, thanks to a wonderfully organized press.

Austria's crimes against nationality cry to Heaven for vengeance. In this war she has dragooned the reluctant Slavonic races, over which she rules, to fight her battles. The Bohemians and other branches of the Slav race within the Dual Monarchy may yet complete the ruin of the Hapsburgs. The country that produced the great reformer, Jan Hus, and Jerome of Prague, is entitled to a place in the sun with the other Slavic peoples who look to this campaign as a war of liberation. There are few, young or old, who have not enjoyed reading the delightful fairy tales of the brothers Grimm, but few know that this book laid the foundations of a literary movement in Bohemia which kindled the sacred fire of nationalism that was soon to sweep over the face of Europe. The civilization of the Bohemians goes farther back than that of the German-Austrians, and in literature and arts occupies an independent and distinctive place. It was not until after the disastrous battle of the White Mountain, near Prague, in 1620, and the substitution of Teuton absolutism for the Bohemian constitution that the dark centuries of intellectual barrenness clouded the land. The lands of the Bohemian nobles were confiscated and given to Austrian generals and noblemen, the people of the cities were driven into exile and their places taken by aliens in race and language. The Austrian policy of denationalization became identified with the pillory, the gallows, and the whipping-post, and even the books of the country, the national literature that formed a link with the past, were publicly burned by order of the Hapsburg rulers so that the Bohemian people might be divorced from their historic past. Many works were smuggled abroad, and these to-day are the sole fragments of the literary history of the country prior to the seventeenth century. But the Bohemian has not forgotten the past and awaits the moment when once more he regains an independent national existence, either under the protection of Russia or as an independent State.

Germany refuses to forgo her piratical methods of warfare, and completes the insult to an intelligent nation by professing a tender regard for the laws of humanity. What Germany really wants are the fruits of naval victory without any of the attendant risks. Britain's supremacy at sea has tied up her commerce. By violating the recognized rules of warfare the Teuton submarines built at a small cost, are to be allowed to neutralize the effects of the British blockade. Germany ignores the real point: that no warship is warranted in carrying on war that is not competent to search vessels at sea for contraband and to secure the lives of non-combatants while capturing or sinking a contraband cargo or enemy's mercantile shipping. Murder on the high seas has no justification in any recognized law of nations.

The Library Table

THE FALL OF CANADA

A Chapter in the History of the Seven Years' War. By George M. Wrong. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

THIS is a tall octavo of two hundred and seventy pages devoted to one year of Canadian history, the year following the Battle of the Plains, a year which historians generally have neglected, as if unwilling to admit that anything worth telling could have happened so soon after Wolfe's dazzling victory. "The campaign of 1760 was an anti-climax," says our favourite historian, William Wood ("Canada and Its Provinces," Vol. I., p. 308); and this is the typical attitude of writers in this period. But, as we are informed by the work now in hand, the battle which the British lost outside the walls of Quebec in April, 1760, seven months after the Battle of the Plains, was "the most severely contested struggle of the whole war" (p. 152). "The bad news caused dismay in England. Pitt saw in it the danger of final failure to the work of years" (p. 154). And this battle was only an incident in the military drama of the year—the drama which was staged and enacted at Quebec and Montreal and along the lines of the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu.

At first view, the present volume appears to exhibit some forbidding features to the ordinary reader. Most of us find original sources and professors of history pretty dull, and this book is a detailed narrative from original sources by a professor of history. Most of us, too, like an occasional beat of the "big drum," but there is no such beat here. And we are generally attracted by a devil-may-care recklessness of style which scorns grammar and defies all cut-and-dried rules. But the style of this writer is scrupulously pure and ceremonially clean. In the whole book there is not even a sentence beginning with the word "And". This will be regretted; at any rate by us who have been brought up on the good old English Bible; for we particularly enjoy this good old Anglo-Saxon word, with a capital letter, beginning a new sentence. And it is a mystery to us how any writer can get on without it.

But we have before us the exception which proves the rule and forces us to waive our predilections for the time being. The proof of the apple is in the eating; and if we find it sweet and good we are not likely to complain because it is not the same kind of apple we ate last year or the sort we have always thought good to eat. And we have been too greatly interested in reading this book by Professor Wrong to find fault with it, or even to examine it with that critical microscope which Professor Wrong himself uses and recommends to every reviewer of books. We confess, indeed, that we have never read two hundred and seventy consecutive pages of history with a more continuous and fascinated interest.

This may seem incredible, but it is not even surprising, when we remember that Professor Wrong is a dual personality—a veritable Hyde and

Jekyll of history. As Hyde, he wrote a school text-book; as Hyde, he presides over the history department in the University of Toronto; as Hyde, he founded "The Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada," which is the terror of every aspiring historical writer in Canada. But, as Jekyll, he has done a great many useful things. For example, he is the editor of that wholly delightful and popular series known as "The Chronicles of Canada," which is now being published. And, of course, it is as Jekyll that he has given us the present book.

We are tempted to make a survey of the book and print some of its striking passages. But we shall do better if we simply recommend it to our readers as a book to buy or borrow, and read. It is a good story, well told. It reproduces for us with vividness and fidelity that dark winter of 1759-60 in Quebec and Montreal. When spring comes, we go with Lévis on his march down the ice-strewn St. Lawrence. We are with Murray at Ste. Foy. We hear the glad shouts of the hard-pressed and starving British soldiers on the arrival of the relieving fleet. When Murray advances on Montreal we accompany him; we see what he saw and experience what he experienced. Presently we are at Amherst's camp on Lake Ontario. Then we see the converging British closing in from three sides on the doomed remnant of the French army, now making a last stand at Montreal, and we are present when the brave French officers lay down their arms.

We close the book feeling that we have witnessed a great spectacle and have lived the life of that memorable year in Canada. Above all, we are glad to think that we now know intimately all the actors in the moving drama—among them the impetuous and ambitious Murray, the villain Bigot and his scoundrels, the garrulous and shallow but well-meaning Vaudreuil, the skilful, bold, and persistent Lévis, and the slow, thoroughgoing and masterful Amherst. Not elsewhere, as far as we know, do these men live again as they live in Professor Wrong's pages.

MR. HILLAIRE BELLOC

Author of "A General Sketch of the European War"

The book is beautifully and almost impeccably printed. There are excellent plans to illustrate the narrative and new portraits of Murray and Amherst. We suspect, however, that the author is not responsible for the curious geography of the map at the end of the volume. And surely "Geoffrey" Amherst is something new. It is generally Jeffery or Jeffrey. But we find very few flaws in this distinguished and well-nigh perfect book, which we welcome as a most valuable addition to our shelves of Canadian history.

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A GENEREL SKETCH OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

By Hillaire Belloc. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.

WE must regard this as perhaps the most important series of books that has been attempted as a result of the present war. Not only is the author an outstanding literary man, but he happens to have had a technical training peculiarly fitting

him for the great task of reviewing the war as it progresses. He is an English writer, but he has served in the French artillery, has a minute personal knowledge of the French frontier, and apart from that he has made a hobby of the science of war. He won honours in history at Oxford, and by a term as a member of the British House of Commons he served a practical apprenticeship in politics. Representing one of the large London newspapers as military expert, he already has earned a solid reputation as an authority. The first volume of the series, which is to hand, is entitled "The First Phase," and it deals with problems and causes leading up to the conflict. Here is a brief summary of what Mr. Belloc regards as the attitude of the various powers confronting Germany:

In the matter of sea-power England would answer: "Unless we are all-powerful at sea, our very existence is imperilled." In the matter of her colonies and dependencies England would answer: "We may be a Teutonic people or we may not. All that kind of thing is pleasant talk for the academies. But if you ask whether we will allow any part of our colonies to become German, or any part of our great dependencies to fall under German rule, the answer is in the negative."

The French would answer: "We do not happen to think that we are either decadent or corrupt, nor do we plead guilty to any other of your vague and very pedantic charges; but quite apart from that, on the concrete point of whether we propose to be subjugated by a foreign power, German or other, the answer is in the negative. Our will is here in conflict with yours. And before you can proceed to any act of mastery over us, you will have to fight. Moreover, we shall not put aside the duty of ultimately fighting you so long as a population of two millions, who feel themselves to be French (though most of them are German-speaking) and who detest your rule, are arbitrarily kept in subjection by you in Alsace-Lorraine."

The Russians would reply: "We cannot help being numerically stronger than you, and we do not propose to diminish our numbers even if we could. We do not think we are barbaric; and as to our leadership of the Slav people in the Balkans, that seems as right and natural to us, particularly on religious grounds, as any such bond could be. It may interfere with your ambitions; but if you propose that we should abandon so obvious an attitude of leadership among the Slavs, the answer is in the negative."

The book will be read as well for its literary style as for its material.

*

SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY

By Edgar Lee Masters. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS volume has been called quite properly "a creation of a whole community of personalities." The personalities are the spirits of dead bodies saying to the world they have left just what the author thinks they would say if they wished to speak the truth and reveal themselves. For instance, here is what Knowlt Hoheimer has to say:

I was the first fruits of the battle of
Missionary Ridge.
When I felt the bullet enter my heart
I wished I had staid at home and gone to
jail
For stealing the hogs of Curl Trenary,
Instead of running away and joining the
army.
Rather a thousand times the county jail
Than to lie under this marble figure with
wings,
And this granite pedestal
Bearing the words, "Pro Patria."
What do you mean, anyway?

Having read those ten lines, we seem to know much about Knowlt. We know, indeed, as much as might be told ordinarily in a few pages. But, ordinarily, men do not think of commemorative monuments as Knowlt thought of them. Knowlt is under the sod, and he can afford to put a pinch of irony into his remarks. He is at least a skeptic. Hare Drummer is a different kind of spirit. He asks questions, it is true, but he is pleasantly, even if pathetically, retrospective:

Do the boys and girls still go to Siever's
For cider, after school, in late September?
Or gather hazel nuts among the thickets
On Aaron Hatfield's farm when the frosts
begin?

For many times with the laughing girls and boys
Played I along the road and over the hills
When the sun was low and the air was cool,
Stopping to club the walnut tree
Standing leafless against a flaming west.
Now, the smell of autumn smoke,
And the dropping acorns,
And the echoes about the vales,
Bring dreams of life. They hover over me.
They question me:
Where are those laughing comrades?
How many are with me, how many
In the old orchards along the way to Siever's,
And in the woods that overlook
The quiet water?

You can go through this book and select any one of these little biographies and get a chapter from life. Here is Johnny Sayre:

Father, thou canst never know
The anguish that smote my heart
For my disobedience, the moment I felt
The remorseless wheel of the engine
Sink into the crying flesh of my leg.
As they carried me to the home of Widow Morris
I could see the school-house in the valley
To which I played truant to steal rides upon the trains,
I prayed to live until I could ask your forgiveness—
And then your tears, your broken words of comfort!
From the solace of that hour I have gained infinite happiness.
Thou wert wise to chisel for me:
"Taken from the evil to come."

Then there is the Town Marshal:

The Prohibitionists made me town marshall
When the saloons were voted out,
Because when I was a drinking man,
Before I joined the church, I killed a Swede
At the saw-mill near Maple Grove.
And they wanted a terrible man,
Grim, righteous, strong, courageous,
And a hater of saloons and drinkers,
To keep law and order in the village.
And they presented me with a loaded cane
With which I struck Jack McGuire.
Before he drew the gun with which he killed me.
The Prohibitionists spent their money in vain
To hang him, for in a dream
I appeared to one of the twelve jurymen
And told him the whole secret story.
Fourteen years were enough for killing me.

There are two hundred and thirty-six of them, and all are more than worth the reading. It is a book of infinite variety, of infinite observation, of infinite jest and irony, of genuine modern philosophy.

*

POETRY

By Anna Wickham, Edward Shanks and Frances Cornford. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

At the small price of from sixpence to a shilling the Poetry Bookshop, which has a discriminating taste in poetry, is issuing a number of delightful, even beautiful, little booklets of verse. The three before us are well worth the attention of all lovers of verse. The one by Frances Cornford is illustrated with wood cuts by G. Raverat. Although the title of the book is "Spring Morning," we quote "Autumn Evening":

The shadows flickering, the daylight dying,
And I upon the old red sofa lying,
The great brown shadows leaping up the wall,
The sparrows twittering; and that is all.

I thought to send my soul to far-off lands,
Where fairies scamper on the windy sands,
Or where the autumn rain comes drumming down
On huddled roofs in an enchanted town.

But, O, my sleepy soul, it will not roam,
It is too happy and too warm at home:
With just the shadows leaping up the wall,
The sparrows twittering; and that is all.

From "The Contemplative Quarry," by Anna Wickham, we quote "The Mummer":

Strict I walk my ordered way
Through the strait and duteous day;
The hours are nuns that summon me
To offices of huswifry,
Cups and cupboards, flagons, food,
Are things of my solicitude.
No elfin folly haply strays
Down my precise and well-swept ways.

When that compassionate lady, Night,
Shuts out a prison from my sight,
With other thrift I turn a key
Of the old chest of memory.
And in my spacious dreams unfold

MR. ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of the "The Hand of Peril," at work in a hammock on his farm at Cedar Springs, Ontario.

A flimsy stuff of green and gold,
And walk and wander in the dress
Of old delights, and tenderness.

And from "Songs," by Edward Shanks, we take this "Sonnet":

O dearest, if the touch of common things
Can taint our love or wither, let it die.
The freest-hearted lark that soars and sings
Soon after dawn amid a dew-brushed sky.
Takes song from love and knows well where love lies,
Hid in the grass, the dear domestic nest,
The secret, splendid, common paradise,
The strangest joys are not the loveliest.
Passion far-sought is dead when it is found,
But love that's born of intimate common things
Cries with a voice of splendour, with a sound
That over stranger feeling shakes and rings.
The better love, the highest ecstasy
Lies in the intimate touch of you and me.

❊

THE HAND OF PERIL

By Arthur Stringer. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE author of this novel must possess two personalities, otherwise, how could he write his recent volume of poetry and then turn around and write this detective story? For it is a big jump from Stringer's blank verse to Stringer's melodrama. However, there are readers who like blank verse and more readers who like thrilling novels. If a writer can cater to both, so much the better—or the worse. This novel is in the same class as the author's other fiction.

❊

—"Nature and Science on the Pacific Coast," a guide-book for scientific travellers in the West. Edited under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Illustrated with nineteen text figures, twenty-nine half-tone plates, and fourteen maps. (San Francisco: Paul Elder and Company).

Ship of the Desert

"Johnny," said the teacher, "what is a dromedary?"

Johnny did not know, but Ralph did.

"I know," he said promptly. "A dromedary is a two-masted camel."—*Christian Register.*

*

On the March

"Cheesemakers are in high spirits. They are finding a keen demand for newly-made cheese at prices well over eighty shillings per hundredweight, and indeed the cheese is moving off as fast as it is made."—*Glasgow Herald.* Headed by the Gorgonzolas, whose agility is well known.—*Punch.*

*

A Busy Font

Sexton (to young farmer who has called to arrange for the christening of his child)—"Doantee bring 'e Toosday—Vicar be fishing o' Toosday."

Farmer—"Well, then, say Monday."

Sexton—"Noa—not Monday. Font will be full o' minnows Monday."—*Punch.*

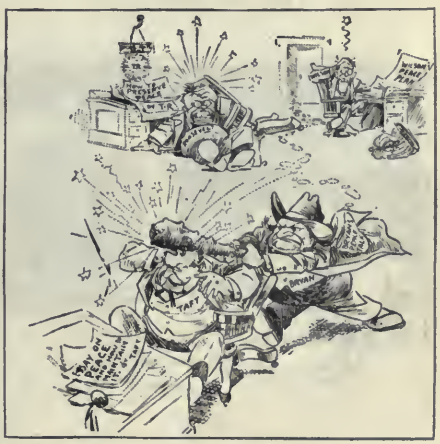
A Conflict

"What brought you here, my poor fellow?" a missionary asked a convict.

"I married a new woman, sir," the prisoner groaned.

"Aha!" said the missionary, "and she was so domineering and extravagant that it drove you to desperate courses, eh?"

"No," replied the prisoner; "but the old woman turned up."—*Tit-Bits.*



Bryan's unique idea of the way to organize a universal-peace movement.
—*The Des Moines Register and Leader*

Narrow Accommodations

The funeral of Baron and Baroness Reuter took plaee yesterday afternoon at Kingswood, Surrey. The chief mourners were the son of the Baron and his wife, in the uniform of a private in the Sportsmen's Battalion."—*Manchester Guardian.*

*

Reasonable Grief

At the funeral of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, father of the recently deceased Lord Rothschild, a poor old man wept loudly and bitterly.

"Why are you crying?" inquired a by-stander. "You are no relation of Rothschild."

"No," howled the mourner; "that is just why I'm crying."—*Tit-Bits.*

*

A Long Life

Sir Walter Scott, while travelling in Ireland, was one day accosted by a beggar. He felt in his pocket for a sixpence but, finding that he had nothing smaller than a shilling with him, gave it to the woman, with the words:

"You must give me the change next time we meet."

"I will, sorr," replied the beggar, "and may yer honour live till ye get it."—*Los Angeles Times.*

A Tempting Morsel
—*The Critica* (Buenos Aires)

A Long Drink

Extract from a sentimental letter: "Last night I sat in a gondola on Veniee's Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before."—*Scraps.*

*

Moral?

The Boy—"I'll be happy when I'm a man."

The Man—"I was happy when I was a boy."

The Hog—"I am happy now."—*Punch.*

*

His Grief

During the fighting a Highlander had the misfortune to get his head blown off.

A comrade communicated the sad news to another gallant Scot, who asked, anxiously:

"Where's his head? He was smoking ma pipe."—*Tit-Bits.*

*

Could Fill the Bill

He had told her the age-old story, and, torn with emotion, waited for a few short words that would decide his fate.

"George," she said, "before I give you my answer you must tell me something. Do you drink anything?"

A smile of relief lighted his handsome countenanee. Was that all she wanted to know? Proudly, triumphantly he clasped her in his arms and whispered in her shell-like ear.

"Anything," he said.—*The Medicine Man.*

*

To the grouehy-looking person who had boarded his car the conductor said, as he returned him his transfer:

"This transfer expired ten minutes ago."

Whereupon, with a growl, the man dug for a nickel, and, as he handed it to the conductor observed:

"No wonder, with not a single ventilator open in the whole car."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A VENETIAN CANAL

From the Etching by Clarence A. Gagnon

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLV TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1915 No. 5

WOLFE AT QUEBEC

BY W. P. M. KENNEDY, M.A., F.R.His.S. (Eng.)

PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY, UNIVERSITY OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

WE are commonly told that Wolfe's final plan was suggested to him by his brigadiers and that he recited Gray's "Elegy" on the way to the actual landing. I have been struck by the persistency with which these two statements are repeated in spite of the heroic efforts made by historical research to place them in their true light. My aim then is to sum up, as judicially as possible, the work done in this connection, in the hope that the facts may find their way into text-books of history and into the world of Canadian culture. It is true that nothing turns on them; but it is surely high time that a military exploit of such romantic brilliancy should stand clearly assigned to its originator, and that the gratuitous dressings of dramatic effect should be torn away from an achievement sufficiently dramatic in itself to need no imaginative additions. I make no claim to originality, because my article is based on the research of others; but I venture to think that these researches have been buried away—as too often happens with the work of an expert—or have gained little ground against the traditional views.

After the failure of Montmorency on July 31st, 1759, Wolfe's health caused him much anxiety, and for the first time in the history of the campaign he called in his brigadiers, not, as the Abbè Casgrain says, to hand over his command to them, but to consult about a future plan of attack. He submitted to them three suggestions, all based on the idea of operations in the Beauport neighbourhood; that is, three plans of attack on the French encampments lying east of Quebec, between the River St. Charles and the Falls of Montmorency. To these suggestions the brigadiers replied that the enemy had so fortified the natural strength of their position as to render an attack there very doubtful of success, that the recent failure did not encourage

a repetition of the attack, and that even in case of victory Montcalm would still be in a position to command the passage of the St. Charles River. They suggested that the attack should be directed by bringing the troops to the south shore, finally establishing them on the north shore, and beginning operations high above Quebec. The idea should be to get between Montcalm and his provisions, and between the French army farther west, which was opposing Amherst.

A victory in this neighbourhood would, they said, mean the fall of the city, whereas one round Beauport would leave that event as far off as ever. In addition, they pointed out that even if their suggestion was acted on a reverse would mean that the French forces could assist with more determination in operations against Amherst. Thus they discounted their proposal in a very serious manner. The plan, such as it was, has been unreservedly claimed for Wolfe's brigadiers, especially Townshend. Warburton in the past, and Colonel Townshend in the present, have categorically stated that the plan which Wolfe finally adopted was not his, but belonged entirely to Townshend, who had waited too long for his just honours in this connection. The later history will throw sufficient light on Wolfe's letter to Pitt, dated September 2nd, 1759, in which he said that he had unreservedly acquiesced in the proposals of the brigadiers.

It is only necessary to say here that Townshend's part in the conference is discounted by the fact that it seems as if he was quite against any plan of attack on the west of the city; yet the recent writer already referred to actually gives the plan of operations suggested by the brigadiers, says that it was Townshend's work, and finally states that it was the one actually acted on by Wolfe on the night of the landing. The truth is that he did not carry out this plan at all, and even the report of the brigadiers represents a return to an early plan, which Wolfe himself had mentioned to Pitt previously to the consultation.

I need not delay to consider the removal of the troops along the south shore to positions opposite Sillery and Cap Rouge. The brigadiers and Montcalm himself thought that the attempt would be made between Cap Rouge and Point aux Trembles. The latter, indeed, prepared for this eventuality. Wolfe alone knew that both were wrong. In fact, when a storm had blown itself out, Wolfe reconnoitred and decided to take up a place opposite Anse aux Foulon. It is claimed that this place was pointed out to him by a Major Stobo, but I have been unable up to this time to find any historical proof. The point, however, is that some hours after the brigadiers thought that their original plan of landing and making an attack several miles west of the city had been fully accepted and finally agreed on, Wolfe himself was carefully noting the place two miles from the city, which is now connected inseparably with his name.

I am not concerned with the defence of this point by Vergor, and I doubt if we shall ever know the exact facts in connection with the displacement of the French troops here. This aspect of the history has no relation to our present subject. Wolfe had evidently made up his mind and evidently knew that the point was weakly defended. He kept the French busy by apparently preparing for landings at Point aux Trembles and even in the neighbourhood of Beauport. Montcalm was in a state of excitement, being carried, as it were, along the whole front from Sillery to Montmorency. He did not know what Wolfe would do next. The nearest we get to a certainty about his conception of the British general's plan was that he thought that Wolfe had planned to land some miles farther down the river.

There is no evidence to prove that Wolfe admitted his brigadiers into

his confidence. In his orders issued on September 11th he outlined the full details of the attempt, but made no mention of the landing-place. The orders issued on the following day were also silent as to the landing-place: "The troops will land where the French seem least to expect it." Still the brigadiers knew nothing of the wonderful plan which "history" has said they originated and actually drew up. The fact is that on the twelfth they wrote to Wolfe complaining that they were in ignorance of his full plan and asking definitely to be told "the place or places we are to attack," and this a few short hours before the plan was successfully tried. Wolfe replied that he could not reveal his plan to them, that he personally had selected the place and was responsible for it. So much for the evidence. I do not think that there has ever been a more presumptuous claim made to divert the conception of a great military *coup* from its originator.

"History" then goes on to relate that about two o'clock in the morning of the 13th of September, just before the landing, Wolfe recited to his staff in his boat, as they dropped down the tide, Gray's "Elegy." Now, *a priori,* two things mitigate against this romantic episode, which we have been accustomed to believe since childhood. Firstly, is it likely that a commander would break his own strict orders enjoining silence, to recite even in a low voice a long poem? Those who have read Wolfe's censures after the breach of discipline by the grenadiers at Montmorency can hardly believe that such a thing is possible. In addition, such an action is unthinkable at a moment when every nerve was strained to reduce noise of any sort to a minimum—an action purposeless and childish. Secondly, is it likely that Wolfe would have dampened the courage of his men by saying that he would rather have written that poem than take Quebec—rather than carry out a plan for which his men were ready to die? Every probability is against the story. Let us now examine the facts.

There is little doubt that the story owes its origin to some remarks of a certain John Robinson, who was afterwards a professor at Edinburgh University. He was with Wolfe's flotilla, not, as Parkman says, as a midshipman or young naval lieutenant, but "rated as a midshipman," which as everyone knows is quite another thing. As a matter of fact, Robinson was with the St. Lawrence fleet as tutor to the admiral's son. Where did Parkman get his story? I think from one of two sources: either from Graham's "History of the United States," which appeared in 1836 (Here the episode is related with the additional information that Wolfe had learned the poem since the arrival of the Quebec packet! I shall deal with this later), or from Carlyle's "Frederick the Great." I think this is the more likely source, and I shall deal with it first. Carlyle writes as follows:

> "Wolfe silently descends; mind made up, thoughts hushed quiet into one great thought; in the ripple of the perpetual waters under the grim cliffs and the eternal stars. Conversing with his people he was heard to recite some passages of Gray's 'Elegy,' lately come out to these parts; of which, says an ear-witness, he expressed his admiration to an enthusiastic degree: 'Ah, those tones of the eternal melodies, are they not? A man might thank heaven had he such a gift; almost as we might for succeeding him, gentlemen.'"

Carlyle gives a reference to the transactions of the Royal Society, Edinburgh. These transactions contain a life of Robinson written in 1815 by Playfair, his successor at Edinburgh. Our subject is referred to by Playfair as follows:

> "An anecdote which he also used to tell deserves well to be remembered. He happened to be on duty in the boat on which General Wolfe went to visit some of his posts the night before the battle, which was expected to be decisive of the fate of the campaign. The evening was fine and the scene, considering the work

they were engaged in and the morning to which they were looking forward, sufficiently impressive. As they rowed along the general repeated with much feeling nearly the whole of Gray's 'Elegy,' which had appeared not long before and was yet but little known, to an officer who sat with him in the stern of the boat; adding, as he concluded, that he would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow."

It is evident that Playfair's version is the source of the whole story. It will be well to examine it. We see how Graham got his idea that the poem was new—he adds his own ideas of how Wolfe got it. We see how Carlyle dealt with the authority which he himself gives—in a manner so characteristic of him. And what of the poem "which had not long appeared," as Robinson told Playfair? What of this "little known" poem? It appeared in 1751—eight years before the fall of Quebec! The first two editions ran out in two months! The twelfth edition appeared in 1753! It had been published in several papers, and a Latin translation of it had appeared! However, let us take Playfair's edition, in spite of the errors of literary fact. The whole matter turns on the word "to-morrow," which everyone has persisted in overlooking. Wolfe did not say "to-day," as he would have said had he recited the poem at the time when "history" assigns it to him.

Finally, in 1830, we get another version of the story in a letter from Sir Walter Scott to the poet Southey, which the present Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Birrell, discovered and published as a conclusive evidence that the old "history" was true as far as human evidence could prove anything. Scott repeats the story of the "young midshipman," says that Wolfe pulled the poem out of his pocket "on the night that he crossed the river with his small army," and that as he concluded it he said: "I can only say, gentlemen, that if the choice were mine I would rather be the author of those verses than win the battle we are to fight to-morrow morning." I think that this version of the story merely proves that the poem, if recited at all, was recited earlier in the night, but Robinson seems to have varied his accounts somewhat.

I am convinced *a priori* that Wolfe did not recite the poem when floating down the river to the landing; and I think that Playfair's account and Scott's letter confirm this. If the poem was recited at all, I think that all the evidence goes to prove that it was recited some considerable time before two o'clock on the morning of September 13th, 1759, before the boats set off into the tide at all. Playfair and Scott both use the word "to-morrow," and Robinson was at least consistent in this part of his story to each of them. I believe that Carlyle's adaptation has been the cause of the error that has gathered round the whole episode. It would seem as if there had been a conspiracy to outdramatize the affair!

Thus then it seems clear that the whole plan of landing was Wolfe's own conception, and secondly that if he recited Gray's "Elegy," it was at some other time than we have been accustomed to believe. These two considerations may seem small in the history, but I think it well that Wolfe's honour should be redeemed and that his military reputation should be established. The "Elegy" episode goes to show the manner in which popular "history" is sometimes made.

THE HOWE PAPERS

SOME NEW SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT CHAMPION OF RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT

BY FRANCIS A. CARMAN

THE habit of keeping a diary and storing away letters is to be encouraged. In these days of short tenancies and many movings it may at times cause inconvenience; but the habit is essentially good. Of course, it must be used with discretion like any other of the gifts of nature. Indeed, the habit without discretion is better than discretion without the habit. If useless papers are preserved, posterity can soon throw them away. But if the papers are once destroyed, it is beyond the power of the most discreet posterity to restore them. In writing the history of our country, the private papers of public men—and of private persons as well—are beyond rubies. They throw a light on events which is attainable from no public records. They give a reality and an intimacy to history which can be obtained from no other source.

This habit was possessed in a high degree by Joseph Howe. A leader in the fight for responsible government in Nova Scotia and an active participant in public affairs till after Confederation, he kept a diary of his more important journeyings and stored away systematically papers relating to the public issues of the day, and left a record, too, of the outstanding facts of his private business. These papers are now in the Dominion Archives, and contain a wealth of material for the historian of Nova Scotia, of Canada, even of the Empire. For all three these materials are indispensable; for Howe was a man of wide interests and of far horizons. But most indispensable are they for the historian of the Dominion, who would know the forces which have gone to its making and the men who have guided, or been impelled by, those forces.

The Howe papers come from two sources. The original family records, which occupy a dozen bulky manuscript holders, were presented to the Canadian people by Mr. Sydenham Howe, son of the champion of responsible government. The other source is the outcome of an incident worthy a place in the history of the publishing interests of the Dominion. Some years ago one of our largest publishers sought a man to write the life of "Joe" Howe. The late George M. Grant was chosen for the task, but death intervened before he could complete his labours. George Johnson, Dominion statistician and, like Grant, a Bluenose, was next selected as biographer; and to him were turned over the materials which had been collected by the Principal of Queen's. But before Johnson's work was finished, a difference arose between him and the publisher, and his work, too, was laid aside. This collection of letters and records, made by Grant and Johnson, is the second contribution to the Howe papers. It is naturally not so

rich as the original collection made by Howe himself; but it includes the partially completed manuscripts of both Grant and Johnson; and in addition some new papers not contained in the family record.

The earliest entry in the diaries and letter-books is dated in 1825, when Mr. Howe had just come of age. It is characteristic of his restless energy, and will serve as a fitting initiation to some quotations from the papers, the object of which is neither to epitomize nor to pass judgment upon his career, but simply to shed some side-lights from new angles upon the man and his times. The entry is this:

> Established the "Miramichi Mercury" at a cost of £205—got £84 back in 1827 and 1828.
>
> The Balance afterwards I suppose, but no profits.

Mr. Howe was essentially a man who loved the element of adventure in business. His was a daring spirit in trade as in politics. This is possibly the first, but it is by no means the last, enterprise of his which had doubtful financial results. In the end he usually got the "balance afterwards"; but there were oftentimes periods when that happy ending looked extremely doubtful.

It is three years before we find another entry, and now we get a view of the inception of *The Nova Scotian*, the journalistic venture which laid the foundation of the future politician's career. Under date of 1828, we read:

> By the memo of this year's business it would appear I had:
>
> | | |
> |---|---|
> | Town subscribers ..... | £300 |
> | Country ..... | 560 |
> | Postage ..... | 70 |
> | Job work ..... | 150 |
> | Advertising ..... | 250 |
> | | £1,300 |
>
> I owed £840, including Young's instalment of £210.

As the subscription was fifteen shillings, it would thus seem that in its first year under Mr. Howe *The Nova Scotian* had four hundred subscribers in Halifax and nearly seven hundred and fifty in the country. The paper had been owned previously by Mr. George R. Young, whose father, Mr. John Young, had contributed and continued to contribute to it some famous letters over the signature of "Agricola." It is probably the former to whose "instalment" the entry in the letter-book refers. Mr. Howe paid Mr. Young £1,050 for the business, and there was considerable anxiety among his friends as to whether he would make a success of it. That anxiety, however, soon disappeared, and three years later we find another entry in the letter-book, in which is recorded the fact that "subscriptions to *Nova Scotian* had increased one-fifth," presumably in the year under review.

Howe made *The Nova Scotian* a success, but we get an indication of the intensity of the labour by which it was achieved in an entry which he made under date of 1831.

"Left home," he wrote, "this year 18th August and returned 7th November. Sick with dyspepsia and anxiety —travelled to P. E. Island, St. John, Philadelphia, and back, got well. Collected £221 14s. 2d., spent £52 6s. 1d."

What Joseph Howe's hand found to do, he did it with his might; and even on holidays he was methodical and businesslike and interested in seeing that the balance was on the right side of the ledger.

Another entry in the same year, however, gives us a bit of the early literary history of Canada, in which the balance was not on the right side, either for Mr. Howe or the author. It is just one more instance of the difficulties of authorship. "Sam Slick" was a household name among our fathers, but Judge Haliburton's first venture into literature was by no means so successful as "The Clockmaker" and his fellows. Before entering the lists of humour Mr. Haliburton first paid court to Clio and wrote a history of his own Province.

It was a work of much value and was republished after "Sam Slick" had made a name for himself; but it did not at first catch the fancy of the reading public. Here is what Howe wrote in his letter-book:

This year published "Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia," which was a ruinous speculation. It cumbered my office for two years, involved me in heavy expenses for wages, and in debts for paper, materials, binding, and engravings. It was to have been published on joint account, he making some cash advances, and me dividing the profits and the loss. To simplify matters, I bought the whole, relying on heavy sales in England, the United States, and the other Provinces. None sold abroad. The book, though fairly printed, was wretchedly bound—the engravings were poor, and I was left with about 1,000 copies, scattered about, unsalable on my hands.

I have said that Mr. Howe was systematic and methodical. He carried his love of method to the length of setting down for himself, at the age of twenty-six, rules which he was still concerned to follow at the age of fifty-three. These rules make interesting reading yet; and throw into relief the greater simplicity of the time in which their author lived. Possibly some of them might still be of value—especially in this day of the high cost of living. Here they are:

Diet—Never eat to fullness, or so much that violent exercise after a meal would be painful. Drink neither wine nor spirituous liquors, except in company, and then sparingly. Smoke only in company or when travelling, and then moderately.

Clothing—Wear old clothes, shoes, hats, etc., but, have a good suit by. Wear shoes instead of boots. Net or corduroy trousers.

Exercise—Continue it, but vary, walk more—spar, fence, leap, pitch the stone, quoits, base.

Habits—Swear none, avoid obscenity, talk more, particularly at home, be cheerful, meet difficulties promptly, and throw them off when care can do no good.

Sleep—Try six hours, rise at seven in winter and five in summer.

Business—Consolidate notes, open a cash account, pay small bills, sell old press, dismiss W., keep cash book, take stock.

Expenditure—Buy cloth and clothes at auction, charge each boy with his own expenses. Lay in coal, wood, sugar, beef, pork, fish, soap, candles, flour, meal, rice, coffee, and vegetables in quantities.

Studies—Read books from 5 to 8, or 7 to 9, science and history chiefly, then breakfast and walk, business and newspaper till 3, exercise and rumination till six, tea and chat till seven, write two hours, read till 12.

Intellectual Occupation—Review arithmetic, French, and grammar, read poetry more, speeches more, Scripture 2 hours on Sunday.

Company—Avoid none that is not bad, be polite and cheerful to all. Try to learn something from and communicate something to everyone you meet, but make constant companions only of those from whom information can be gathered and the intellect strengthened.

It is the fashion in this day to eschew rules and to regard with something between amusement and contempt those who seek to guide their lives by rule and method. But after all this fashion is a good deal of a pose, and it is not quite certain that our fathers did not possess some wisdom. Of course, their rules were not always unbroken; and Mr. Howe was no exception to humanity in this regard. But they did accomplish a good deal of solid work; and they left the world, on the whole, a much better place to live in than they found it. Mr. Howe's life was crowded with public service; and he found time for a variety of things which few even of our leaders accomplish to-day. He was human; and we know that he did not always keep the rules which he had set down for himself. But his life must, with all allowances, be described as methodical; and it was neither without meaning nor without seriousness that he wrote on the back of the paper containing these rules twenty-four years after they were written:

I fear not always observed,
J. H., 1854.

Or that he added three years later:

Read again in 1857.

Howe was known everywhere as a

teller of stories, and his use of anecdotes gave his political speeches a rare effectiveness. He did not acquire this characteristic without labour and care. His diaries are rich in notes of stories he had heard. In one no less than seven consecutive pages are taken up in this manner. Unfortunately most of these entries are so brief as to be now unintelligible. But a few here and there give us a flavour of the genuine Howe humour. Here, for instance, is one jotted down in the course of his legislative duties: a bitter yet amusing shot at one of his political opponents:

"It strikes my mind," a d——d good shot.

And there is a definition of a popular beverage of that day:

Half and half—½mine, ½ my wife's.

An entry made after his first session at Ottawa is worthy of quotation verbatim. It is obscure; but possibly some of the older readers of this article will be able to unravel its meaning:

Ottawa—only two good stories, 1867.
John A. Solomon, Hebrew d——, "Little Woman in Cork."
John Sandfield, Baptist minister, stump, "Chores About Home."

Howe's political verse is famous. It was not always good-humoured, but it never failed to be effective. A good bit of it has been published, but there are a few unpublished poems among the papers. I quote one, which is a parody on Burns's familiar bacchanal "Willie Brewed." It is as follows:

Oh, Johnston brewed a peck o' lies,
And Jem and Willie came to pree.
Three blacker hearts, that lee lung night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

We are na fools, we are na fools,
But just some malice in our 'ee.
Although they say we're factious tools,
We write because we love to lee.

Here are we met, three yellow boys,
Three yellow boys I trow are we;
And many a night we've lying been,
And many mair we hope to see.

It is Joe Howe, we ken his form,
That's shining in the light sae hie.
He smiles and bids us a' gae home,
But by our troth he'll wait a wee.

The first that from his desk shall fly,
A coward Tory loon is he.
The coon who tells the biggest lie,
He is the King among us three.

The three men intended in the verses are Honourable J. W. Johnstone, for several terms Premier of Nova Scotia and one of Howe's chief political adversaries; James B. Uniacke, and William Young. The poem is undated, but was apparently written in the late thirties or very early forties. The evidence for this is internal. Mr. Uniacke and Mr. Howe were colleagues in the coalition cabinet which broke up in 1844 over Lord Falkland's refusal to apply the new principle of responsible government; and after that date the two men were political friends. Shortly after this time Mr. Young, too, left the Tory party, and later he was titular head of the party of which Mr. Howe was the real leader.

Closely connected with the dissolution of this coalition cabinet—council is, however, the more accurate word, for what we know as cabinet government was not yet achieved—is the last entry which I will quote from these papers. It is under date of 1884, but was evidently completed later. It reads thus:

I received from William Stairs in this year on account of what was called the Howe Fund £632 2s. 9d. I left office 31st Dec., 1843, and went back in Feb., 1848. I lost therefore £2,500 of official salary and got this amount instead. I lost, therefore, £1,868 in money, besides the wear and tear of life. Falkland got his salary, but I think in other respects we are square.

This entry tells succinctly one of the most dramatic incidents of political warfare in the history of the Dominion and its Provinces. After the publication of Lord Durham's report the reactionary element in Nova Scotia consented to make a trial of responsible government. Lord Falk-

land was Governor at the time, and Johnstone, Uniacke, and Young were members of the old council. Into this council Howe agreed to go with two colleagues and to make an effort to apply the new principles by coalition to the solution of the problems of the Province. But there never was harmony or mutual confidence in the council. Lord Falkland was captured by the reactionary section, and Howe and his friends left. As already mentioned, the split was the active cause which brought Uniacke and Young into political friendship with him. The controversy which followed was bitter. Out of it came two of Howe's most famous political poems. Lord Falkland was lampooned as "The Lord of the Bedchamber," and the members of his council were held up to ridicule with him. The language of this great argument was not always gentlemanly—on either side, for Howe got as well as gave hard knocks—but at least they did not shoot each other, as did we in Upper and Lower Canada.

SUNDAY IN A COUNTRY HOTEL

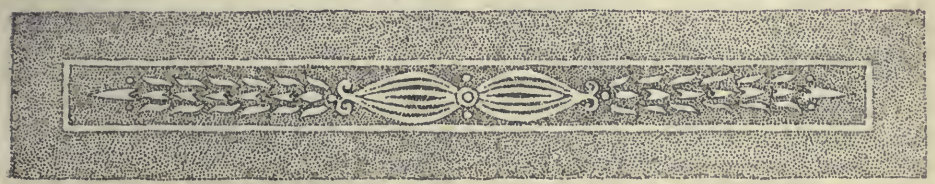
By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

(Lieutenant, 12th Battalion, Canada)

OUT of the dusk, out of the rain,
I came, mud-spattered, chill and wet,
To take my ease a night and day—
For one short day-space to forget

The grind and clay and weariness,
The petty cares not all my own,
The doubts that haunt my flimsy hut,
The fears that I must face alone.

Vain hope! All day they come and go—
These other men—and here and there
Women whose voices fail, whose eyes
Flash bright to blind their hearts' despair.



NAN'S CAMPING OUT

BY S. R. CROCKETT

AUTHOR OF "THE RED AXE," ETC.

"WELL," said the banker to his particular intimates, the lawyer and the doctor, "I suppose I must tell you fellows. Yes, Joe Kane has got married. He is a married man now! Dried stick of a fellow on a stool, bent over big books, and ran as if he saw a woman in the remote distance—that was Joe!"

"'Well, how?' says you, very naturally.

"For details you had better ask my wife—that is, if any of you like to risk being shown the door. Nan Gilfillan does not understand men's pleasantries upon such subjects. Consequently you have got to take my word for it—unless you'd rather not.

"You know what a fellow Joe Kane is—was—I was going to say 'ever will be.' But he won't. He's married, and if any of you chaps want to get married likewise, turn over a new leaf, begin to lead a new life, stop smoking, and—(Gilmour, your glass is empty—the decanter is at your elbow—pass it along!) you go camping out—that is with somebody else than me, Walter Everard Gilfillan and Nan, my wife—in the twenty-fifth year of her age and fifth of her match-making, as they say on tombstones. She has been a nipper at getting other folk married ever since she said, 'I will' in church—with the air of one who says 'I won't'—or 'I'll see you—ahem, farther—first.'

"That's Nan, and though we are all big men in our way, and at the bank I takes no back-talk even from a director—well, I don't deny it was a good day when I walked down the aisle to the strains of that holy weariness of the flesh, 'The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden!'

"Now," continued Walter Gilfillan, "you, I, and the rest of men can have several ideas in our heads at one time. Nan, my wife, has only one. But that one has got to be carried out, before there is room for another. It is, too. So all you little boys get out of the way. I also, on such occasions, endeavour to find an engagement in another direction.

"Now this last summer Nan's idea was camping out. We had no cubs—children, I mean—to complicate matters, or dictate where or when we were to spend our banker's short three weeks. If Nan is sorry about that, it is in the night, and nobody but a bank-manager has his sleep disturbed because of it. Still, that does not happen once in a blue moon, and between times Nan is so busy arranging for other people's family circles that she has no time to mourn about having only me to make up her mind. Sometimes, however, at the seaside, when she sees a pack of the young pests making sights of themselves among the sand and sea-weed, she grabs my arm and sort of gurgles in her throat, 'Oh, Everard!' And I know what she is thinking of! (Jones, pass the decanter!)

"Ah, well, the Lord didn't give, so the Lord can't take away! That's the way I comfort Nan. Sometimes it works—sometimes not. Anyway we can't help it—that's certain, and we have the fewer post-dated cheques to draw on the Bank of Futurity!

"Boys, you should have seen Nan, some weeks before 'the eventful day.' She was as tickled and excited as a dog at a cat show. You know how nicely her hair lies about her head—no, I'm not getting poetical—well, for a good three weeks it stood up in permanent bristles. She would rise in the night to look at the weather, returning to awake me with cold feet and the entirely superfluous information that it was easter 'haar,' that she could hear the drops on the window-pane, or that the moon was full and beautiful—none of which things really bore on our holiday, which was still three weeks off! But, of course, if you know Nan, you know that it had to be so.

" 'See here, Watty,' she would say, 'I've been thinking!'

"So I knew that I was in for it and said obediently, 'Yes, dear!' trying hard not to think of something else. For that is no go with her. Nan can catch the slightest symptom of wandering attention. Same as if a clerk has been trying to write love-letters between the back pages of his ledger in office hours, I can read guilt on his face.

"So I gave Nan my undivided attention. I have always been a good husband!

"And as an uncle, fully tested and approved by many of Nan's pretty nieces and cousins—why, you have to go back to remote antiquity to find my equal. And even then you would be hard put to it, eh, Doctor?

" 'Look here,' said Nan—Mrs. Walter Gilfillan, that is, so far as you fellows are concerned. You can keep thinking of it that way, but, as for me, I can't get my tongue round it, 'look here, Watty,' Nan said, 'we can't go to Switzerland, though I know a heavenly spot just outside Coire in Canton Grisons that I loved as a child. It would take too much time coming and going—'

" 'And the fares!' I suggested. But Nan swept on, and took me with her.

"Then you know, Watty, Dalna Whyte is coming with us!'

"Nan said this in so matter-of-fact a tone that any of you unwedded wild asses would have thought that she had mentioned it before—in fact, discussed it threadbare.

"I mentioned that I was glad of the information, but would be interested to know who Dalna Whyte might be, and why any human and demi-semi-Christian parent could have given a girl (presuming it to be a girl) such an uncanny name.

"Now, Nan does not approve of any form of humour—when directed against herself—and answered sharply, 'If you had any sense, Walter, you would know that Dalna Whyte is my cousin two removes on my mother's side, and that she was called Dalna after Dalnaspidal, a place in the Highlands, where she was nearly born.'

" 'Nearly?' I demanded in some surprise.

" 'Yes,' cried Nan, indignant at my stupidity; 'it's a railway place, you see, pretty high up, and the engine stops to look at the view or something—stops a good while—almost too long, indeed on this occasion. However, my poor dear cousin managed to get as far as Perth, where Dalna was really born—'

" 'Then why not call her Perth?' I said. That seemed obvious if they wanted to place her, as it were, territorially.

"Nan flung one indignant look at me. I knew what it meant. It said that I was a man.

" 'Call a girl Perth Whyte!' she cried, hotly, 'have you no sense, Watty? Why, they would think she came from the dye-works!'

"Then she added with great dignity, 'The child's name is Dalna'."

"I remembered to have heard something like this read out of the Bible in the lessons for the day, but the quotation was vague, so I did not obtrude it.

" 'Dalna Whyte is coming with us, then,' I said meekly; 'well, that will mean another tent!'

" 'Why, of course it will,' she said. 'I have it all arranged. They are out on the back green now!'

" 'Who? What?—Dalna Whyte and the tent?' I cried.

" 'No, you silly,' said Nan, pushing me back into my seat, 'the two tents!'

" 'And suppose,' I said, 'that Dalna gets frightened in the night? All alone in that vast solitude, at least three feet from the nearest mortal—!'

" 'Oh,' said Nan simply, 'I have thought of that, too. You are to ask Joe Kane!'

" 'Nan!'

"She nodded her head defiantly and doggedly. A 'highly commended' bulldog is not in it with Nan, when she really takes hold.

" 'Yes,' she said, 'Joe and you are to have one tent—the small one that I borrowed first. The rain comes through a little, but not very much—that is, if you are careful not to touch the canvas with your heads!'

"Joe and I are, as you know, both well over six foot! My wife continued:

" 'Dalna and I are going to have the big square tent that I got the loan of last from Major Harper—it has two iron bedsteads. So we shall do all right, and you and Joe can rub along. It will brace you up, sleeping on the ground, after all that office work you are always grumbling about! Why we shall be just like soldiers on the battlefield.'

"I thought of saying that Dalna and she, with all Major Harper's military equipment would be much liker the real article if they took the smaller tent. Only I refrained. Nan dislikes irony, and there is no use in a man introducing dispeace into his own household. I knew that we should have to have Dalna. My secret hope was that Joe Kane would refuse. He was a bachelor of some thirty-five years' standing, and had long been permanent 'best man' to all the weddings in four insurance offices and three banks.

"But I suppose Nan had been on the trail before me. At any rate he had been got at—that was clear. He actually said that he would 'be delighted.' You could have knocked me down with a feather-duster. Joe Kane—mind you!—Why, I would as soon have expected him to spend his summer vacation in a crèche!

"But when I got home, Nan said, before I got time to hang up my hat, 'Joe's coming!'

" 'Yes,' I answered, to give her a taste of my quality, and in my best 'No-Overdraft' manner, 'yes, Mr. Kane has expressed his willingness to join us!'

"At this Nan laughed heartily, and said, 'Of course he has! Catch a banker not knowing on which side his bread is buttered—other people's, too!'

"Well, we went down to the south of Scotland—to that Galloway that is wilder and cheaper and prettier than the Highlands. We found a place called Clachanpluck. I knew it because I had been born not far from there, and I was a devoted member of the Clachanpluck Societies of Edinburgh and London—of Glasgow, too, for that matter, but (unless I have Dr. William Bruce of *The Herald* to tell me my way about among the meats and drinks, and cheer me up generally) Glasgow is a long way to go for a dinner.

"We had sent our tents down beforehand and a local expert had pitched them. Nan's and her friend's installation had a wooden board floor that took to pieces, but Joe and I were to prove our manhood by a strict adherence to the rules of the game.

We found the tents pitched among a cluster of fir trees, on pretty dry ground. Still it was best to make certain, so after an attempt made by ourselves which only resulted in blisters, Joe Kane and I set local talent to work to dig a trench round both tents, to carry away the surplusage water, especially the unearned increment of our own bell-tent.

"The whole place looked 'ant-y' and I could have betted on midges. However, I said nothing, for I did not want to blunt the first simple and innocent joys of camp-life.

"Joe joined us at Lockermaben Junction. He was in a gray suit, and his moustache curled up at the corners. He was guarding his luggage as if it had been bank property, and pointing with his umbrella to the several parcels, as if he had been Black Rod in Waiting. He was a noble sight—well-nigh a landscape in himself—set up on end. He had cut off his side whiskers—why, I don't know, unless it was that that vixen of a wife of mine had given him the tip as to Miss Dalna's likes and dislikes!

"We had picked up Miss Dalnaspidal at the Caledonian Station. She was—like most of my wife's favourite relatives—young, agreeable, but prettier than most. Nan says that, when she gets a bit older, she may try her hand on settling the plain girls. But at present she prefers to have pretty ones about her. So do I, for that matter. I suspect also that Nan likes changes. 'Small profits, quick returns'—that sort of thing! I notice that if a girl does not benefit by the chances that Nan gives her—if she doesn't know enough at least to make good running—Nan does not usually ask her again.

"'I like a girl with spirit!' she says for all explanation, but she says it emphatically. And then, having arrived, the play began. Nan could cook. I was odd-man-of-the-work. In which position I had all the abuse and no privileges, like the last-joined clerk. I had to be always on the spot—that is, where Nan was. I had to peel potatoes, and be sure not to throw the peelings about. I had to undo all manner of parcels when our luggage came, and bury the paper wrappings. Nan would have a clean camp or know the reason why. I wished to go down into Clachanpluck and buy a waste-paper basket, as the simplest remedy. But the very suggestion aroused a torrent of wrath, at the thought of which I still tremble! (Jones, the liquid refreshment is under your hand!)

"So, of course, Joe Kane and Dalna had to go down to buy provisions in the village, furnished with a list as long as my arm—my wife's share—and three one-pound notes—mine!

"They do not understand gold in Clachanpluck, and send for a policeman if you persist in offering it to them.

"I warned Joe of this, but he did not show me the ordinary deference which he is accustomed to do in the bank.

"'Oh, he said, 'I shall make that all right!'

"But to see him going off with Dalna was worth camping out in rain for—yes, even doing all the scrubbing and cleaning up. Dalna was pretty young, as well as young and pretty. But, being a relation of Nan's, I would be prepared to wager that she was not nearly so shy as she looked. None of that family wear their hearts on their sleeves.

"But there was no mistake about Joe Kane. He was as shy as a new boy at school who joins in mid-term. He felt his blue shirt and red tie heavy as a bag of salt on his shoulders—I mean about his neck. I stood and laughed, jerking up and down in my joy like a sand-hopper, till Nan made me stop—'for decency sake,' she said. You should have seen Joe edging off whenever the path was a little wider—every now and then being recalled to the narrow way of duty by bumping into a pine tree, or catching the leg of his thin summer

trousers in a hoop of bramble that knew what was expected of it.

"I could have betted that not three words were exchanged during the first part of the way, and that Joe was aching to introduce the Theory of Banking or something about the Actuarial Values of life in such primitive villages as Clachenpluck.

"But Dalna—whether coached by Nan or not, I cannot say—did not help him a bit. She let him fathom the deepest depths of his own idiocy, satiate himself with it, wallow in it, and then with a quick look at him from under the brim of her hat, and a shake of the yellow roses that decorated it, she began to chatter. How do I know? Well, I know, that's all!

"To say that Joe was grateful is to say little. I don't know what Dalna said—not word for word, that is. But I know her cousin. I know the breed. I have always been a shy difficult man myself, awkward and diffident with women, and I don't believe that anybody but Mrs. Walter Everard Gilfillan could have overcome that inborn—you needn't laugh, you fellows! As the poet says:

'Man knows but ill his fellow-man—
Still worse, his fellow-woman!'

"I shall not soon forget the first night in camp. Neither will Joe. As for the girls, Nan and Dalna—of course, women never forget anything, except the last two-thirds of their promise to 'love, honour, and obey!'

"Now Joe Kane is not a fool. And if anybody had told me beforehand that he would get into a fuss, just as I was dozing off, lest 'Miss Whyte' and 'your wife' might not be comfortable—well, to say that I should not have believed that man, is to take a mild view of the case. But Joe actually said these words, and what is more he made me get up and inquire.

"It was my wife who replied, and I am glad that the clerks in the bank did not hear what she said to me. It would have been utterly subversive of discipline. So I told Joe that if he had any more such anxieties he had better satisfy them himself. Then a brute of a dog came and nosed about, barking and running away again. Murmuring gently, I got down a wooden mallet, which had been brought for the tent-pegs. I stole out, my light evening dress streaming out like a Bourbon banner on the breeze. Then I learned a great lesson. If you go out to chase dogs, it is better not to chase at all, than to throw things and not to hit. The brute grew perfectly infuriated when the mallet whizzed harmlessly past his head. Seeing me weaponless he returned and hovered in the vicinity of my legs in the most cowardly fashion.

"Then Joe came out, and told me 'For goodness' sake not to make a noise else I might disturb the ladies!' I asked him if he thought it was I who had been barking? I said also that if he liked to tramp about and discourage all the dogs in the country, he could do it. Joe said that the right way was to speak kindly to dumb animals. So he told the beast to go away, and to my surprise and disgust it went.

"'Now you see!' he said triumphantly, rubbing it well into me.

"'Ridiculous brute!' I replied, rather nettled, and Joe thought I meant the dog.

"Then the wind began to blow. At first I lay listening to the low ground-smell of the pines. Their song was soft and low, like Mr. Whittier's on Ramoth Hill. But soon afterwards it increased into a roar, and I understood that sleep had fled my eyelids. It began to rain also. At first the sound of the storm without was soothing. I thought of the waves breaking on the beach, of the sough of tropical forests, of heavenly choirs, of Nature's music heard by possible long-tailed ancestors among the tree-tops! Yes, I thought of all these at the time—I did not make it up afterwards. I scorn the suggestion.

"All was punctuated by the 'pitter-patter' of the rain, and the readily rising roar of the storm.

"Then I heard a scream. So did Joe. We both started to our feet. I seized my revolver, and Joe his stylographic pen. Thus we sallied forth fully armed. It was a wild night and we were not clad for any Arctic expedition—I less so than Joe.

"The cries continued. I distinguished Nan's voice. As the clouds passed rapidly over the tree-tops and a late moon began to give us a little light, Nan's screams came louder to my ear.

" 'Heavens,' I thought, 'if any ruffian dares—' I precipitated myself in the direction of the other dwelling. But it was no tramp—no wandering burglar. Insecurely fixed by hands inexperienced, the tent had swayed almost to its downfall, while our simpler bell-pattern had but creaked and swayed and laboured. Another burst and it was flat!

"The cries became something desperate to listen to.

" 'Come on, Joe!' I cried. 'Help—help!'

" 'No!—No!' I heard Nan's voice clear above the hoot of the tempest, 'not Joe! don't let him dare! Only you, Walter Gilfillan—do you hear? Tell me that you hear!'

"I informed Nan that I was still blest with hearing.

" 'Then you go to the side where the storm is coming from, and hold up the tent by the ropes till Dalna and I get—oooh, Walter Gilfillan, you are not holding it up! I did think we should have been better looked after when we came out camping—and with two men in the party!'

"It seemed an eternity that these women took 'to get some things on' with me hanging on like a steeplejack at the end of a rope. Other ropes with pulled-up tent-pegs battered and bombarded my calves, and from the darkness Joe's dog made rushes at the white things he saw banging about on the windy side of the big wall-tent. Well, I could hardly blame him. After all, Nan's tongue was worse.

"I thought of the adage of the village carpenter who had installed us the night before.

" 'Aweel,' he had said, with a look at the sky, 'some folk does tak' a deal o' trouble to make theirsel's uncomfortable!'

"Altogether it was a strange position for a man with the latch-key of a comfortable dwelling-house in his pocket—that is, hanging up against the tent-pole where my trousers were.

"At last the girls did come out, and, instead of being grateful, Mrs. Walter Gilfillan abused me like a pickpocket, as if the whole thing had been my idea—as if I had been the god of the winds and the maker of the rain. So much, of course, I expected. That was all in the day's work. But when Joe came on the scene and lent a hand at knocking in the pegs of the wall-tent in a new and firmer way, no gratitude was good enough for him, no words of thankfulness warm enough. Even when he nearly mashed my finger with the mallet, that also was wholly my fault! I did not know how to hold anything properly. I could not even be trusted to hang a picture straight. And me to bully them into camping out, and lead three trusting souls into this weary and desolate wilderness!

"I did not reply. I am a married man of long standing. But I hoped Joe would take a warning.

"At last we got all taut and snug, and I was still more astonished when Joe Kane and I got inside the tent, to find that instead of taking warning, he was proud of his performances. He even gave me advice—me, mind you, who did the first camping out ever seen in this country.

"On the morrow, Nan was grateful—Dalna Whyte was grateful—to Joe Kane!

"Yes, we had three solid weeks of it—never a cloud after the first night. I worked like two niggers and an Irish navvy. I was steadily abused. Nan alternately mounted guard over me,

and sent off the other two on the most bare-faced errands. I told her Joe would end by seeing through her. But I will not lessen the respect in which, I trust, you hold me as a business man and a county magistrate, by telling you what my wife said to me in reply.

"Doctor, I have come home a wreck. You will find your work cut out for you to patch me up! I went to sleep in the office-chair to-day—from sheer tiredness. Next year I am not going camping with any more of my wife's relatives. No, I am going to change off with our office-keeper, and do the summer cleaning of the whole bank building single-handed, while he goes camping out!"

"And Joe Kane and Dalna?"

"Oh, they are married, and stopping at the Grand Hotel, Paris. No more camping out for them either!

"And four times a day my wife says, 'Didn't I tell you so from the first, Watty?'

"And when I reply soothingly that she did, she adds, so as to curb my pride, 'It would have happened much sooner but for your stupidity!'

"Oh, yes, certainly—you can ask Mrs. Gilfillan about it if you like. She has another version—prettier and more romantic. But this that I have given you is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Ask any fellow who has camped out, if it isn't!"

THE BLACK MUFF

From the etching by Dorothy Stevens.

SOUTH FORT GEORGE, ONE OF THE NEW BRITISH COLUMBIA TOWNS

PUSHING BACK THE FRONTIER

BY J. GORDON SMITH

NORTH of the Canadian Pacific Railway and east of the Cascade Mountains there is under development to-day an inland empire that half a dozen years ago was the wandering ground of the trapper and prospector. The pack-horse and canoe provided transportation for the thin trickle of trade that penetrated this northern wilderness—mainly the supplies for the various sutlers of advancing civilization whose outposts were set on the frontier. It was known that it contained vast arable plateaux and fertile valleys that would attract the settler; but it was all too remote, its possibilities were all too much in the future, and when those optimists who prophesied northern development were listened to it was in a half-hearted manner, as it was generally felt that development would concern the next generation rather than the present.

The changes the central and northern interior of British Columbia have witnessed in a few short years, however, are remarkable. The progressive policy of the British Columbia Government has resulted in the frontier being pushed farther back. The development has been permanent. It was early realized that the basic factors of land settlement and development, especially in view of the topographical features of this Province, are extensive surveys in advance of settlement and the provision of transportation facilities; that it was better to lay the foundations for successful settlement than induce hasty occupation and wait on the failures of pioneers to light the way to successful achievement.

The hardy explorers of the Hudson's Bay Company—those strong adventurers who paddled or poled their canoes over unknown rivers and founded stockaded outposts for trade with the natives—called the great empty zone New Caledonia, and until a few years ago it was the land of romance, the land of fur, the Indian, and the great company. Through

THE MAIN STREET IN CENTRAL FORT GEORGE

various channels news of the fertile valleys and plateau lands came down to the crowded places. Explorers were sent into the empty places, and they

Heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined rivers,
And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable plains;
Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades between them;
Saw the plant to feed a people—up and waiting for the power.

The explorers sketched rough maps of the arable areas; they noted the various differential features of the land, for it is well known that land differs in capacity even as men do.

Then surveyors were sent to locate the best routes for roads and railways—to plot the sites of future cities, and trace the easy grades between them, cities that have already come into being, and grades that have been utilized by railroads. And they made extensive surveys in advance of settlement; they have surveyed 21,000,000 acres to date, two-thirds of the total area of land under cultivation to-day in the Dominion of Canada. Railroad-builders followed the surveyors; cities sprang up in many places as the metals were stretched across the Province—metals which are now playing their part in pushing back the frontier.

The construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific, Canadian Northern Pacific, and Pacific Great Eastern Railroads has resulted in region after region being opened up, and has been the greatest factor in the tremendous northern development in British Columbia. To the total of 1,951 miles of railroads in operation last year a total of 3,884 miles is being added. In a country like this railroad and road-building compose a most costly work, but the Government of the Province realizes its wonderful potentialities, development of which must needs wait on the provision of transportation. Awaiting this resources, the extent of which can scarce be realized, lie dormant in the northland. In Cariboo, where royalties were paid on $60,000,000 of gold taken from that region in spite of the handicap of the enormous freight rates—everything required was hauled over the Cariboo road by wagons drawn by teams of eight or ten horses at a cost never less than six cents a pound—the gold-fields will be again developed under modern methods possible with railroad transportation. The Omineca and Ingenika are known to

be rich in gold. Extensive coal deposits exist; the forest wealth is vast; there are resources galore left untouched because of the lack of transportation; and to these known to exist others will be added with the prospecting that will follow upon development.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad is complete; the other railways are being completed — the Canadian Northern Pacific and Pacific Great Eastern will doubtless be ready for the golden spikes before another year has passed. The railroad to the Peace River country is being made ready. Although the first of the arteries of progress has not long been completed, many cities destined to vie with the older communities have come into being; not long since the empty forest waved where their buildings have been reared. Settlers have followed the railroad-builders; others are following.

Ever northward the frontier is being pushed on. The scowman has been moved to newer rivers on the fringe of civilization. No longer he drifts down the Fraser with his batteau piled high with freight, his long sweep holding his craft in the swirl of the rapids. To-day his abandoned scows furnish lumber for the settler along the river. The river steamers that last year plied on the South Fork of the Fraser have, like the stern-wheelers which navigated the Skeena or Nechako, been ousted by the locomotive running along the river bank; they have been knocked down and their machinery taken to propel new hulls on other rivers of the frontier. This is the last year of the picturesque freight wagons with their arched covers of canvas and their long trains of eight or ten horses. They and the stages must make way for the iron horse as the pack trains and bullock teams of the pioneers made way for them.

The frontier is ever being pushed farther away. It is but a year or two since all that represented Fort George was an old log-house, erected on the beach near where the Fraser and Nechako join, as successor to that which the Hudson's Bay Company factors built in 1805 as a trading-post. That and the few shacks and tepees of the Indians was the Fort George of a few years ago. To-day there is a bustling city, or rather three, for Fort George is divided into South Fort George, on the Fraser River to the south; Prince George, on the bend

SCENE ON THE NECHACO RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, LOOKING FROM CENTRAL FORT GEORGE

THE FIRST HOUSE IN McBRIDE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

where the rivers join, and Central Fort George, to the westward on the Nechako River. It is a common practice of photographers to date the pictures they make of this trinity of cities, for that on one month would differ much from that of a month later. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway operates its trains through Fort George, and some hundreds of cars of lumber stand in the yards. Across the Fraser steam shovels are grading the Pacific Great Eastern Railway, and north from the city surveyors are locating the road which will extend from it into the Peace River Country.

Other cities are coming fast into being along the route of the railroad. McBride, the divisional point 145 miles east of Fort George, was represented a year ago by a little log shack scarce bigger than a trapper's cache. To-day it is a bustling infant city. With what promise the railroad officials regard it is evidenced by the spacious car-shops, round-houses, station, and the eight miles of track laid to date in the feright yards. Other embryo towns are being developed between this point and the boundary and westward to Fort George; lumbering concerns have built spacious mills in places, and the timber industry holds great promise indeed—it is expected that a great market will be built up along the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway to the Provinces of the Northwest. To the west are other towns too numerous to mention—a chain of future cities reaching from the ocean port and terminus where keel will meet steel at Prince Rupert.

Where the unbroken forest stood on Kaien Island five or six years ago a modern city stands to-day, and the magnitude of the development which will ensue from the building-up at Prince Rupert of a great ocean port and railway terminal cannot very well be estimated; the measure of importance the fisheries will assume there cannot be assumed. Whether it be the fisheries, mining, lumbering, or aught other of the industries that will follow upon the opening up of this great belt of land which for want of better name was heretofore known as "New British Columbia,' no one to-day can pretend to estimate the possible extent of the development.

Whatever industries may have their part in this development, however, agriculture must be the back-

AN EXPRESS WAGON AT McBRIDE

bone of permanent settlement. It is to its fitness for agriculture that one must primarily look when any endeavour is made to forecast the future permanent population. The probability is that any attempt to fix with any close degree of accuracy the arable area of "New British Columbia" would result in an estimate far too low. The production of profitable crops is governed to a considerable extent by elevation and by moisture. Dr. Dawson said that a safe elevation would be 3,000 feet, although he had seen good crops growing at an altitude of 4,000 feet.

The history of the prairies is being repeated with curious exactness in connection with the agricultural development of central and northern British Columbia. As the prairies were first of all reported barren and unfertile, so these tracts in northern British Columbia were considered by some to be unfit for cultivation of the soil because of summer frosts. Both of these notions have been exploded. The fertility of the Prairie Provinces is known world-wide and it has been proved that all kinds of vegetables and grain crops can be produced in the great sheltered valleys and on the plateaux drained by the rivers which flow to the Skeena or Fraser.

The British Columbia Government has not considered it wise to seek to induce settlers to the lands beyond the reach of transportation, and it has been since the railroads reached through the northland that settlement has taken place to any extent. There is a great area of land awaiting settlement—the extent of the area contiguous to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway that has been surveyed and sub-divided into quarter-sections of 160 acres, to-day open for preemption without respect to that already settled, and the vast area yet to be surveyed, totals in the neighbourhood of a million acres. It has been estimated—and the estimate is a conservative one—that there are ten million acres available for pasturage of cattle or production of crops in this belt reached *via* the northern railway, and when it is considered that the total area under cultivation in Canada to-day is 36,000,000 acres, producing $550,000,000 of agricultural products after the home supply of 8,000,000 people is deducted, the agricultural potentialities of the area may be said to be great. A popu-

McBRIDE, 145 MILES EAST OF FORT GEORGE. AT THE AGE OF NINE MONTHS

lation of at least 2,000,000 people could be supported on the land contiguous to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

When the capabilities in this direction of the country traversed by the Pacific Great Eastern Railway and the Canadian Northern Pacific line, to say nothing of that reaching to the Peace River, are considered, it will be easily seen that development has been hardly begun in the central and northern sections of British Columbia. The possibilities are vast indeed. The present frontier, yet to be rolled back, is still to be considered, and when it is considered that in the Province of Vologda, Russia, with similar conditions but less favourably situated with regard to latitude and climate, 1,500,000 people are supported between the 58th and 65th meridians, what further development may be anticipated is apparent.

In the Lillooet and southern part of Cariboo district, where the precipitation is light, the grassy uplands and gently-rolling plateaux are mostly utilized to-day as range lands. The earlier settlers have considered that only the areas which could be brought under irrigation in this dry belt could be profitably cultivated. The Department of Lands, however, is conducting experiments to show that the millions of acres in this dry belt of northern Lillooet and southern Cariboo can be successfully farmed under the modern dry-farming process which has resulted in the great development of semi-arid lands of Montana, Colorado, and other States, in Australia, and elsewhere. The work on experimental farms operated by the Department of Lands of British Columbia shows every indication that the system of dry-land farming can be profitably carried on and will doubtless result in the great areas now considered of value only as range land being taken up for farming purposes.

The prairies of the Northwest Provinces passed through the period when ranching was largely carried on until the growing settlement and increased acreage under crop made it possible for the cattle-owner to allow his herds to roam at will over many score of miles; and the northern and central interior must needs pass through this period also. The range must needs be on the frontier, and as the frontier is pushed back mixed farming will supersede the rancher.

It is a magnificent heritage this former frontier land, a region where, ten years ago, there was scarcely a settler, except at a few points along the coast and in the immediate vicinity of the old gold-fields of Cariboo.

IN ENGLISH

BY GERALDINE STEINMETZ

HE came off the Quebec Central on to the Transcontinental, where he got a gasoline car. It was near the end of construction. He must have got running rights as well as the car from the contractor, for the despatcher at the junction put him through all right. As a matter of fact, the car was the superintendent's own and was a little better than the ordinary gasolene car. There was the usual platform six by eight on four wheels, but the seat over the motor was upholstered in green plush and had a rail at the back.

He was going to buy pulpwood from the habitant settlers down the line. His name was Hardman and he hated the sound of French. The station names annoyed him exceedingly.

"Why," he asked, holding up an instrument man at Rivière Pleue, "why d'you let 'em have the silly names? Saint—sainte—saint! Why don't you call 'em plain Mary or Martha? No frills."

The instrument man told him he had nothing to do with it.

"Encouraging them. You encourage them. Blasted country where they can't talk their own language."

"They think they do," the engineer helped him on.

"Have something?" he asknowledged his listener. He had himself already had a good deal. "Can't stand the job. It's parlez-vous this, and 'Non, non, monsieur, c'est impossible.' They want me to pay them more than I can get for it myself. $5.40 a cord—whoever heard?"

"Do *you* speak French?" asked the instrument man.

"Yes, but when I have to speak French, my lad, it means I have to drink a lot of Scotch."

"If you haven't run that car much, you'd better watch out. Have you a clear track?"

"To the next bloomin' saint."

"They gave him a push off and the car bumped gaily down the track.

"He'd better watch out," said the roadman.

"Blame fool," the instrument man said, and they went on checking the centre line.

The pulpwood buyer had several interviews before he came to the next station.

After one, which was satisfactory, he had a drink, to celebrate; after another, in which the habitant had held out for $5.50, he needed a drink to get started again; after another, the French-Canadian, who happened to be a merry soul, said, when he saw the flask:

"Prenez garde, prenez garde, monsieur; le gendarme emportera le whisky."

"What?" said the amazed pulpwood merchant. "The policeman hooks the bottle? Just let him try."

The habitant explained the regulation on the line. After that, Mr. Hardman had another drink to steady himself.

He made two more contracts for pulp, and when he went to start up again the car wouldn't go.

"They said she would," he explained, almost tearfully, to the attentive habitant. "Guaranteed her for the whole seventy miles."

The habitant comforted him with stories in which cars always broke down and had to be pushed endless miles. When the irate commercial gentleman had reached his last wits the Frenchman tapped the big tin of gasolene on the side of the car.

"This is perhaps needed inside?"

It was. When Mr. Hardman got started up again that car buzzed to Ste. Marguerite.

It was the opinion of two men there that Mr. Hardman was not a suitable person to manage a gasolene car, but as he had orders to go to Brickton and stop, they let him go on. Besides, it was not their business. They reported to the despatcher his arrival at Ste. Marguerite and telephoned ahead to Brickton, for Mr. Hardman paid no attention to this obligation to report to the operator of a road under construction. This was after he had got away.

The despatcher at the junction must have thought the matter over for he called Ste. Marguerite.

"Did that chap Hardman ask you to report him, John?"

"No. He just went on."

"The duece he did!"

Ste. Marguerite heard him calling Brickton.

"Tell Mr. Hardman to call me up, and not to go on until he does."

"The division engineer's here, Tom; wants orders west to Ste. Marguerite."

"The devil he does. I can't give him orders. This fool is between Ste. Marguerite and you, and from reports he's going some. If Mr. Franklin wants to come on, tell him it's taking a risk."

The man at Brickton explained to Mr. Franklin, who made objections at being held up.

Brickton called the despatcher.

"Mr. Franklin wants through, Tom."

"U'm. There's that curve in the rock cut at 47. He'd better wait."

So, apparently, Mr. Franklin thought. He possessed his soul in impatience. As it was only ten miles to Ste. Marguerite and the car had already started, the wait should not be more than half an hour—at the outside.

But the despatcher, Brickton, and the division engineer reckoned without their Mr. Hardman.

Just east of Ste. Marguerite there were several settlers, each with four arpents of spruce. Mr. Hardman was getting interested in his work; these French Johnnies weren't half so bad if a fellow knew how to take them. Mr. Hardman was paying $5.50 now, genially, without discussion. Time passed.

Down at Brickton an impatient engineer no longer possessed his soul. Three-quarters of an hour passed. An hour. Then he called up the despatcher.

"Have you a car at Ste. Marguerite to send after him?"

But there wasn't one.

At that time Mr. Hardman had completed eight interviews and made a somewhat wobbly entry of his eighth contract. He mounted his car. The wood-cutter shoved him off.

"*Bo' jou, m'sieu, bo' jou'.*"

"Confound their French, can't even talk *it* correctly."

Mr. Hardman did not speak, although indeed he thought it. He had the last of the Scotch, and pulled the throttle open. That car could do up to forty, and it did its best.

It was hot that day and the rhythmic motion of the car lulled Mr. Hardman. Above, the sky was blue; the spruce woods stretched silent on each side. Down a long and steady tangent the car flew. Mr. Hardman held the brake firmly, useless. Ahead was a two-degree curve on a heavy embankment. Mr. Hardman did not slow down. He took the curve at forty miles. Mr. Hardman was fast asleep.

However, it was only a two-degree curve, the final ballasting had been done, the track was perfect, and the car did *not* leave the rails. On it went, pounding, steadily on. Mr. Hardman slept. He swayed gently, with his hands on the brake firmly.

Just past Mile 46, three trackmen were at work putting in a new tie or two. They heard the heavy gasolene car coming and, as their custom was, lifted off their hand-car and stood to one side for it to pass. As it went by one of them was quick enough to see that the man on the car was not awake.

The rock cut at 47! Now, one of those Italians was a count. Not for nothing had his ancestors been soldiers. Tony had presence of mind; he took command. Quick! The hand-car was lifted on the track. Up and down the handle-bars flew, but fast as they worked, the gasolene-car was away ahead, drawing farther away. The Italians worked; not for nothing had Tony's grandfathers been counts.

The gasolene-car had disappeared around the curve into the rock cut. Tony's car came up. They slowed somewhat, for, whatever had happened to the sleeping man, there was no reason for them taking chances on being wrecked.

Slowly they rounded the curve in the cut. No car! No man! No wreck! Coming out, they looked down a long tangent. In the hot, dazzling light they saw the gasolene-car with the man, still going.

"L'ombra di Dio."

He was not human. They went back to their work slowly and with effort.

At Brickton they heard the sound of the coming car a mile up. Mr. Franklin ran his car up to the end of the siding and a man stood ready to turn the switch and let him out as soon as the other car come in on the main line.

The coming car hummed.

"By Jove, he's making up his time!" the telephone operator laughed at the amateur.

The car came into clear sight at the same top speed; did not slow for the switch; was not slowing for the stop; was going right on. The man must be asleep, or drunk, or dead.

"Hi! There!" shouted the operator. "This is Brickton."

But the car went on.

"By Jove," said Franklin, "he'll run into that ballast train at 55."

To catch the car was impossible. He telephoned the pit at 55.

"Macdonald," he said to the pit foreman, "there's a crazy fellow on a gasolene-car, running wild. Spread a car of ballast on the track in the clay cut. Can you?"

"Yes, Mr. Franklin."

"Quick. He's coming."

He turned to the telephone operator.

"But it's an up-grade. Ten minutes is enough for them. He'll take fifteen."

Down at 55 the pit foreman had got the train out and a car of ballast dumped on the track. He looked at the soft clay banks of the cut, then at the heap of sand, and signalled:

"Another."

He scratched his head. It was a shameful waste of good sand, and time, and money. The ballast train moved east. Macdonald waited.

He heard the humming of the car; he ran up the track signalling stop, but the car came right on. He jumped off the track and ran back in the ballast along the side.

The car and Macdonald reached the sand heap at the same time.

Macdonald pulled Mr. Hardman up. The sleep had been refreshing. The sand was soft. So was Mr. Hardman. No bones were broken, but Mr. Hardman was dazed.

"Ne parlez pas," he stammered, *"ne parlez pas le francais*—not French—say it in—"

But Macdonald said it in Scots.

MAJOR-GENERAL SAM HUGHES

AN INFORMAL ESTIMATE AND AN APPRECIATION OF THE HONOURABLE THE MINISTER OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

IF one lay aside one's affection for that discreetness which is a sociable form of lying, that tact which is a more tolerable form of the same thing and, in short, one's devotion to what might be called the fur of politeness in which men wrap themselves against the abrasions of social intercourse—it is possible then to direct attention to a great man, a genius. If these concessions cannot be made, if the "fur" is insisted upon, one may then only call him—a man, but a real one! If you prefer, instead of this attempted exposition, to see for yourself this man, then go to Ottawa and watch outside the main entrance to the Militia Building. At least, do not be content with the mere snapshots of the man as shown in hurried newspaper paragraphs. On the whole, the newspapers do not applaud General Sam Hughes. But one's likes and dislikes are often founded upon such precarious grounds that it is a pity, on either of their accounts, to draw the blind of prejudice and so shut out the sight of a real man walking down the main street of Canadian public life.

A statesman?

No.

A great politician?

Hardly.

A profound thinker? A discoverer? A wit?

No.

One might write two, or even three, "sketches" of as many really popular public men in less time than it takes merely to "draw a bead" on General Hughes. Other public men have their pose and their accidental moments off-guard when one may observe the mark where the pose comes off at night. With the aid of Morgan's "Men and Women of Canada" and one of the tried and proved formulæ for writing short biographies, it is usually easy to drape a few words over almost any gentleman's moral figure, if he have one. But to write of a man who must be either all pose or no pose at all is disconcerting. To discover any crack or joint in the outward manifestations of the member for Victoria and Haliburton, where one might lay a finger and say: "Here begins the real man and here—the thing he hopes the public thinks he is", is impossible. The outward and apparent Minister of Militia and Defence is the only minister. There is behind that quick, alert, sun-bronzed countenance and that fine straight glance no secondary Sam Hughes pulling the strings by which the outer Hughes is actuated and the public deceived. While other public men—some of the best of them at that—dissemble a modesty they surely don't feel, so as to encourage the simple-hearted into bestowing extra encomiums, Hughes treats modesty as she should, logically, implore to be treated. He says,

MAJOR-GENERAL THE HONOURABLE SAM HUGHES,
MINISTER OF MILITIA FOR CANADA

"I *am*—that I am!" thrusts out his splendid jaw, draws down the corners of his tight yet humorous mouth, sets his rather good and aggressive nose straight in the face of public disapproval and blazes away with as fine a pair of snapping, defiant, and intelligent Irish-Canadian eyes—gray-blue—as ever shamed the devil. I venture to call him to your attention as a genius, but if you must have your geniuses conventionally clad, barbered, and tamed, then I withdraw to a stronger position. Here is a man to whom it is fitting to give honour. From this position there can be no retreat.

Homer Watson, the Canadian artist, is painting, in his studio in the hamlet of Doon, a tremendous canvas, one of three ordered by the Government in commemoration of the mobilization of the First Canadian Overseas Contingent at Valcartier last year. This canvas shows, against a background of Laurentian Mountains crowned with September sunlight, the great Valcartier plain covered with our soldiers "marching past" the Duke of Connaught and the Minister of Militia, and a blot of spectators in the foreground just behind the Royal Standard. Between this fluttering piece of colour and the mountain background are thirty thousand sons of Canada, organized, uniformed, and armed for war—thirty thousand stalwart men swinging across the plain under the clear hot sky, thirty thousand bayonets glancing in the brilliant light and forming, where the long lines back in the middle distance swing round the turn into the stretch leading past the Governor-General and the Minister, a figure like a fan of burnished gold flung against the gray-greens of the hills behind.

It is a stirring picture. It was a stirring scene.

Here was not a mere assembly of uniformed and orderly men, but a unit, a force—the thunderbolt forged by a young nation, a terrible instrument, keen, hard as adamant, true as steel, now ready to be launched—as it has already been launched—in the defence of Christendom. This was the force of which General Drain of the United States Army, looking on, said: "I would rather command this army than any army on the battlefields of Europe, or in the reserves of Europe. It is not a body of soldiers. It is an army of non-commissioned officers!" This was the force that stopped the breach at Langemarck. It had been gathered from the far ends of the nation, from the coal mines of Nanaimo to the docks of Halifax, from the rock streets of Prince Rupert to the cobbled pavements of the city of Quebec, from tall office buildings in Winnipeg, and lonely farm huts on the prairie, from old families in old Ontario counties to sombre interiors of banking-houses. They had been plucked from the decks of lake ships and the tops of swaying railway cars, from schools, and from factories by the call of war. Here, now, they moved like the fingers of a hand or the unerring parts of a great machine. It was as though a Saskatchewan wheat-field, as wide as the horizon, had turned its stalks into armed men, its wild flowers into banners, and the prairie wind into the music of war. The crowd, the staff officers, the blasé newspaper-writers, were touched as men are not often touched.

When the last officer's sword had flashed in salute, one newspaperman touching another's arm, pointed to General Hughes, grim of face, his white close-cropped hair gleaming under the edge of his service hat, riding soberly from the field.

"Look at Hughes!" whispered the reporter. "What must a man feel like who has risen from a farm boy in a dull Ontario county to a position where it lies in his hands to give form to this first big unit sent by this country to the war?"

"What must it feel like," retorted

the other, "to have accepted the responsibility and to have *achieved*—what we have just seen?"

Within two weeks the fleet of transports sailed to England. The first section of a gigantic piece of organization was thus completed under the hands of this one-time Canadian country boy, private in the militia, school teacher, political worker. In unhappy Germany the task would have been accomplished with even greater speed. In England, rich in military traditions, and with at least a nucleus of war organization, it might have been done—though it was *not* done—without any mistakes whatsoever. The fact that Canada, a non-military nation, without real previous experience, without preparation before the declaration of war except the ordinary preparation for militia manœuvres, collected, equipped, mobilized, and trained thirty thousand men without one serious mishap, is due to the genius—for it required genius—of General Sam Hughes. Criticisms have been raised and have died. Errors have been found in departments. Dishonest members of Parliament and dealers in supplies have attempted to take advantage of the nation's necessities. But no loss of time, no slip of memory, no blame, worthy under the circumstances to be considered, attached to the Canadian Department of Militia and Defence. On the contrary, with General Sam Hughes at its head, the department executed its task in a way that brought praise from the military chiefs of Great Britain, whose praise is never given without cause.

It is no time for measuring what honour may be due to this or that part of the country. To the mothers who gave what they most loved and the wives who elected to fight alone in order that the Empire might have men for a greater fight, there can be no half measure of appreciation. But neither is it a time for ignoring the fact that just as in England Labour required guidance in order to meet the need for ammunition, so all the volunteers in Canada could not have been made efficient except by organization.

"There is no other man I know of—unless possibly it had been one of the great railway executives," said a Liberal business man who had had relations with the Minister of Militia and Defence in the equipping of the first contingent, "who could have done what General Hughes did in the time at his disposal. In fact, when I recall my experience in that work, I think no other man in the Dominion could have secured the co-operation of his staff and the help of outsiders in such a successful way as he did. I tell you this—General Hughes has the faculty of making every moment count. He can get more work out of more men than any other man I have ever met or known of."

This was the characteristic shown by Major-General Hughes all through the fall of last year. This man who had spent so many years as a quiet member of parliament, never noted as a speech-maker or as a startling contributor to the sum total of the ideas in the House of Commons, showed the qualities of a great executive. Certain work had to be accomplished by a fixed date. Knowing that, Hughes outlined the chief departments of the work and picked out men, either from his staff or from outside, fitted to look after them.

Take, for example, the mechanical transport section. It is said that he went over a list of the best-known *Canadians* who had had experience in the automobile business. He chose one man long known as an expert. This man, T. A. Russell, was of the quiet, steady-going type, a man accustomed to do so much work in so much time, and keeping up the pace steadily. According to the story which has since been told, Hughes

handed Russell a piece of paper not much larger than the palm of one's hand, and covered with notes.

"There," he said, in his customary brusque voice, "that's a memorandum of what we'll need in the way of mechanical transport. I want that looked after and I want all the stuff ready by September 22nd."

"But, Colonel—" protested Russell (Hughes was then still Colonel Sam), "it's absolutely impossible. It can't be done."

Hughes looked up.

"What did I ask you to come to Ottawa for?" he snapped. "To tell me that?"

"But, Colonel Hughes, there are heavy trucks and light trucks, different kinds of bodies, different types of motors required, repair shops to go with each unit, spare parts—spare—"

"Never mind the list," retorted Hughes. "I wrote it out myself. I know what it says. What I want is the work done. It must be done by the twenty-second. That is all. Good morning."

He had given the spark of super-will to Russell. Russell passed it on in turn to his own men.

That work was done.

When the war broke out Canada had no suitable mobilization ground convenient to the port of embarkation. Hughes, in 1911, had decided that Valcartier would be the ideal spot for such a purpose, but had not been able to complete all arrangements for the laying out of the grounds. He summoned the railway chiefs of the Canadian Northern Railway and told them that the Government would require an unprecedented train service from all parts of Canada to the Valcartier mobilization ground. If the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Grand Trunk Railway could do anything to ease the burden on the Canadian Northern Railway—on whose line the ground is—their aid was to be obtained.

"How many men will we have to move?" asked one of the officials.

"Anything from twenty-five to fifty thousand."

"In how long?"

"Right away. Soon as they are ready to go."

"It can't be done."

"Oh, yes it can," said Hughes.

It was.

It is doubtful if ever a railway company in the world—certainly not in America—had quite the task the Canadian Northern Railway had in that mobilization. The Grand Trunk Railway and the Canadian Pacific Railway collected soldiers from all over the country, but every one of these men, in addition to those collected by the Canadian Northern Railway, had ultimately to be hauled by the Canadian Northern Railway from Montreal to Valcartier. Soldiers were poured into those grounds at the rate of ten trainloads a day. The railwaymen worked as they had never worked before, building extra sidings and loops for the handling of the enormous traffic.

Meantime Hughes had given orders to the engineers to prepare the camp at Valcartier. Departmental chiefs who had for many years plugged along in the usual routine were suddenly face to face with the problem of draining, lighting, and otherwise equipping the enormous new camp. If Hughes, when he told them the situation, had expressed so much as half a doubt that the thing was possible, they might have lost their nerve. The task was colossal. But Hughes treated his men as though they were Colossi as well. He gave no sermons, expressed no doubts, refrained from interference. His orders were carried out.

As train after train dumped additional thousands of men on the plain at Valcartier high officers shook their heads in despair and all but threw up their hands. It was impossible, they felt, to bring order out of such a situation. Men were arriving so fast they could never, never, never handle them. But one man in the midst of

the strain remained unperturbed. If anyone whispered "Impossible," his retort was, "Nothing is impossible. Do it."

Other men would have planned the work to the last detail—and been late. Hughes had the perspective of a big undertaking. To look after all detail himself was, of course, impossible. But he cut it into tremendous pieces, picked the best men he could find for each piece of work, and then by his own industry and determination inspired them to do their utmost.

There is no idling in the Department of Militia and Defence at Ottawa, and the work carried on in the somewhat cramped quarters on Slater Street gives every appearance of being efficient work. There is a minimum of noise and a maximum of effect. Hughes himself is there early and late. The whole place hums with industry. There is comparatively little red tape. In the midst of great pressure the Minister still insists that everyone who wants to write him about grievances, large or small, may do so. He looks into every complaint personally. His mail, needless to say, is enormous.

Original people always worry unoriginal people.

It is said that Sam Hughes, when yet a colonel, brought upon himself the disapproval of a military expert from abroad to whom he declared that there would be only one way to fight the Germans—this was after the war had started.

"How?" inquired the other man with lofty accent.

"Trenches," said General Hughes. "Trenches! I've been all over that ground myself. I've studied it. There's just one thing to do. Dig one row of trenches in front of the Germans. Then dig another, and another, and another, all the way back to Paris, and the channel ports if necessary. Fast as you get put out of one trench retire to the next. Try that for awhile—and the Germans will be fagged and ready for a beating before they get very far toward their objective."

The military expert differed. But Hughes was right.

Once, in South Africa, a number of commanders reported sentries stabbed from behind by the ever-enterprising enemy. Hughes alone had no such trouble after his first man had been stabbed. He issued an order—at least so goes the story—compelling men on lonely outpost duty to link themselves together by pieces of light twine tied loosely on one hand, so that if an outpost was stabbed and fell without a cry, the weight of the fall would warn his fellows. The story was afterward told in some derision of the Canadian trick, but it was noted that Hughes's men were ready to follow him where they would follow few other men.

The Colonel Hughes who in times of peace occupied himself with all the minutæ of military work, attending rifle matches and presiding at meetings of small arms committees and so on, is not the same man you meet under that name to-day. He was a man out of place except when war—such as the South African War or the present titanic struggle—gave him an opportunity to serve. In South Africa his impetuous gallantry and daring were unbelievable. Now in the work of organizing the resources of the Dominion in the present struggle he has found his *métier*. What might have happened with old-fashioned, retired country gentlemen holding his portfolio in the present circumstances no one can guess.

No one ever describes General Hughes as lovable—and yet in a rugged sort of way he is; that is to say, he commands the affection of his friends and of those who work under him. His loyalty to a friend is proverbial. Once Sam Hughes is a man's friend nothing in heaven or earth, or in the waters under the earth, can make him forget. The same loyalty he shows to his friends he shows for

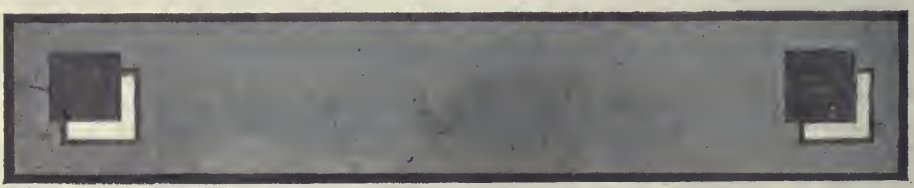
his country. A Toronto lawyer, meeting in Ottawa a noted writer of Nationalistic pamphlets, exclaimed, "My dear Ewart, you're not one-two-three as a Nationalist compared to Sam Hughes. Sam Hughes is the most Canadian Canadian I ever met."

General Sam Hughes may not yet have learned to be as taciturn as Kitchener, and he has the soldier's faculty for speaking with more candour than is usually palatable to the heroes of peace, but in his passion for Canada and things Canadian he is unexampled. Every soldier is, to Hughes, his "boy". I think it is not an exaggeration to say that he has a queer sort of fatherly heart for his great family of fighting men. The loss of good men does not leave the stoic fighter himself unmoved. He loves war, not for itself, but for the qualities it brings out in men. If one could read between the lines one might find that his one regret was that he could not both fight and administer at the same time.

Is he discreet and always reticent? No, not always.

His mind works at a furious pace. He has the imagination of the "Salt of the earth"—the Irish-Canadian—and he has a tongue for real language. I once heard a story—I doubt if it is true, but it is characteristic—about Hughes being far in advance scouting with twelve men, some of them wounded, in a piece of bad country in South Africa. They had been long without proper food and without water. They were concealed in a hot depression of the veldt from an enemy active on almost all sides. At length, coming to a farm-house occupied by Boers, the handful, led by the fire-eating Colonel, captured it and with it a small quantity of food and some water. As night came on Hughes, whose bodily strength is a bye-word, whiled away the time telling his all but discouraged men bits of stories from Canada, and reciting to them odd pieces of poetry he had memorized. When the crew were ready to turn in, it was Hughes who took the hardest watch of the night and—because he knew he was in better condition than the others—he took two watches without telling anyone.

Blunt, vigorous honesty, a tremendous heart, a "twin-six" thinking engine—these are characteristics of the man who is responsible for the splendid organization of Canada's share in the fight of the world.



THE RED GATES

A scene on the Banff-Windermere motor route, along the Highway of the Great Divide, in the Canadian Rockies.

FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

VIII.—ANDERSON, THE FUGITIVE SLAVE

BY FRANK YEIGH

FIFTY-FIVE years ago a trial took place in Canada that aroused the deepest interest in Great Britain, the United States and this country, that put to a severe test the workability of the Ashburton Treaty, that created a strained situation between the British and American Governments which might easily have led to a rupture, and that increased the antagonisms between the slavery and anti-slavery parties.

Such was the trial of a coloured man named Anderson, who was arrested in Canada on a charge of having murdered a planter named Digges, in Missouri, some years previously, while attempting to escape from slavery. The trial created, as has been said, an international interest. Not only did the United States watch its development with closest interest, but the Imperial Government was brought into the legal strife.

A return of all the correspondence connected with the case was made to the old peripatetic Parliament of Canada, in 1861, then in session in Quebec. The document includes a petition of Anderson to be set free, in which he states that he was born in Missouri, is thirty years of age, and, during the year 1857, was the slave of a planter named Burton and another. In the same year he married the daughter of a negro who had purchased liberty from his master, but the daughter was still a slave.

This important change in the life of the young man and the example of freedom of his father-in-law determined him to reach Canada for the purpose of obtaining his own freedom. About this time he was sold and transferred to a man named McDonald.

"I always felt that I had a right to my freedom, that I had never done anything to forfeit my liberty, and was not subject to any restraint, through crime, and that I might lawfully use any means in my power to obtain my liberty." So Anderson argued in his petition, issued by his lawyer from the Brantford jail.

"With that object, I ran away, first going to my wife, and consulting with her as to my intentions. While I was there I was pursued, but escaped. Passing the plantation of Seneca F. P. Digges, I was questioned by Digges, making the excuse of wishing to go to Givens's, so that Digges would allow me to pass. Digges refusing, I endeavoured to escape. After being chased for nearly an hour, in a circle, I was run down. My pursuers were at my heels with clubs, and, being borne on, with the first impulse, I dashed against Digges with an open knife.

"Whether I struck with it more than once I cannot recollect. Whatever sudden impulse bid, that I did to obtain my liberty. Then I was imprisoned for three weeks, but no one appearing against me, I was dis-

charged. Three days after my discharge, another warrant was issued against me for the same crime, on an information quite insufficient, as I am advised. I didn't know, however, of this second warrant until arrested in Simcoe, two weeks ago, having gone there from Caledonia to obtain work as a mason.

"Your petitioner therefore humbly prays that your Excellency [the Governor-General] will be graciously pleased to withhold an order delivering your petitioner to the authorities of the State of Missouri, inasmuch as, by the British law, he was entitled to be free there; and the evidence shows that he only used such force as was necessary to obtain that freedom."

Application for the extradition of Anderson was made before W. Matthews, a well-known Justice of the Peace in Brantford, by James A. Gunning, of Detroit. "I have heard and considered the evidence of criminality of the said evidence," was his verdict, "and that such evidence is deemed sufficient by me to sustain the charge, according to the laws of this Province, if the offence alleged had been committed herein."

In the first trial, held in Brantford in September, 1860, witnesses were present from Missouri, trailing the darkey as relentlessly as bloodhounds in the South. A white man named Baker identified Anderson from a stiff-jointed finger as the one who had stabbed Digges, resulting in the latter's death a few days later. Baker gave Anderson a particularly bad character, as "savage and ill-disposed, besides being a thief." Baker described the chase after Anderson by three of Digges's black boys. "It was not to do him any harm they tried to catch him, but merely to retain him."

A son of the murdered man also testified to witnessing the murder. "Father was in pursuit of the nigger when he was stabbed with a long dirk-knife, first in the breast, and then in the back."

Then a slave was sworn, Phil by name, the property of the Digges family. In his own quaint tongue, the black man added his testimony against the prisoner. "Just before we got to the house the negro man broke and run. Master told us negroes to run after him. We ran after him. Master said we should have the reward if we would catch him. While we was running him he took out his knife. We runned him around a good long while. Master would holloa all the time, and we would answer him. At last master met the negro and I saw him cut master twice with a knife. I saw him when he run at my master with the knife. While we were running after him he said he would kill us if we came near him. We could not catch him."

How easy it is to picture the dramatic scene: the man-hunt, the glistening knife, the pursuing blacks, the cries and shouts, in this old-time tragedy of the South.

The next step was the application for a writ of Habeas Corpus to John A. Macdonald, then Attorney-General of Upper Canada. Anderson's lawyer, S. B. Freeman, of Hamilton, in a letter to the Attorney-General, expressed the opinion: "I cannot see any room for saying that a man who takes the life of another to prevent his being carried back to slavery, he being, in the eye of our law, free when the assault is made upon him, is guilty of murder." To which the Attorney-General replied: "I have come to the conclusion, with great regret, but without any doubt existing in my mind, that this party has committed the crime of murder. Under these circumstances, all I can do is to give you every assistance in testing the question before the courts or a judge by Habeas Corpus."

The importance of the application is seen when it involved the construction of the Ashburton Extradition Treaty, and also the recognition by Great Britain of the laws of another

nation, especially as affecting the position of the blacks in Canada who came from the slave States.

Following these proceedings came the application of the United States Government for the extradition of Anderson, sent through Lord Lyons, then British Ambassador at Washington, to Sir George E. Cartier, Attorney-General for Quebec.

In the meantime, the Court of Queen's Bench, in Toronto, heard the case. The Chief Justice, Sir John Beverley Robinson, and Justice Burns held strongly against the prisoner, but Justice McLean's dissenting practically saved the black man's life.

The scene at this hearing is graphically described in the newspapers of the day. Crowds waited without the gates of Osgoode Hall, or pushed their way into the courtroom—men of all ranks and degrees. A special muster of police had piles of muskets ready at hand. There was an eager stir when the prisoner, freed for the moment from his fetters, entered the courtroom. He is described as a well-built man, with broad shoulders, and possessing an intelligent-looking countenance. His complexion was of a deep yellow.

Many coloured folks were among the crowds, who showed great anxiety as to the fate of their black brother in distress. Rumours of an attempted rescue led to extra police precautions.

As the trial of December 16, 1860, proceeded, the face of the prisoner was overcast, as the Chief Justice apparently sounded his doom. "If his opinion holds good, no slave is safe in Canada," is a sample editorial expression. But when the opinion of the dissenting judge meant an appeal "there was a cheer and a stamping of feet—a rare occurrence in that court, which, however, speedily brought a rebuke. Then profound silence reigned."

Attorney-General Macdonald, in the matter of an appeal to the Court of Error and Appeal, offered to pay appeal costs. "I have the strongest hope that I shall be able to relieve you from the necessity of making an order for the surrender of the negro," he wrote to Anderson's attorney. "Your action in this matter is alike creditable to your feeling of humanity and your sense of the importance of the question in a national point of view."

Needless to say, the famous case got into politics. "The Attorney-General shirks his duty which the law has imposed upon him as the legal adviser of the Government in order to elicit a legal opinion from the court as to the sufficiency of the charge of criminality under the Ashburton Treaty," wrote George Brown in *The Globe*. The writ of Habeas Corpus has been made use of, continues the editorial critic, to bring the question before the courts of law—a proceeding not contemplated or provided for in the Treaty, or in the Imperial or Canadian acts which were passed to give it effect. The claim for extradition is not cognizable in the ordinary courts; it rests exclusively upon treaty stipulations.

"'But,' says the Attorney-General, 'we must recognize the slave code; we must admit that it has some force, even in Canada.' This is a doctrine," concludes *The Globe*, "which we trust will never be sanctioned on British soil."

"A man who has committed no crime known to our law is pursued by a number of persons for nearly an hour, who avow that their intention is to deprive him of his liberty. He warns them off, and brandishes a deadly weapon as his means of defence; they still pursue, and he endeavours to avoid them. Then, coming suddenly upon one of his pursuers, who strikes him with a stick, he returns the blow with his knife, thereby overcoming his enemy, and escapes. Is this murder? Is this a killing by the instigation of the devil, with malice aforethought? No human law, only an inhuman slave code, has ever said so."

That is a sample of editorial opinion.

Public meetings were held. Hun-

dreds were turned away from St. Lawrence Hall in Toronto. Strong resolutions asserted the inviolability of Canada as an asylum for the fugitive slave. "Britons never will be slaves—nor catchers of slaves!" Thomas Hodgins lectured on the all-engrossing subject: "Any law not in accordance with the law of nations was void," was his opinion, quoting Lord Ellenborough.

The Anti-Slavery Society of Canada entered the lists with a manifesto: "It cannot but see in the proposed application of the slave code to a resident of this free territory the introduction of a policy in every sense un-British, disastrous to the sacred rights of human beings, and irreconcilable with any fair exposition of international law." The memorial concludes with a quotation from Deuteronomy 23: 11-16:

> "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant who is escaped from his master unto thee; he shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best; thou shalt not oppress him."

"It will indeed be a strange result if Article 10 of the Ashburton Treaty, (which provides for the extradition of fugitive criminals) is so interpreted as to create a new slave trade between Canada and the Southern States," exclaims a newspaper correspondent.

"Was it intended by the Ashburton Treaty to make Canada the hunting-ground of Southern slave-catchers, and our magistrates, and governors, the agents, the gaolers, the blood-hounds of the slave-master? An adverse decision of the judges will seal the fate of the fugitive. He will be sent to Missouri, not for 'trial,' as the treaty stipulates, but for sacrifice, according to the decrees of Judge Lynch and his barbarous code."

Now the scene shifts to England. Lord John Russell writes from historic Downing Street to Sir Edmund Head: "I have to instruct you to take such measures as are warranted by the laws of Canada to deliver up the person of John Anderson to any person or persons duly authorized by the authorities of Missouri to receive the said fugitive, and bring him back to the United States for trial."

This action was taken on the application of the United States Secretary of State for the surrender of Anderson, under the Ashburton Treaty of 1842. Lord Lyons was "only too anxious to avoid the slightest semblance of anything which might cause offence to the United States Government."

Newcastle now writes from Downing Street to the Government of Canada, still further complicating matters by holding that the prisoner, in case of an adverse appeal, could not be delieverd over to the United States authorities by the mere action of the law. That could only be done by a warrant under the hand and seal of the Governor. "The case is one of the gravest possible importance, and Her Majesty's Government are not satisfied that the decision of the court at Toronto is in conformity with the view of the Treaty which has hitherto guided the authorities in this country."

Action in England was the result of pressure brought to bear by the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. The Court of Queen's Bench in England then issued a writ of Habeas Corpus requiring that Anderson should be sent to England. The Canadian Government put on record its opinion as to the inexpediency and danger of a concurrent jurisdiction being possessed by the English courts of law in such cases, and advised legislation abrogating "the right of the courts of law and judges of England to issue the writ of Habeas Corpus, or any other writ or process running into this country, save such as may be connected with the right of appeal to Her Majesty in her Privy Council."

"The issue of this writ by one of the courts of England," argued John A. Macdonald, "is a matter of the

greatest importance. It is justly considered here as directly affecting the independence of our courts and our people. The exercise of this power by the English courts is, furthermore, certain at some time to produce an unseemly and irritating conflict of jurisdiction, and be productive of evil consequences, the extent of which cannot now be foreseen. The Attorney-General further suggested that hereafter the English courts of justice shall have no jurisdiction in Canada, and that no writ or process from them shall run into it."

Whether action was ever taken by the English Government on this Canadian suggestion it would be interesting to trace; but, so far as the Anderson *cause celebre* was concerned, which gave rise to the various international actions and complications, it died a quiet death and passed into oblivion by the liberation of the prisoner by the Court of Common Pleas at Toronto on the ground of a technical irregularity in the earlier stages of the process before the committing magistrates.

Thus the Missouri slave finally won the freedom for which he had so strenuously fought. The flight from his master's plantation, his rounding-up in the man-hunt on the Digges farm, his second escape and the long journey across a half-score of States to Canada by way of the underground railway, the arrest, the trials, the months spent in jails, the governmental and legal contests for his body participated in by three governments —all these were ended in a decision based on a legal technicality!

Canada once more was an asylum for the hunted slave. Here, after his release, the human chattel of a Southern planter became a citizen in his own right, and a free man in the eyes of the law. His shackles were forever broken; Anderson was free!

Here he drops into obscurity and no more does his name figure in state documents; no more does his case awaken interest in London, Washington, Quebec, and Toronto,,indeed, over the English-speaking world, where the newspapers made much of the case. No more does a black man come under the notice of a Russell, a Newcastle, a Lyons, a Head. The famous trial is ended, and Jack Anderson disappears from the scene.

Canada then, as now, believed that "slavery is the worst crime of civilized nations," and, to its everlasting credit, acted accordingly.

The next article of this series will relate the experiences of Benjamin Mott, who was tried as a rebel after the uprising of '37 and banished to Van Dieman's Land.

THE REAL STRATHCONA

III.—THE GLAMOUR OF THE FUR TRADE

BY DR. GEORGE BRYCE

DONALD A. SMITH—even in his life of greatness as Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal—gloried in being a trader. He despised the spirit shown by Guy Raby in Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in His Place" in ostracising his sister, who had married a commoner, by having her portrait turned to the wall in the family hall of paintings and ordering an inscription to be placed on it, "Gone Into Trade."

During his long years, reaching up to the end of his life, as Governor of the "Honourable Hudson's Bay Company," His Lordship maintained against all comers that in the highest sense it deserved the name "honourable." That a company should work under a charter for well-nigh two centuries and a half and fully maintain its prestige is sufficient to stir up the jealous critic and to incite the invidious leveller to hurl offensive epithets at the "Old Lady of Fenchurch Street" or of "Lime Street" and call her "Monopolist," "Supplanter," and Tyrant. Even twentieth century writers and ungrateful recipients of Lord Strathcona's bounty have followed in the wake of old Arthur Dobbs of 1749, who declared that the Hudson's Bay Company had

(a) Abused the Indians,
(b) Neglected their forts,
(c) Ill-treated their own servants,
(d) Encouraged Britain's enemies,

and actually pictured them as a band of pirates. Certainly no one can defend all the actions of any nation, church or corporation through a history of two and a half centuries, but the writer is prepared to maintain that under their all-embracing charter and the temptations of a wilderness life, the "Adventurers into Hudson's Bay" were as a whole a high-principled and high-minded company.

It was a boy's dream that led Donald A. Smith in Morayshire, Scotland, at the age of eighteen years, in 1838, to become a trader to Hudson Bay. True, he had in his veins from the father's side the blood of the noted fur-trading family of the Grants, whose famous motto he afterwards used—"Stand fast Craigellachie"—and from his mother's side that of the "Stuarts," who were equally celebrated as Northwest fur-traders in Canada. Having received a good education in his native country, Donald Alexander Smith was inspired to go abroad and lead an adventurous life in the land of opportunity. According to his own statement to the writer, it was the name and success of his maternal uncle, Chief Factor John Stuart—seemingly drunk in from his uncle's lips on his return to Scotland—that nerved the young lad at Forres to seek the glamour of the wilds. If the girl-heart of Desdemona was thrilled to admiration and action by the recital of Othello's deeds of valour, so likewise did the spirit of young Donald respond to his uncle's story.

In 1806 John Stuart—afterwards Chief Factor in 1821—had been in the party of Simon Fraser, the great discoverer of Fraser River, which dashes down the west side of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Simon Fraser, like the river that bears his name, was impetuous and uncontrollable. He was a fiery Celt. His father had died, in the American War of Independence, as a determined United Empire Loyalist. The boy and his mother had come to Canada. He had risen in the Montreal fur trade, but on account of the vicissitudes of his youth had acquired but little education. John Stuart, the uncle of Donald A. Smith, was second in command on the Fraser River expeditionary party, and, having had the education of a civil engineer, was the record-keeper, and even the brain, of the expedition. Stuart Lake and also Stuart River, in the Rocky Mountains, were named after him. On the river was erected a post, which was called New Caledonia, and this name clung for a time to the whole district west of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Again and again Donald A. Smith spoke to the writer of the great inspiration received by him from his uncle's career.

Led by such forces, the young adventurer came to Montreal, and his fate was sealed. He was sent at first to the east shore of Hudson Bay and then to the coast of Labrador, and in later years to the King's posts in the district of Mingan, on the Lower St. Lawrence. In these dreary regions the trader lived till after middle life, there passing thirty long, laborious and dangerous years. The writer remembers well his thrilling tales of "The Labrador." His uncles and relatives who had preceded him in the service in the far-away Rocky Mountains and Athabasca had never experienced the hardships which the Morayshire lad passed through uncomplainingly on the fierce coast of Ungava, the dreary ice-field of Nain, the long winters of Rigolette, or the heights of the interior, where fell the mighty cataract of Grand Falls, Labrador—one of the greatest waterfalls of the world.

It must be very clear to all that the vast expanses of country covered by the Hudson's Bay Company in Rupert's Land and the adjacent territories had a great variety of conditions. West of the Great Lakes Huron and Superior, and on for some two thousand miles and more lay the country now known as Western Canada. While no one since the early days of John Cabot ever cast eyes of cupidity on Labrador, it was very far otherwise on the west side of Hudson Bay up the vast water-courses and wide plains to the Rockies. It is in regard to this region that the cry was reverberated from river to river and from mountain to plain of "Monopolist," "Obstructionist," "Antediluvian," and the like against "The Company."

No doubt the Hudson's Bay Company charter was all-embracing. Moreover, it was so ingeniously constructed that enemies, rivals and critics could never find a flaw in it. The charter given to the Company was not only a trade monopoly, but the fisheries within Hudson's Straits and the minerals, including gold, silver, gems and precious stones, were covered by it. More than this, it gave in free and common soccage, *i.e.*, absolute ownership, probably more than a quarter of the territory of North America. It covered the power of sending military expeditions and the prerogative of life and death. The Hudson's Bay Company had a tremendous responsibility.

All this mattered greatly to a community which had grown up as the Selkirk or Red River Settlement. For fifty or sixty years, from 1812, this British unit had been claiming the rights of freemen. The cry arose to open up this vast preserve of the buffalo, the fox, and the mink. Effort after effort was made to connect Red River Settlement with Canada. Had the writer been there he would have supported the claim of the settlers to

self-government. But it was inaccessible to the new settler. Canada had not until 1860 or '65 shown any disposition to annex it. The greater part of Canada called it "hyperborean" and worthless. Was the Hudson's Bay Company responsible for this? Newspaper correspondents are in the habit of deriding the efforts of the Hudson's Bay Company to give a certain amount of self-government in the District of Assiniboia. The ten thousand people of the colony were reasonably content with their conditions. No doubt these were far from perfect. But by the charges of tyranny and oppression made by men who were the hangers-on of government in Canada, accepting the crumbs that fell from a cabinet minister's table, men who made a living as parasites, men who debased themselves by carrying money into the backwoods to bribe venal electors in the constituencies—these men misrepresent entirely the Hudson's Bay Company. As we have seen, Donald A. Smith came to the West in the name of Canada to meet the Riel uprising. Riel's rebellion was not against Hudson's Bay Company monopoly. Donald A. Smith was not the embodiment of monopoly, but was the representative of Canada, of free and liberty-loving Canada. The monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company had no more to do with the Riel uprising than it had to do with the affairs of Uganda or of British India.

On his coming to Red River Settlement in 1869, Donald A. Smith had never set his eyes on Red River or Fort Garry. He knew no more of Fort Garry than a bank manager of Halifax or Quebec would know of the affairs of a bank in Brandon or Saskatoon to-day. He was a Canadian Commissioner. To speak of his being a representative of Hudson's Bay Company monopoly and of anti-progress is the most utter nonsense.

He did, however, go to the West to represent a British movement which for two hundred years had kept the Union Jack flying on Hudson Bay and for eighty or a hundred years had unfurled the British emblem of power and freedom from Hudson Bay to Athabasca and over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast, and even for a part of that time holding its trading-posts, in token of possession, of territory as far south as the Columbia River, which is now a part of the United States. Any man of vision can see now that had it not been for the Hudson's Bay Company, in its trade and enterprise, the Western Canada of to-day would be a part of the United States. Canada owes a debt of gratitude—not of reproach—to the splendid body of Hudson's Bay officers and men for saving to us what is to be the granary of Canada. Equally astray is the pitying critic who with crocodile tears speaks of the Hudson's Bay Company trading through an open window with the Indians and not asking them into the fort. That may have happened in the seventeenth century on the shores of Hudson Bay, but to the Hudson's Bay Company do we owe the policy of seeing the value of the Indian and of treating him as a human being. In the early days of Manitoba, when we had to pass through the North-Western States to reach Western Canada, one was vexed and ashamed on every side to hear the dictum that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian."

Regularly the Indians received their supplies from the Hudson's Bay Company forts, went out on hunting expeditions, to return to the traders, sell their pelts and gain support for their families. So great was their devotion to "The Company" that Indian families settled down around the posts and were proud to assume the white man's garb and call themselves "Hudson's Bay Company Indians." True, a number of writers have put in an interrogation mark against mixed marriages in the intercourse of the traders with the natives.

Under the circumstances almost all agree that the intermarriage of whites and Indians in these remote regions was better in the interests of morality than illicit companionship. Old-timers, like the writer, who is glad to acknowledge the acquaintance of hundreds of English natives and French métis, can speak of these children of the prairie with the greatest kindness and respect.

The achievement of carrying on extensive trade from ocean to ocean for two hundred years up to 1870 without a soldier or policeman outside of Red River Settlement and British Columbia, and this without almost an even negligible loss of life, will redound for all time to the honesty, shrewdness and adaptability of the Hudson's Bay Company officers and men.

That the Hudson's Bay Company men were the friends of education and religion cannot be denied. The history of the English East India Company was a sad slur on Christianity compared with that of our Fur Company. The early treatment of the different African nations by the whites was another striking contrast to the general policy of the traders to Hudson Bay. True, for the first century on Hudson Bay there was little recognition by the Company of educational and religious interests, yet for many years before the transfer of Rupert's Land to Canada the Hudson's Bay Company gave grants of land, assistance in church-building, and in many cases annual subsidies to the clergymen of the different religious denominations. Many a kind and hospitable deed has been done by the officers and men in the scattered posts of shelter, entertainment, transport, and even the use of their buildings for Christian worship. In Winnipeg, before the transfer, two leading denominations wishing to erect church buildings, received from the last Hudson's Bay Company Governor (MacTavish) a lot each on Portage Avenue. Between these two sites was a swampy pond, and, said the Governor: "Here are your two lots, and between them a gulf fixed." A few years afterwards, when Donald A. Smith was Commissioner, delegates from one of these churches went to secure an addition to their lot from the so-called "gulf." This was asked for as a gift. "Oh!" said the Commissioner, "I learn that Governor MacTavish gave a lot for a 'small church.' Yes, a small church of your denomination—my denomination, too," he remarked. The deputation replied that they could build a "small church" on a large lot; but, with his Scottish thrift, he required us to pay a small sum for the extra ground. All over the country of Western Canada cases may be given where gifts were made for education and religion by the old trading company. In another chapter reference may be made to large gifts bestowed by Lord Strathcona as proofs of his personal generosity to cultural and religious work.

Three well-qualified authorities on Hudson's Bay Company matters and history met, in March, 1915, in Winnipeg. We shall speak of them as "A," "B," and "C," respectively.

A was an impetuous and intelligent Highlander, who had come as a Hudson's Bay Company clerk to Rupert's Land in the year 1852, and had risen to be a Chief Factor of the Company in 1875. He had spent the great part of his time in the Mackenzie River District, and for several years has lived in Winnipeg as a retired officer.

C, like many of the Hudson's Bay Company officers and men, was a native of Orkney. He had received a good education from his uncle—a schoolmaster—who belonged to the fine old class of dominie described by Ian Maclaren and others. He came to Rupert's Land in 1861, and has spent his life in the country about Fort Garry. He became a chief factor in 1872.

B, the third member of the con-

ference, was the writer—a native-born Canadian who, on the acquisition of Rupert's Land by Canada, was sent out in 1871 as representative of his church in education and religion to Fort Garry, soon to be known as Winnipeg, the capital of Western Canada. He has been an active participant in the public life of Manitoba. B is often called the historian of Western Canada, and of the Hudson's Bay Company in particular.

These three men have all passed their three-score years and ten, and have all been residents of Western Canada for from four to six decades.

Their meeting in March was under the hospitable roof of C. It was a continuous bombardment—a conference on reminiscences, criticism and repartee. The central subject of the long talk was Donald A. Smith.

A, B and C had all been personal friends of Lord Strathcona, had all been time and again entertained in Britain by His Lordship, and had been afforded many opportunities to know him personally.

A, whose name appears in Lord Strathcona's will, had been a great advocate of the claims of the "wintering partners" of the Hudson's Bay Company. He also had laboured for the rights of the subordinate officers and men.

"Well," said A, "Donald A. Smith, as having seen and experienced the life of the real trader, was always the friend of the men on the fighting line. He did the best he could for us against the stolid shareholders. I have had a voluminous correspondence with him, extending over years, and he was always our advocate. But the lawyers and directors failed to understand our conditions."

B here interjected: "I agree with you. In the year 1882 I was in London, and an old gentleman of the Board of Directors asked me, as coming from Winnipeg, to meet them. They were almost all very old men. Eden Colville was Governor at the time. They were very doubtful about Winnipeg—their old Fort Garry. They had sold the fort, but they questioned whether they would be paid for it. In this their surmise was correct. To the grief of the people of Winnipeg, the purchaser pulled down the stone walls of the fort, sold the stone for building, and then defaulted in his payment to the Company. It was a hard blow to both old and new citizens alike thus to lose their precious relic. But there was no help for it."

"No," interrupted A, "if Donald A. had been given his way he would have done handsome things for us all in the fur country. You know, Donald A. had not been a very notable fur trader in Labrador. His accounts were always slow while there, but when he was called to the wider sphere in Montreal, as successor to Mr. Hopkins, he rose immediately. He had a marvelous memory. He could carry any transaction in his head without note or book. Of course, many said his memory was too good for his opponents at times."

"I remember," continued A, "his saying to me, 'They tell me I have the Highland spirit, and that I will not "forgive or forget." I think that is hardly fair to me, for I have worked cordially with men afterward who had done me injuries.' "

B here interjected, saying, "Yes; he could not easily forgive. There was one of my friends—he was a Highlander, too—for whom he had a dislike, and who, I am certain, as a Highlander, also reciprocated the strong feeling. I was an intimate friend of both, but they had no dealings with each other. Yet there are antagonisms in life which can hardly be reconciled."

"Well," interposed C, "there were those in his connection with whom in their conduct he bore long and patiently. He gave his money and his help to many ungrateful wretches."

"To my mind," said B, "his power of putting up with those who were bitterly opposed to him and who ill-treated him in his political life was simply marvellous. When he had become a millionaire and had reached a position of great influence, it was for the good of his adopted country, Canada, that he accepted the position of Canadian Commissioner in London, where he served the whole Empire."

"Yes," said C, "I remember how royally he entertained my wife and myself at Glencoe, and there we met a most cosmopolitan company of every party, creed, and origin."

"Well," responded B, "I know that he showed the greatest kindness to a whole family, taking them to his house in Grosvenor Square, who afterwards turned against him and maligned him in every way."

"Undoubtedly," said A, breaking in very warmly. "His generosity to the helpless, to young men starting business, to older men who had fallen into debt, to sufferers of every rank and station, especially to those who could render to him no service again, were all very notable; and this," continued A, "was true thirty years before his death, when he was not a millionaire. Indeed, coming to Winnipeg with the savings of thirty years, he had gone through most of his means in supporting the poverty-stricken, helping beginners in business and in supporting public objects. I say he deserved all that he got afterward, when fortune smiled upon him."

"Agreed! Agreed!" both B and C made response.

Encouraged by the applause of B and C, A began again:

"Yes, Donald A. Smith's sense of honour was great, as was that of the Company's officers. We never had any cases, so far as I know, where a Hudson's Bay officer ever took personal advantage of any opportunities to make money at the expense of the Company."

"Hear! Hear!" spoke out C. "Such a thing as speculation among the leading men of the Company was unknown. It is true we were keen traders; yet we always practised honourable opposition. I was sent out from Fort Garry in the old days to trade at one of our fishing-points. I was to oppose a man who had been in our service, and had now become a 'free-trader.' My orders were to go out to the lake and beat him in trade; but I was cautioned at the same time not to do a single thing that was dishonest or dishonourable to the opposition trader or Indian. Of course, by vigilance and fair dealing I won the day."

B then followed: "I remember at a public meeting in Winnipeg during the seventies, when an election was taking place, and attacks were being made on the Hudson's Bay Company by declaring that it was robbery to give one-twentieth of all the land surveyed to the Hudson's Bay Company. Donald A. declared that it was the request of the Canadian Government that the Hudson's Bay Company should take this share of the lands, because they would thus, as a strong company knowing the country, have a greater motive for developing Manitoba and the West. For the same reason the Hudson's Bay Company were given the lands around their forts in Winnipeg, Edmonton and other places because they could so induce capitalists to build up towns and cities. It was generally conceded that Canada paid a comparatively small sum—£300,000—for the millions and millions of acres of fertile land handed over to the Dominion."

B continued: "I can say, as an old settler and traveller, that many a time I have been entertained at the Hudson's Bay Company forts, and, after long and weary drives, have never been more glad than when, toward evening, we came in view of the Union Jack floating over the trading-post, which meant food and

shelter for the night. Even the motto on the coat of arms, "Pro pelle cutam"—skin for skin—seemed anomalous as the traveller received the hospitality of the master of the fort.

The last general gathering of Hudson's Bay Company commissioned officers was held in Winnipeg in 1887. There were thirty present, when a memorial picture was taken of them. Times have changed even since that time, but the words written by the writer still remain true:

"The French Explorers are a reminiscence of more than a century and a half ago; the lords of the lakes and forests, with all their wild energy, are gone forever; the Astorians are no more; no longer do the French-Canadian voyageurs make the rivers vocal with their chansons; no more do the sturdy Orcadian oarsmen row the York boats; the pomp and circumstance of the Emperor of the fur-traders has been resolved into the ordinary forms of commercial life; and the rude barter of the early trader has passed into the fulfilment of the poet's dream of the "Argosies of magic sail" and the costly bales of an increasing commerce. The Hudson's Bay Company is still a trading company, doing its share in building up Western Canada."

The next article in this series will deal with "The First Railway to Winnipeg."

THE LACE-MAKER OF BRUGES

By FRANK CALL

HER age-worn hands upon her apron lie
Idle and still. Against the sunset glow
Tall poplars stand, and silent barges go
Along the green canal that wanders by.
A lean, red finger pointing to the sky—
The spire of Notre Dame. Above a row
Of dim, gray arches, where the sunbeams die,
The ancient belfry guards the square below.
A year ago she stood in that same square
And gazed and listened, proud beneath her tears
To see her soldier passing down the street.
To-night the beat of drums and trumpets' blare,
With bursts of fiendish music, smites her ears,
And mingles with the tread of trampling feet.

THE DIARY OF ROBERT CAMPBELL

II.—EXPLORATION OF THE UPPER STIKINE

BY G. W. BARTLETT

THE various Indian tribes of eastern and central Canada have received a great deal of attention from historians and ethnologists, but the heterogeneous swarms of warring tribes which have crowded and slaughtered each other in the mountain valleys of the West and along the Pacific coast have been the perplexity and the despair of scientific investigation.

One of our earliest glimpses of the primitive tribes of the interior of northern British Columbia is obtained by the perusal of the journal of Robert Campbell, the intrepid explorer whose adventurous career has done so much to open up the far Northwest and to establish the claim of Britain to that region by anticipating the Russian preparations to establish a sphere of influence in the interior.

As we have seen in a previous article, after spending two years in the Hudson's Bay Company's service at the Red River and at Norway House, Campbell was sent to the Mackenzie River depot, which marked the frontier on the northwest. Fort Simpson was the monument of the aggressive energy of the great Governor whose name it bears, and to that centre were drafted the most energetic of the company's officers.

"Now, Campbell, don't you get married," were Sir George's parting words. "We want you for active service."

Not the least of the great Governor's qualifications for his big work was his intuitive recognition of the right man for the required job. Arriving at Fort Simpson on October 16th, 1834, the young man found congenial fellow Scots among the officers of the district. Chief Factor, John Stewart, an uncle of the late Lord Strathcona, Campbell describes as "a kindly old gentleman." Nearer his own age was the discoverer of Dease's Lake, J. M. McLeod, his companion in more than one adventure in after years. Another officer, Hutchison, was sent in the spring of 1835 to follow up McLeod's discovery by establishing a fort at the lake and exploring the country west of the mountains. The party had not gone far when a false alarm of hostile Indians caused them to abondon their luggage on a portage and hasten in record time over the homeward trail.

To understand the terror inspired by the Western Indian in the minds of the Mackenzie River tribes, we must recollect that the salmon rivers of the West were paradise valleys of flesh and fish into which the more warlike tribes had been pressing for ages; so that the present conglomerate races which fiercely maintained

their jealous hold on its streams and forests, held their title by virtue of their stern right as the fittest to survive in the ceaseless strife. The coming of the white man complicated without abating the struggle. The dawn of the nineteenth century saw Spaniard, American, Briton, and Russian established on the Pacific coast, eagerly contending by war or diplomacy to secure the largest possible share of the land and of the Indian trade.

By this time the Russian Fur Company had established posts along the coast as far south at latitude 54 degrees, 40 minutes, shutting off the British from navigating the Pacific rivers, and by means of the powerful chiefs of the coast they were striving to extend their trade inland. The Russians did not build forts in the interior, but traded with the chiefs, who in turn carried the goods into the interior and sold them at their own terms. The passes of the mountains were held by the Chilicoots and the Chilikats and other outlaw bands farther south, who extorted a toll on trade from all passing tribes and were as interested as the coast Indians in keeping out traders from the distant East. According to the Mackenzie River Indians, they put to death all unauthorized intruders.

In 1837 Campbell volunteered for the work which the Hutchison expedition had failed to accomplish. He was sent down to Fort Laird to outfit. There he found the greatest difficulty in securing volunteers for what was regarded as a desperate service. After "a false start," caused by the timidity of his men, he returned to refit at Laird, and, resuming his voyage, passed the perilous gorge at Hell Gate, and with nothing worse than a false alarm at Portage Brulé, where he had the utmost difficulty in preventing a stampede of his party, the expedition reached Fort Halkett, where it wintered.

Pushing on next spring to Dease's Lake, they built a rude fort; and there Campbell left the greater part of his men under McLeod, who arrived shortly before the explorer resumed his westward journey, accompanied only by Hoole, his interpreter, and two young Indians named Kitza and La Pie. Embarking in two small canoes they proceeded to the head of the lake; then, shouldering their light camping outfits, they struck boldly over the mountains toward the setting sun. This was on July 28th, 1838.

On the second day they "crossed the shoulder of a lofty, snow-clad mountain," and saw, far below them, a river running through a deep valley. This river afterwards proved to be the Tooya (Tuya), or Upper Stikine, but Campbell promptly named it the Pelly, after the Governor of the company at London.

"As we were descending to the bridge," reads the explorer's journal, "we espied a thin line of smoke issuing from a hut standing on a ledge of the opposite bank, which showed the presence of Indians. . . . In a short time we came to the bridge. It was a rude, rickety structure of pine poles, spliced together with withes, and stretched high above the foaming torrent. The ends of the poles were loaded down with stones to prevent the bridge from collapsing. This primitive structure looked so frail and unstable and the rush of waters below so formidable that it seemed nigh impossible to cross it. It inclined to one side, which did not strengthen its appearance for safety."

On the opposite side an Indian watched their approach; but instead of coming when the white man beckoned, he fled. In the lodge a bright fire was blazing, and over the fire hung three metal pots, showing that the tribe to which the owner belonged had direct or indirect communication with white traders. From the rafters hung a number of split salmon drying. Evidently the tribe was from the west, where the more substantial structure replaces the tepee of the prairie Indian.

Helping themselves to a few of the salmon, they left in exchange a knife and some tobacco in the hunting-bags on the wall. They then recrossed the bridge and took up their sleeping-quarters in a cave of the bank. Early next morning they were aroused by the approach of sixteen Indians.

"We hoisted our flag, and signed to the Indians to come to us. After much hesitation, they slowly approached, and, when close to us, called out that they were friends. As I again beckoned, they began to cross the bridge, the chief holding out a pipe of peace, which we accordingly smoked and passed around."

The visitors were of the Nahany nation, who had been advised of the white man's arrival the night before, by the man at the cabin. The chief had been at the great rendezvous of the western Indians some distance down the river, where they gathered in thousands to trade with the great coast chief, Shakes, who obtained his goods from the Russians at Fort Wrangel, at the mouth of the river. The Nahany chief had never seen a white man, and he secretly hastened from camp to have the honour of slaying the intruders. The discovery of the knife and tobacco in the cabin had shown that the new arrivals were friends; hence the pacific meeting which followed.

"I said I would go on to the main camp; but the chief did all in his power to dissuade me, saying that Shakes from the sea and Indians without number were there; that I was the first white man he had seen; that he had smoked and eaten with me. He loved my blood and did not wish to see it spilled. He had been told that all men from the East were enemies who must be killed. He offered to take me to a place where I could see the camp and depart without being seen. As I was determined to go on, he accompanied me, sending warning parties ahead to prepare for my coming.

"From the top of a hill I caught the first glimpse of an immense camp about thirteen miles from the bridge. . . . Such a concourse of Indians I had never seen before. Gathered from all parts of the Rockies, and as far west as the Pacific, they camp here for weeks, living on salmon, which they spear, or gaff with hooks on poles. To assist in the fishing a dam is built across the river at this point.

"Here I lost sight of my company, all but an Indian who called himself Jack, and spoke a little broken English, had gone ahead to announce my visit to the great Chief Shakes. The Indians crowded around me, asking innumerable questions. My answers were taken up and yelled by hundreds of throats till the rocks and valleys echoed with the sound.

"Presently a road was cleared through the crowd for Shakes, who advanced to meet me. He was a coast Indian, tall and strongly built; and as I afterwards learned, all-powerful among the tribes. He shook hands with me and led me to a tent which had been set up for me. After we had entered and sat down he produced a bottle of whiskey and a cup. I merely tasted the liquor, but all the others had a drink. Meantime the noise without was something awful."

Suddenly there came a shout, a rush, and the tent was swept away before the onset of armed savages. It was not a treacherous attack, but a rescue. The Nahany chief, fearing that Shakes planned treachery, had rushed in with his men, threatening all manner of reprisals if the white man should be injured.

Campbell remained some days at the camp. His British-made equipment attracted attention—and some envy. For several reasons he was eager to deepen this interest, and was also ready at all times to demonstrate the superiority of the firearms and marksmanship of his men, "always reserving a bullet for Shakes," whose hospitality was only skin-deep.

Most of the Indians were armed

with bows and arrows, all their tools being of stone, except those of such as were fortunate enough to obtain goods from the traders. "Their dress is made of deer-skin in one piece, and trimmed either with beads or coloured porcupine quills. The trousers are made of one skin, and the shirt or coat of another. The latter has a hole for the head and two for the arms, but does not open before or behind. The summer garment is without hood or sleeves; but I afterwards found that the winter coat is supplied with both. The winter dress has the hair on, and this is worn on the inside for warmth. They are very fond of ornaments, and will deck themselves with ear-rings, beads, pieces of copper, shells, quills, or feathers. They paint their faces with different shades of red and yellow."

One of the most interesting passages relates to a female chief of the Nahanies, "who commanded not only the respect and obedience of her own tribe, but was influential in the councils of the larger assemblies. She ruled over a tribe about five hundred strong, who led a nomadic hunting life. She was a fine-looking woman about thirty-five years old, rather above middle size. She had a pleasant face, lit up with fine intelligent eyes, which when excited flashed fire. To her kindness and influence we owed much; and more than once, in all probability, our lives."

She was married, but her husband was "a non-entity." After remaining for some time in camp, the explorer withdrew in safety, ("which was more than I expected"). The party ascended a neighbouring hill and, planting their flag, took formal possession, in the name of King William IV., of whose death they were not yet aware. They then returned to the fort they had erected on the lake, where, ill-supplied with provisions, disappointed in their expectation of a supply of trading goods, they spent a winter of hardship and privation rarely equalled even in that rigorous region. They were harassed also by "Russian Indians," who in passing helped themselves to whatever they chose, without the owners daring to protest. But for the friendship of some Mauvais Monde Indians from Fort Halkett, who at the risk of attack, supplied the fort in its dire need, the whole party must have perished. On one occasion the ration for nine men for a day was one squirrel. It is a safe assumption that all the by-products were utilized.

The last meal at Dease's Lake was made by boiling the parchment of the windows and the leather thongs of the snowshoes. Next day McLeod arrived with venison, and the lean days of famine were over.

The importance of this advance of the British into the Stikine River district was soon seen in the offer made by Baron Wrangel, of the Russian company, in 1839, to lease their fur-trading rights on the west coast, an offer which Sir George Simpson accepted on very moderate terms. The advance of the British company across the mountains had broken the Russian company's hold on the fur country in the interior, and made them eager to sell while they had anything to offer.

The extinguishing of this claim clinched Britain's hold on the western Indians and afterwards gave her the rich mines, well-watered ranching valleys, and fruitful lands of northern British Columbia.

The summer tourist who from the window of his Pullman car looks out in wonder and awe upon the stately grandeur of mountain and lake, forest and river, along the great northern route, dreams not of the handful of famished men who boldly won this land and stubbornly held it during the winter-long siege against hostile forces of cold and starvation, and the jealousy of yet more hostile tribesmen.

The third and last article of this series will describe Campbell's advances into "The Last Lone Frontier."

MR. JOHN OGILVY

The veteran Montreal Art Connoisseur.

From the Portrait by J. W. Morrice,

HARMODIOS

BY EDGAR MAURICE SMITH

AUTHOR OF "ANEROESTES THE GAUL"

I.

TWILIGHT faded into night. In the eastern sky a florid moon rose slowly above the dark waters of the Mediterranean. It poured a mellow light upon the besieged city of Saguntum, around which the tents of Hannibal's army stood white and motionless like the outspread sails of a fleet becalmed.

For more than seven months the defenders had been subjected to fierce and incessant assaults, yet they continued the hopeless struggle with unabated zeal. Even the most sanguine had long since ceased to look for succour from Rome; nevertheless the gradual change of feeling from hope to despair had not been accompanied by any thought of surrender. All gazed daily into the eyes of death without a tremour. Such was their courage.

As the bloom of evening developed into the more sombre charms of night, Harmodios, the daughter of Nicanor, departed secretly from her father's house and hastened towards the eastern battlements. Here, standing in the shadow of one of the towers, she looked down upon the tents and camp fires of the enemy that studded the ground between the city and the sea. Every harsh detail of the surroundings was now softened by the rays of the moon, which, moving across the impenetrable dome, eclipsed the stars in its course.

The sight of the ruined walls was painful to this daughter of Saguntum, and it was with horror that her gaze rested upon the metal heads of the battering rams protruding menacingly from beneath the testudines, as if eager for the morrow when they would continue their devastating work.

Harmodios shivered, though not from cold, for the night was balmy and she was wrapped in a long cloak. Her descent from the founders of the city was evidenced by her features of Grecian mould. A scarf of delicate texture mingled with the waves of her hair and overshadowed the smooth surface of her forehead to such a degree as to shade the large gleaming eyes—eyes that seemed to be searching for something in the moon-bathed camp of the enemy. But, with the exception of the sentries pacing to and fro, there was no movement visible from where the watcher stood. Even the sounds of revelry had sunk into slumber. Yet Harmodios waited and watched.

So absorbed was she that she did not notice the approach of a man from the direction in which she herself had come. She started in surprise as he touched her upon the shoulder.

"Fear nothing," said the newcomer gently.

"Ah, my brother Alcon!" exclaimed Harmodios in relief. "What prompted you to search for me here?"

"I have often watched your coming."

"Knowing my purpose?" she asked.

"Even so, my sister. Often have I stood ready to warn you against discovery, while Alorcus has crept close to the battlements and climbed them. Alorcus is a noble man and worthy of your love."

"I am grateful, Alcon, for what you have said, and more for the services that you have, all unknown to me, rendered Alorcus and myself. Perchance he may be able to thank you himself to-night. I am watching for him, but the moonlight is so strong that, much as I yearn to see him, I almost hope he will not venture hither."

"He is the friend of Saguntum and has boldly expressed himself to Hannibal."

"And yet," said Harmodios angrily, "the Senators, with our father at their head, have forbidden him to enter the city."

"In all such matters they have been unwise," murmured Alcon sorrowfully.

Harmodios clasped his hand, which was almost as soft and as white as her own, and looked into his face. Alcon was some years her senior, but he was still numbered among the younger men. In appearance he was as gentle as his nature, which inclined him to the ways of peace. War in any form was repulsive to him, and he alone of all his compatriots favoured making peace with Hannibal. But the Saguntines despised him for his timidity and jeered at his suggestions.

"I would that I could save Saguntum from the fate that hangs over it," continued Alcon after a pause.

"That, I fear, is not possible. Alorcus has pleaded with Hannibal, but he answers that it is for the Saguntines to ask terms."

"Which, alas! they will not do. This very day I waited upon our father in private and begged him to exhort the senate to send an envoy to Hannibal. He would scarce listen to me, but I would not be silenced, and, while he paced up and down in anger, I pointed out to him the folly of maintaining the defence.

"The men," I said to him, "can die without dishonour, but what of Harmodios and the other women?"

"And what said he to that?"

Alcon shivered as he replied: "He said that the women could also die."

"Die!" exclaimed Harmodios, and the word echoed in the silence that followed.

"It must not be," protested Alcon spiritedly, "Hannibal is brave and not unmerciful. Peace he would grant but the Saguntines obstinately persist in defying him. But this shall not deter me from leaving the city to-night and seeking an audience with him."

"You, Alcon?" said his sister in surprise.

"I am determined to do this thing even though my people may curse me. Little fitted am I for the life of a warrior, though, perchance, I may induce Hannibal to spare the city, But look! someone approaches from the camp."

Harmodios ran forward to the edge of the battlements and strained her eyes in the direction indicated by Alcon. A warrior had advanced beyond the outposts of the camp and was running rapidly over the debris of stone and mortar, once the outer wall of Saguntum.

"It is he," she murmured to herself.

"Is it Alorcus?"

The girl nodded in assent without removing her gaze from the approaching figure.

"He is reckless," she said, and raised her hand as though to warn him.

"The sentries will surely see Alorcus," remarked Alcon as he came forward and stood beside his sister.

"The sentry guarding this piece of wall is bound to me to take no notice of Alorcus's visits by night. He, with some of the others who are posted here from time to time, do

this for the respect they bear Alorcus."

"Then he is safe. When he comes I shall ask him to conduct me to Hannibal."

"It would be well to do this if you are determined to undertake the mission. But I fear it will come to naught. The demands of the conqueror are always harsh in the eyes of the conquered. Saguntum is doomed to fall, but the people will never accept Hannibal's terms, be they ever so fair."

"Even so, I shall go."

"You differ in your ways from most men," said Harmodios, "but I see the nobility in you that is not visible to others. I will not try to dissuade you from going to Hannibal, and Alorcus will espouse your cause. He will soon be here. See! he avails himself of the clouded sky to draw nearer. But he must hasten, for the moon is sailing fast toward yon open space. If he were to be seen by one of the distant sentries—" she continued excitedly as she leaned forward with both hands pressing on the rough parapet, unmindful of all else save the approach of her lover.

Alorcus could not boldly dash forward without encountering the risk of attracting unfavourable attention, but his advance, though cautious, was rapid, and he crept within the shadow of the wall as the moon shook herself free from the last remnants of clouds and flooded the surroundings in a strong white light.

"Ah, Alorcus!" cried Harmodios, "you should not have ventured here on such a night."

"I could not restrain myself," he called back, "To watch you in the distance did not satisfy my longing."

"Listen, Alorcus! Alcon, my brother, is here. He is desirous of going to Hannibal, to beg him to treat with the Saguntines. I have said that you will conduct him thither."

"You promised well. For Saguntum I would do much more."

"Thanks, noble Alorcus," said Alcon as he stepped forward to where his sister was bending over, "but would it not be wise for me to join you at once? I have here a rope."

"Yes, yes; go at once," said Harmodios, and seizing the rope she fastened it about the end of a protruding rock in the roughly-built wall. "Farewell, Alcon," she added, "and may success attend your mission. But tarry no longer lest your departure be discovered ere you are well away."

But while she was speaking Alorcus had grasped the rope from below and with astonishing rapidity had climbed to the top of the wall. With a cry of surprised delight Harmodios wound her arms about his neck and returned the warm kisses which he showered upon her.

"It is not safe to tarry," said Alcon presently.

"Alcon speaks the truth," assented Alorcus. "We must start without delay for the camp. But Harmodios, pride of my eyes, will you not accompany us? The city will soon fall and—hark! what is that?"

"Someone is approaching. Quick! Fly!" and Harmodios pushed Alorcus from her.

He motioned Alcon to go first.

Harmodios watched her brother as he let himself over the wall, and she listened impatiently until he reached the ground.

"Follow him quickly," she whispered to her lover.

But a menacing figure at this juncture rushed towards them, and Alorcus, unwilling to leave Harmodios to an uncertain fate, stood his ground, though a short dagger was his only weapon.

"It is my father," exclaimed Harmodios. "You must not remain, else he will call the guard."

"Hasten! Hasten!" came Alcon's voice from below.

Alorcus saw the wisdom of this advice, and, not wishing to have any quarrel with Nicanor, he quickly slipped over the wall. But the keen eyes of Nicanor had espied the movement

and, with an angry shout, he rushed forward. On recognizing Harmodios he halted for an instant, and then raised his sword to cut the rope in two.

Noting his intention Harmodios seized him by the arm. Nicanor was a powerful warrior and without much difficulty shook off his daughter's restraining hold, but the brief delay had proved sufficient for Alorcus to reach the ground.

"Curse you!" exclaimed Nicanor, and he seemed about to smite her. But Harmodios returned his gaze without fear as she replied: "Saguntum has not over many friends that you should kill such a one as Alorcus."

"I value not the friendship of such as he—a man who turns his arms against us—a man who climbs the wall of the city by night to steal the love of my daughter."

"He does not steal it; I gave it to him freely."

"It shall not continue," retorted Nicanor significantly.

Harmodios was filled with uneasiness at these words, and the sight of Nicanor's cruel face, inflamed with anger, did not tend to dispel the feeling.

Nicanor's surprise was great when he saw Alorcus and Alcon emerge from beyond the shadow of the wall, and he exclaimed, "Alorcus is not alone! who is his companion?"

"Alcon."

"Alcon! Why has he left the city?"

"To save it, if that be possible. He goes with Alorcus to have speech with Hannibal."

Upon hearing this Nicanor's anger was uncontrollable.

"Coward!" he cried in a voice thick with passion. "No son of mine art thou, Alcon! Coward! Worse than woman!"

Alcon stopped for a moment upon hearing his father's voice, then continued on his way without even replying.

While the sun was yet low in the eastern horizon Alorcus aroused Alcon from a deep slumber and together they started in search of Hannibal. But even at that early hour the tireless general had left his tent and, with several officers of his staff, was inspecting the fortifications on the western side of the city, against which the main attack was being made.

"Shall we await his return?" asked Alcon.

"No," rejoined Alorcus. "He may not return till night fall, if even then. Hannibal's wants are regulated by circumstances. More than once since the beginning of this siege has he slept in the entrenchments with the soldiers, sharing their food and discomforts. You marvel, I see, but this is only one proof of his greatness. But come, we must find him without delay."

As they walked through the awakened camp Alcon was moved by the savage appearance of many of the warriors who lounged about the newly-made fires. Nearly all were eating, but some had finished their morning meal and were making ready for the day's struggle. The noise of many tongues smote the air in angry discord, Hannibal's army being composed of various races. Libyans there were in great numbers—powerful men hardened by years of service in Africa and Spain. They, with the more lithe Numidians, regarded themselves as superior to the native troops, though they were forbidden by their generals to give expression to such thoughts.

Oft'times this order was disobeyed and fierce quarrels ensued. Iberians of various tribes, wearing tunics of white linen bordered with red and purple, were, however, hardly inferior to their conquerors. They had been trained in the ways of warfare, first by Hamilcar, who saw in them the making of a great army, and later by the wily Hasdrubal, who developed the plan laid out by his

wife's father. And now they bore arms under Hannibal, the greatest of the three. Less civilized Celtiberians, encumbered with but little clothing and with long hair floating over their naked shoulders, talked loudly among themselves, speculating as to the booty that would be theirs when Saguntum was captured.

But Alcon was more appalled by the savage warriors from far-off Lusitania, whose barbarous habits were the wonderment of their more civilized companions in arms. Skins of wild animals were favoured by them as clothing, while their weapons consisted of huge clubs, swords, and spears, according to each one's fancy. Hardly less fierce looking were the Baleares, whose skill with the sling was unequalled. Each man had three of these deadly weapons wound about his head and body, the pebbles and clay balls being carried in a pouch suspended loosely from the waist.

The Carthaginian general, surrounded by a number of his officers, was giving orders for the day and listening to suggestions which were invited rather than offered. This was one of the many ways in which Hannibal endeared himself to those who fought under him. While still a remarkably young man he had succeeded Hasdrubal in command of the army, and indeed as supreme head of the Carthaginian provinces in Spain, but anxiety and constant thought had outpaced time in carving creases on his face. The massive chin, whose contour was hidden by a beard, the rather large mouth, which closed decisively after the utterance of every word, and the prominent nose surmounted by a forehead of great breadth, combined to make his appearance nobly attractive. But all the features were dominated by a pair of dark penetrating eyes, wherein shone the fire of a mighty ambition and a power to satisfy it that would not be blocked by the legions of Rome. Since boyhood he had been inured to all manner of hardships, and the lines of his tall muscular figure were, for strength and beauty, hardly equalled by any of the warriors in the army. The helmet surmounting his black hair was of pure silver inlaid with gold, but his shining breastplate was of inferior metal, and the tunic beneath differed in no way from those worn by many of the soldiers. While in the matter of dress he was ever simple, his weapons were conspicuous for their quality and workmanship. He also gave much attention to the choice of his horses, and the charger held by an attendant, while the day's programme was being arranged, was a magnificent animal.

The fallen walls and the contracted size of the city filled Hannibal with elation, while the sight of the vineæ so close to the last line of defences caused him to exclaim: "Saguntum will soon be ours! But," he added more soberly, "it is time."

"The Saguntines have proved themselves to be no mean fighters and for that reason our victory will be the greater," replied Maharbal, his trusted cavalry leader.

"That may be, but my patience is at an end. I have greater operations to undertake than the capture of Saguntum, and they must not be delayed."

How great those operations were the world was soon to know, and never to forget.

Alorcus and Alcon were subjected to a keen scrutiny as they approached the group of officers. Alorcus was at all times conspicuous for his size and bearing, and now he appeared even more so in contrast with the gentle Alcon.

"Be courageous!" he whispered, "and speak without hesitation."

Alcon's lips quivered, but he did not reply.

"Does Alorcus bring us another warrior?" asked Hannibal.

"Better than a warrior; I bring a citizen of Saguntum, Alcon, son of

Nicanor, who comes to ask what terms you will grant his people if they will surrender."

"The Saguntines have not been over-hasty in applying to me," observed Hannibal harshly.

Alorcus replied: "They should not for that reason be scorned. A brave enemy will not ask for terms when even the smallest hope exists. The noble Hannibal will not condemn his opponents for fighting thus determinedly."

"You speak smoothly, Alorcus, and well I know that your words express your feelings; but many of my bravest soldiers have fallen by the weapons of these Saguntines, and I myself have not escaped being wounded. I offered Saguntum my protection and friendship, but the inhabitants chose rather to call upon Rome, my hereditary enemy, the enemy of all liberty. And what has Rome done for them? Declared war against Carthage, but fears to send an army against me. The Saguntines looked long for the Roman galleys. Every day they climbed the battlements of their city and gazed out upon the waters of the ocean, expecting to see the sails. But no galleys came because none were sent. Thus does Rome defend her ally. Why, then, should I show consideration to the Saguntines? Can you answer that, Alorcus?" and Hannibal turned his eyes upon the Iberian.

"I cannot defend the actions of the Saguntines, nevertheless I ask you to show them mercy, now that they appeal to you."

Hannibal stamped his foot impatiently, then turning suddenly to Alcon he demanded, "What say your people?"

Alcon stepped forward. He exhibited no fear as he looked into the Carthaginian's face and replied:

"My people have said naught of surrender, but, in my opinion, honourable terms would be favourably considered by them. They have fought for their city, which is their right, but they would not have taken up arms against you, Hannibal, had you left them unmolested. They called upon Rome because Rome is the ancient ally of Saguntum. And this only was done when you threatened the city."

"They called upon Rome to settle their differences long before I laid siege to the city," interrupted Hannibal.

"That was no slight to Carthage," replied Alcon. "The differences you refer to were of an internal nature and affected no interests beyond Saguntum. The Saguntines have no quarrel with Carthage, but they felt, and still feel, that you were bent upon the downfall of their city. They have fought bravely and do not fear death. I have come privately to plead for them, seeing the hopelessness of the struggle. Saguntum will surely be yours, but I beg of you to be merciful. Let me return with such terms of surrender as will be accepted."

Alcon's voice became so choked with emotion that he was compelled to cease speaking. Several of those standing nearby were moved by his plea.

"You are a strange man," remarked Hannibal, more kindly, "and your words incline me somewhat to mercy. I will spare the people of Saguntum but not the city. Listen to my terms! I will allow all the inhabitants—warriors with their wives and children—to depart unmolested wheresoever they will, each with one change of raiment and sufficient food to keep them during their journey. But the city and its wealth must be given over to me."

"A generous proposition," said Himilco.

But Alcon wrung his hands in despair.

"You offer them only life," he cried, "Only life."

"Is not that better than death?"

"But they will not accept such harsh terms. Why do you wish to drive them from their homes? De-

mand from them the wealth of the city, which is great, and hostages to insure the maintenance of peace, but leave them their homes. The city is of no value to you."

"It might be to Rome. I would not have a walled city in my rear when I depart hence."

"An alliance could be formed with the Saguntines."

"I could not trust them. They might betray me. The terms I offer are merciful—more than would have been accorded to me had our positions been reversed—more so than would have been granted by Rome. I ask not the lives of any of you, not even of him who hurled the javelin that pierced my side, though I doubt not that he is a hero in your midst. I offer to spare all and allow them to depart in peace. But the city I will raze to the ground; not one stone shall I leave standing upon another."

"Your terms may be just," said Alcon, "but they are humiliating, and the Saguntines will never accept them. Indeed, they would tear to pieces the messsenger who brought them."

"Surely not one of their people."

"Even I would not be safe," replied Alcon mournfully.

Hannibal looked at the man in astonishment.

"The Saguntines must indeed be barbarians," said he, "if they would so treat the bearer of unwelcome tidings. But what will you do?"

"I dare not return. It would mean certain death."

"As you will. Carthage has never refused protection when it has been asked and I shall not deny it to you. But Saguntum will not be spared when it falls, neither will the citizens."

"The people should know of your offer." exclaimed Alorcus passionately. "Alcon may be mistaken as to the fate awaiting the bearer of your message, for, while the Saguntines are a proud people who cannot view defeat with equanimity, they may be brought to realize that there is no disgrace attendant upon the acceptance of such terms as you propose. And then it must be remembered that misfortune calms the spirit and makes it subservient to reason. I pray you, therefore, let me enter the city and place your demands before the head men."

"They will surely kill you," interrupted Alcon.

"I am not afraid."

"I would not have evil befall you, good Alorcus," said Hannibal.

"The Saguntines will respect my mission."

"I shall permit you to enter Saguntum," said Hannibal after a pause, "but warn the people to respect your person. Should any harm befall you I shall be revenged. None in the city shall be spared."

"Excepting Harmodios, I pray you Hannibal."

"Harmodois will, for your sake, be spared; and now go, brave Alorcus, but return before the morning has passed. Otherwise, I shall judge that you have been unwillingly retained. Then shall my vengeance be visited upon Saguntum."

II.

As Alorcus drew near the city, alone and on foot, the Saguntines assembled on the walls and regarded him with evident surprise. No messages had been exchanged between the two forces since the beginning of the siege, though, formerly, Alorcus had been received in the capacity of a friend. Terms had not once been asked for and none had been offered.

Alorcus advanced unhesitatingly to the main gate and in a loud voice demanded admittance as the bearer of a message from Hannibal.

The praetor, who had been hastily summoned by the guard, stepped to the edge of the battlements and replied:

"It is not the wish of the Sagun-

tines to treat with the enemy who has forced this cruel war upon them. Return, therefore, to him who sent you."

But Alorcus, unmindful of the threatening faces looking down upon him from above, said, in a voice full of pleading: "I pray you, Edecon, as praetor of this doomed city, and as a man full of years and wisdom, do not send me away without a hearing; for though I bear arms under the Carthaginian I would save Saguntum from his wrath. Admit me I beg of you."

Moved by the earnestness of the appeal, Edecon ordered the guard to open the gate, and as Alorcus entered he said to him: "I grant your request more on account of your being Alorcus than the emissary of Hannibal."

Alorcus surrendered his sword, as was the custom, and made answer: "I thank you, noble Edecon, for doing me this honour."

"None other but yourself would have been allowed to approach these walls. But come, I will conduct you to the senators."

On the way thither Alorcus was confronted by angry people who were hardly restrained from venting upon him their hatred of Hannibal. Warriors and old men incapable of bearing arms, women, and children, assembled from all sides to get a view of this Iberian who did not fear to trust himself in their midst.

Within the city, as without, everything indicated that further resistance was useless. The faces of the soldiers betokened a determination to continue the hopeless struggle while strength remained in them to raise a sword, but with their diminished numbers and shattered defences this would count for little. The small area to which the city had become reduced through the continual rearing of inner walls made it necessary for the inhabitants to huddle together in the houses yet remaining. And even these, which were few in number, were in some cases almost untenable through being within range of the enemy's catapults. The rocks hurled by these engines frequently crashed through the roofs, causing much destruction and injuring the inmates.

Alorcus viewed the crumbling remains with sorrow, for he had known Saguntum in its glory—a city of noble buildings enclosed by towering fortifications—washed on one side by the clear waters of the Mediterranean, while westward the sun-tinted country rose in gentle tiers towards the blue line of mountains beyond. But war had changed the face of everything, and where the outer wall had once stood the army of the enemy was now assembled. Closer still were the testudines and towers ready to recommence the attack at the order of the general.

Alorcus heeded not the menacing faces about him, nor the women when they jeered at his mission, for even their spirit was unbroken with the abandonment of hope. At last he reached a large open space where the senators had assembled to receive him. There was no attempt at formality and the inhabitants were permitted without rebuke to crowd around while Hannibal's message was delivered.

On the inner edge of the excited throng Alorcus saw Harmodios, her trusting, anxious face shining like a brilliant jewel in the hundreds of others turned towards him. Nicanor regarded him with violent animosity and as he approached cried out: "What brings Alorcus in our midst?"

"The hope of saving the city. I have ever pleaded your cause with Hannibal."

"Whilst fighting against us. What say you to that, most valued friend?"

"I say that my allegiance is due to Hannibal. I swore to support him against all enemies long ere the siege of Saguntum was considered. Much as I feel for this unfortunate city, I would be indeed despicable if I de-

serted the man to whom I am bound by oaths and friendship."

Silence followed these daring words. The people looked askance, one at the other, until as if by a signal their speech broke loose in angry tumult. Anyone professing friendship for Hannibal was detestable in their sight, and, but for the restraining presence of the praetor, an attack would surely have been made upon Alorcus.

"You are the bearer of a communication from Hannibal," said the praetor. "Of what nature is it?"

"Hannibal offers you terms for the surrender of your city."

"We have asked for none, but having maintained a valiant struggle for close upon eight months we will give ear to his terms."

Alorcus saw that all expected more than he could offer, but, without hesitation, said: "Hannibal demands that the city be abandoned to him with all its treasures, but he pledges himself to allow all the inhabitants to depart unmolested, each with a change of raiment."

On hearing these words the faces of the men hardened in anger, and all listened eagerly when Nicanor began speaking.

"What greater insult could Hannibal offer us?" he asked. "He promises us our lives and one change of raiment, as though we were humble suppliants instead of a people who have withstood his fierce attacks. And he has felt our force. His warriors we have slain by the hundreds; many of his officers have perished, and he himself has not escaped scatheless. Even now he limps as a result of his wound."

"It is so. Nicanor speaks the truth," shouted several.

"We will never surrender," added another.

Many took up this cry.

Unmindful of the growing wrath of the populace, Alorcus spiritedly retorted: "Hannibal has, as Nicanor says, not escaped scatheless, but his vengeance does not extend to him who caused his wound."

At this a warrior known as Caturiges stepped forward.

"I care not for the vengeance of the Carthaginian," he announced with no little bravado. "It was my javelin that wounded him. Another time my aim will be more fatal."

The crowd applauded this declaration, the shrill voices of the women rising wildly above the men's. Caturiges was a hero to be honoured.

Meanwhile the senators held a hurried consultation, after which Edecon, the praetor, commanded silence while he delivered the reply to Hannibal's offer.

"The terms you bring from the Carthaginian," said he to Alorcus, "are not acceptable to the Saguntines."

A shout of approval interrupted him. When quiet was restored he continued: "We will not, therefore, consider them further; we even spurn them. If Hannibal would have the city he must take it by force. Such is our answer."

The people emphasized their assent to this defiance and the tumult became deafening. Hannibal's terms had only determined them to fight the more fiercely.

But even then Alorcus raised his voice until he forced a hearing.

"You spurn the terms offered you by Hannibal," said he, "as though it rested with you to choose your fate. You speak without one thought of what your rash words will bring, and in your unreasoning anger you neglect to consider your desperate position. The city cannot withstand the assaults many more days. Perchance to-day will see its downfall. The inner defences which you raised when the outer walls fell are now weakened and in places overwhelmed by the battering rams which stand waiting to resume the attack. Therefore, weigh carefully what you would have me say to Hannibal before you bid me go. It is hard to be compelled to

give up your beloved city," continued Alorcus. with a passionate earnestness which vibrated in his voice, "but much of it is already in the hands of your enemy, and what remains with you is being destroyed before your sight. You are proud, O people of Saguntum; but you must humble yourselves as others have done whom the gods willed should meet defeat. Deserted by Rome, your only hope is to accept the terms of the conqueror, and he offers life to you all. Refuse, and not one man will be spared, while your women will be given over to the victorious warriors for their pleasure. Knowing all this, will you persist in defying Hannibal?"

Some few seemed influenced by these words, no less than by the sincerity of the speaker. Noting this, Nicanor quickly replied: "You plead Hannibal's cause with much fervour and I mistrust your friendship for Saguntum. Only last night you induced my son Alcon to leave the city."

"It is not so," protested Alorcus, "Alcon left the city in the hope of inducing Hannibal to spare it. I accompanied him to the general—that is all."

The populace, at first surprised by the nature of Nicanor's accusation, now turned threateningly upon Alorcus. His denials were as nothing to them. They talked rapidly among themselves.

Amid the confusion Harmodios cried out: "Alorcus speaks the truth—the truth." But none heeded her. She was about to rush forward among the senators to reiterate her words when the praetor again addressed Alorcus.

"If what you say is true why has Alcon not returned to the city with Hannibal's terms?"

"Alas, Edecon, he remains with the Carthaginian because he feared death at the hands of his own people. When Hannibal listened to his entreaties and made reply that he would grant life to the Saguntines, according to the terms I have already laid before you, the gentle Alcon thereupon declared that his people would surely slay the bearer of such news."

"You were not so wise as he," interrupted Caturiges.

"As Hannibal's ambassador I am entitled to protection, and as the friend of Saguntum I should be granted a respectful hearing. If Alcon truly had cause to fear your wrath it is to the shame of the city, for the terms are not of his making."

"I believe not this tale," cried Nicanor angrily. "If Alcon went to Hannibal to implore mercy for the city he would not have failed to return. He has surely been detained as a hostage while this man comes in the guise of a friend to prevail upon us to surrender."

"A messenger to Hannibal's camp can prove the truth of my words."

"And he would also be detained. No, let Hannibal keep Alcon and do with him whatsoever he will, but I, for one, am unwilling that Alorcus should be allowed to return."

Seeing that danger threatened her lover, Harmodios stepped forward in the midst of the senators.

"You do Alorcus an injustice," said she, as they regarded her with surprise. "He comes here to befriend Saguntum. Alcon remains in the camp of the Carthaginian of his own free will, for ere he departed last night he was filled with fear as to your reception of him when he should come back. Alorcus is here in his place and you threaten him as though you were barbarians."

From maidenly supplication, Harmodios's manner had changed to angry censorship.

Quickly recovering from his surprise, Nicanor pushed his daughter aside and replied: "Women's words do not influence the councils of the Saguntines. My daughter lies to protect her lover. I mistrust him."

"So do I," shouted Caturiges.

"We do all mistrust him," added several.

"He comes to examine our defences," continued Nicanor.

"Your tongue is coated with lies," replied Alorcus. "My friendship for Saguntum exceeds yours. But you are brave with your insults because I stand unarmed."

Nicanor laughed maliciously.

"I can prove you to be a spy," he said. "Only last night you entered the city by stealth in order to find a weak spot for the enemy to storm."

"That lie is greater than all the others you have uttered."

"Did you enter the city last night?" asked one of the senators of Alorcus.

"I did approach the wall and climb to the top."

"For what purpose?"

Alorcus refused to reply.

"Did I not speak the truth?" shouted Nicanor triumphantly. "This man is a spy. Death to the spy!"

"He is no spy," retorted Harmodios vehemently. "He came to the wall of the city to meet me."

Nicanor uttered a cry of rage and struck her full in the face. But he had hardly done so when Alorcus rushed upon him and hurled him with great violence to the ground.

Instantly Alorcus was seized by several armed warriors who threatened him with death. The crowd surged forward with angry cries ready to tear to pieces this enemy who had dared to lay hands upon a senator.

Harmodios attempted to reach Alorcus's side, but Nicanor, who had scrambled to his feet, held her back.

"Desist or you will but lose your own young life!" he said, and she knew from the expression of his face that he would himself kill her.

Alorcus was quickly bound, but his courage was unshaken as he stood before his persecutors.

"Hannibal shall surely avenge this insult," he cried. "None of you shall escape the wrath of the great chieftain whose forces surround your city. You have refused his terms with scorn and have laid violent hands upon his ambassador. Saguntum shall be sacked. All the fighting men, yes, and old men, will be killed, and the young women will be handed over to the soldiers. Not one shall escape, save Harmodios."

The anger in his face vanished as his eyes met hers.

"You would reserve her for yourself," retorted Nicanor, "but you will be disappointed. When the city falls the women will be saved from dishonour in a manner befitting the Saguntines, and Harmodios will be of the number. And for yourself, Alorcus, you will witness the sacrifice before you meet your death."

Alorcus paled at this threat. He knew somewhat of the manner in which these people would destroy themselves, rather than fall into the hands of an enemy, and he felt powerless to save Harmodios.

He was conveyed, securely bound, to Nicanor's house and placed in a cell. An armed warrior guarded the door.

III.

When by mid-day Alorcus had not returned to the camp, Hannibal judged that he had been forcibly detained. He thereupon gave orders for the resumption of the attack, and, being informed that the gate on the north side of the city was but poorly defended, he deputed Marharbal to ride thither in haste with a body of cavalry.

Meanwhile the Saguntines were assembling on their walls. As the vineæ and towers advanced they raised a mighty shout of defiance and began hurling missiles almost before the enemy were within range.

Noting the suffering on Alcon's face, Hannibal said to him: "Retire to my tent if you would not witness the destruction of your people, for I shall show them no mercy."

The battle was soon raging fiercely. The Carthaginians fought with

the certainty of victory, while the expectation of defeat did not lessen the ardour of the Saguntines. But they were forced to watch the besiegers pressing closer and yet closer without being able to attempt a sally, for the presence of the opposing force drawn up in line of battle made such a move impossible. And now some few regretted their precipitancy in refusing Hannibal's terms.

The battering rams worked unceasingly. Beneath the protection of the testudines hundreds of brawny warriors, perspiring even in their nakedness, drove the metal heads with irresistible force against the inner walls. The dull pounding rose ominously above the other sounds of battle. Lofty towers filled with armed men and catapults advanced even closer, and, from the several storeys, javelins, arrows, and huge masses of rock were hurled into the city, killing and maiming many. In conjunction with this, the Balearean slingers stationed on the rising ground, poured a deadly hail of pebbles and clay balls into the thinning ranks of the defenders. But a desperate resistance was maintained and the assailants suffered not a little. Ere long, however, several breaches were visible in the walls.

It was Hannibal's plan to make an opening of sufficient magnitude to permit of an advance by his infantry, but while working with this end in view a messenger arrived from Maharbal stating that he had forced an entrance by the gate.

"The end has come at last!" exclaimed Hannibal.

Within the city all was confusion, and when it was known that the Carthaginian cavalry had gained control of the northern gate a panic ensued. Seeing that the end was at hand, the senators and other prominent men retired from the walls and turned their attention to a huge pyre which had been constructed near the citadel. Upon this they were determined to destroy themselves with their families and other possessions.

Slaves were running hither and thither carrying oil and pitch to their masters, who spread these combustibles thickly upon the pyramids of wood. When it was thus made ready the citizens proceeded to their houses and returned bearing in their arms all kinds of valuables—bracelets, necklets, and baldrics studded with jewels, drinking-cups of pure gold and silver and rich ornaments. Others carried cloaks and wear apparel of the finest texture. So great was the accumulation that it seemed impossible to destroy them before the city would fall.

Harmodios was not ignorant of the horrible death that awaited her. She also knew that Alorcus would witness it ere he shared a similar fate. Her youthful spirit, so full of life and expectation, rebelled against such a sacrifice. Death was repellant to her. If she could only free her lover he might yet save her and himself. This thought recurred to her with such persistency that at last she determined to try and win over the guard. Should he inform on her to Nicanor she would suffer immediate death, but hope was silhouetted against the lurid background of danger.

Hastily leaving the room she betook herself to the door of the prison chamber.

"May I enter?" she asked of the warrior standing there.

"Nicanor's orders cannot be disobeyed," he replied.

Harmodios unfastened her necklace of jewels and offered it to him as a bribe.

"Of what use is that?" he said. "Before night I shall be dead."

"But I can grant you life," exclaimed Harmodios excitedly. "The Carthaginian army is at hand and will soon be in possession of the city. Hannibal will spare none, so great is his wrath against the Saguntines, for the manner in which they have misused his ambassador. Free Alorcus

and your life shall be spared! Now let me pass!" And she advanced towards the door.

But the guard was obdurate. Even life did not appeal very powerfully to him, for, with the fall of the city, he was ready to die.

"Be quick!" cried the girl. "The pyre is completed and my father may return at any time."

"I cannot do what you ask. This Alorcus is a traitor and it is well that he should die."

He turned away, but as he did so she glided after him and drawing a dagger from beneath her cloak buried it with one powerful stroke between his shoulders.

"You scorned life," said she, "so I give you death."

The man fell with a cry of agony, his accoutrements resounding noisily upon the stone floor. Without bestowing a look upon him, Harmodios tore away the barriers against the door and burst into the cell. With the dripping dagger still clasped firmly in her hand she rushed towards Alorcus, who lay in the furthermost corner, tightly bound. At first he thought her some crazed creature come to kill him, but when he recognized her his surprise was hardly less than his joy.

"It is I!" she exclaimed. "Harmodios."

"What brought you here?" he asked. "And this blood, what does it mean? Are you wounded?"

"No, no, I slew the guard, so that I might save you," and she proceeded to cut the cords that bound him.

"But we cannot escape," said Alorcus gently. "All the streets are filled with people, and I am unarmed."

He took her blood-stained hand in his and stroked it.

"Hannibal is storming the city," she explained. "If you listen you will hear the rams battering the walls. Many warriors are slain and a part of the force has already entered by the northern gate. The Saguntines are making ready their holocaust—we must leave here."

Harmodios spoke rapidly but without hesitation. In the midst of her excitement she realized the necessity for concealment in order to escape from her father.

"I have no sword," said Alorcus regretfully.

"The guard's!" she exclaimed and, running to the hallway, she picked up the weapon beside the corpse.

"Now follow me!" she went on, but suddenly she stopped and then hurried back to the side of Alorcus.

Nicanor blocked the way.

"I have arrived in time," said he.

Alorcus met his eyes without hesitation.

"We are one to one," he replied. "Release my daughter!"

"She stays by my side from choice and I shall not give her to you to be wantonly sacrificed. Stand aside, while we pass! I would leave it to others to kill the father of Harmodios."

For answer Nicanor rushed forward, with sword upraised. The attack was sudden, but Alorcus warded off the blow and retaliated with a thrust that drew blood from below the shoulder. Nicanor dropped his weapon and fled.

"You should not have let him go," said Harmodios. "He will return with armed men and we will be overpowered."

"I spared him because he was your father."

While speaking he changed his sword for the one Nicanor had dropped.

"He would not spare us. He will return, I tell you, and drag me to the fire, as the other citizens are doing with their wives and daughters."

She held Alorcus tightly by the arm and spoke with a vehemence that overwhelmed her self-control.

He looked into the dark depths of her eyes, which burned with a desire to live, and the desire became communicated to him.

"Let us hasten to the tower," said he, "it is better fitted for defence than here."

"You must spare none," she counselled as they climbed the steps. "All who attack us must be killed. I shall assist you with my dagger, and if you fall I shall turn its blade against myself. My body will not burn in the fire."

Alorcus required no further encouragement. Harmodios's boldness had relieved him from captivity, and the hope filled him that he would be able to protect her and himself until Hannibal gained possession of the city. His head was bare and he wore no defensive armour over his tunic, but the sword he carried was a magnificent weapon and he felt confident of being able to beat off a number of assailants.

Standing on their elevated retreat the whole city and its surroundings were revealed to their anxious gaze. The battering-rams had some time earlier demolished portions of the wall at several points and were now withdrawn, while the infantry stormed the newly-made breaches. But it was impossible for the catapults and scorpions to continue operations for fear of the missiles striking the besiegers, many of whom were now within the city.

In every quarter the battle proceeded with unremittant fury. Maharbal and his cavalry continued to advance steadily, their long-swords cutting a way through the defenders, who, knowing that death alone could be their fate, fought without any thought of self. Their reckless daring created no slight loss among their opponents—warriors of many nations, some heavily armed and wearing coats of mail, others naked to the waist, swinging brass-studded clubs.

Those who had earlier in the day been occupied in working the rams and catapults did not wait to clothe themselves, but seizing any weapons they could find hastened in the wake of the regular lines. All were eager for the blood of the Saguntine warriors, who had withstood them so long, while the spoil that was now almost within their reach was an equally strong incentive. They jostled one another in the mad rush. Some fell wounded by their companions, but none heeded their cries.

Gradually the Saguntines were driven back to the centre of the city, maimed, bleeding, but ever fighting, till overcome by death. Their bodies lay thick upon the ground, but mingled with them were many of Hannibal's soldiers—swarthy Libyans, lithe Iberians, and savage-looking warriors from the wilds of Asturia. Onward forged the victorious mass, trampling alike upon the wounded and dead. And all the while the afternoon sun bathed the sanguinary scene in a golden light that was reflected from the armour and helmets of the combatants, and emblazoned the swords as they rose and fell.

But a more gruesome scene than battle was being enacted at the pyre The wealth of the city had been gathered together and placed thereon, until its surface was almost hidden by the mass of gold, silver, and ornaments—a gorgeous altar for the sacrifices about to be offered. All the senators and many of the chief citizens stood nearby with their wives and daughters, whose faces seemed the more white in contrast with the black mantles they wore. At a sign from the praetor the wood was ignited. Throughout the multitude came an oppressive silence which was not broken as the hungry flames began to shoot upward with a crackling sound.

No one moved.

"Do not delay!" cried the praetor in a loud voice, "else the Carthaginians will be upon us."

Thus exhorted, an old man stepped forward, accompanied by his wife and daughter. All three mounted the steps leading to the top of the pyre and, without any sign of fear, leaped into the midst of the smoke, which

was now so thick as to hide them almost completely from view. A suffocating scream followed by an ominous silence caused a tremour to run through those watching from below.

Several citizens now advanced, but the women hesitated; some began to weep piteously while begging for delay. But their supplications availed them nothing. One warrior seized his unwilling daughter and rushed with her in his arms up the stairway into the fire. Through a rift in the smoke she could be seen still struggling to free herself from the fatal embrace.

The examples thus set were quickly followed. The restraint that, in the beginning, had possessed the crowd, was now replaced by a maddening enthusiasm which became communicated to all save the younger women. Their terrified yells and beseechings surcharged with tears failed to move the determination of the executioners, who hurled them one after another into the holocaust.

Mothers saw their daughters consumed before their eyes, and then unhesitatingly gave themselves up to a similar fate. The fires raged furiously, and the smell of burning flesh was oppressive. Charred bodies formed a thick layer on top of the burning mass, amid which each fresh victim writhed in agony. The deadly work was carried on without delay, but many still remained awaiting destruction, and the Carthaginians were drawing near.

"Make haste!" shouted the aged praetor, in tones that were heard above the women's shrieks.

Meanwhile Alorcus stood at the head of the stairway awaiting the return of Nicanor. As the time passed he began to hope that he would not come. But Harmodios knew that her father would revenge himself in some unexpected manner, and even the sight of the Carthaginian cavalry now close at hand did not banish the fear that filled her. She crept to the edge of the roof and looked over. Amid the confused mass of men, women, and children standing around the fire she saw Nicanor, who suddenly snatched a flaming brand and rushed with it towards the house. The people applauded his action, and, as Harmodios stood up in full view of them, they jeered and scoffed, though she could not hear what they said.

"Put up your sword!" said she to Alorcus. "My father has found a means of destroying us that you cannot prevent."

Alorcus hastened to her side, and the Saguntines yelled the louder.

"Escape!" cried Nicanor scoffingly.

Alorcus brandished his sword in defiance, and the crowd jeered the more. But their attention soon reverted to themselves, for it was now evident that the enemy would arrive upon the scene before the sacrifices were completed. Numbers of the Saguntines therefore withdrew themselves with their families to the houses yet remaining in their possession and setting fire to them calmly awaited death.

"All are to die by fire," murmured Harmodios as she crept closer to Alorcus.

"We must escape," he said, "there is a way. The Carthaginian cavalry will soon be here and we can join them."

"But the fire! Already the smoke is becoming thick about us."

"We must fight our way through it. Come, let us descend!"

Harmodios shook her head.

"It cannot be," she replied. "Armed warriors gathered by Nicanor await below to slay us. I saw them but now. We must die, Alorcus," she continued desperately, "but I dread the cruel flames. It would be kind if you would pierce my heart with your sword. Say that you will, Alorcus?"

"No, no, we must escape! I can see Maharbal approaching at the head of his cavalry. The Saguntines are falling before his warriors—the bat-

tle is at an end. Listen, and you can hear the shouts of victory!"

"But we are doomed, Alorcus. The flames will soon reach us. Do not let me burn, I beg of you! Kill me with your sword!" she entreated, her lips close to his.

Alorcus did not answer, but, seizing her by the hand, rushed to the stairway. Volumes of smoke were rolling upwards, but this did not deter him. Harmodios tottered. He tore off his tunic and wound it around her head. Then picking her up in his arms he began the descent.

The smoke was suffocating and blinded him, while the flames singed his hair and skin, but he pushed on. Fire surrounded him on every side and seemed to burn into his eyes: still he did not close them. A faintness began to creep over him; he gasped for breath, and for a moment leaned against the wall, but the contact of the burning wood with his flesh roused him to fresh effort.

He was now at the foot of the stairway, and the street was seen through a curtain of fire. He halted in order to draw his sword, then, burying his face against the almost lifeless form of Harmodios, he pressed forward. Thick smoke clogged his nostrils, flames danced before his vision, the consciousness of an intense burning came to him as he staggered towards life without. As in a dream he saw Maharbal advancing at the head of the Carthaginian troops. Suddenly a warrior loomed up before him—it was Nicanor. Though encumbered with the weight of Harmodios, Alorcus thrust with his sword and the aim was true. But he could not withdraw the weapon and he left it sheathed in the body of his enemy. Then a great faintness seized him and all was darkness. He fell forward almost at the feet of Nicanor.

When he opened his eyes Harmodios was bending over him.

THE PEACE CONFIRMED IN HEAVEN

From an Engraving by Nattier of the original painting by Rubens in the Louvre, Paris. Reproduced by courtesy of M'lle Charlotte Lénard.

FOR FATHER GASTINE

BY H. MORTIMER BATTEN

IT was the year of the great plague, which began away down in the Missouri and spread rapidly northwards among the Indians of the forest foothills. For Dan Hardwick, the trader, it had been a bad season. He had travelled more than a hundred miles to trade with the Indians of Lost River, and now that he had arrived there it was only to find that the village, like others he had left behind him, had been visited by the plague. All the Indians were gone, leaving their dead behind them.

Hardwick left his team and strolled into the nearest tepee. All manner of rubbish strewed the floor, and the atmosphere of the place was unwholesome. As his eyes became accustomed to the gloom he noticed a strange-shaped bundle lying at his feet, and kicked it lightly with the toe of his snowshoe. Thereupon the bundle squirmed and emitted a wail of anguish—unmistakably the cry of a child.

"Jumping Judas!" quoth Dan Hardwick. "They've gone and left a papoose!"

He was about to turn on his heel and leave the child to its fate without further investigation when again that weak, plaintive cry stabbed the chilly silence of the tent.

A sudden sense of ownership and pity, which was entirely foreign to his nature, rose up in Hardwick's heart. He went back to the sled, took his spare parki from under the lashings, and rolled the half-starved baby boy in it. He sat down to think.

It came to this: the kid was his if he cared to take it. Certainly some years must pass before the youngster could be of any use to him, but he could get it fed and fostered cheaply enough at the Holy Cross Jesuit Mission. Hardwick had no partner, and often he was compelled to hire Indian help at four dollars a day, so if he legally adopted the child it might prove a good investment for the future.

A fortnight later Hardwick called at the Holy Cross Mission, and left the Indian child with Father Gastine, together with the sum of five hundred dollars.

"On the strict understanding that the youngster's mine whenever I come back for him," he explained. "Reckon it's up to you mission folk to look after destitute Indian children, but I want to treat you on the square. You can cram as much grub and religion down his throat as you like, and I'll pay for it."

Dan Hardwick was a stranger at the mission station in those days. Father Gastine smiled agreement as he took the child in, for he was used to dealing with these rough, outspoken men of the woods, who were kindly and sympathetic at heart.

"Warbush, see here what I've got!" shouted the priest, as he closed the mission station door and carried the wide-eyed infant into the reception-room. The priest was no longer a young man, and life out there on the prairie's edge was at times a lit-

tle monotonous. In response to his call a long-haired Indian, wearing chaparejos and a deerskin shirt, strolled from the kitchen. He looked in black-eyed wonderment at the child, then without a word clapped his hands and screwed his face out of all recognition. The baby laughed gleefully, exposing a row of tiny pearl-like teeth, at which the Indian exclaimed: "Ugh! Coyoteo!" And thereafter the Indian orphan was known by the name of Coyoteo, or Little Coyote.

Warbush had become a Christian Indian some ten years previously. A member of the Blackfoot nation he had fallen a victim to prairie fever, and would have died out on the plains had it not been for Father Gastine. Since then he had lived at the Mission station as kitchen man and dog musher, water-carrier, and bootblack. Father Gastine could have had no more dutiful servant and bodyguard than Warbush. He had attached himself to the priest with that faithfulness and dog-like devotion that the raw savage sometimes will extend towards a man of higher caste.

But now that little Coyoteo was come, Warbush soon began to see that a change had taken place at the mission station so far as he was concerned. Hitherto he had been the priest's sole companion. Of an evening he had squatted himself by the stove, and listened in wide-eyed silence while Father Gastine told of the wonders that existed across the sea; of the railways and street cars; of mighty cities with their pulsing streets and great cathedrals. But now little Coyoteo occupied all the priest's spare moments. He was a weakly little fellow for his age, and had much to learn that he should have known already. And thus, amusing himself with the youngster, Father Gastine often forgot all about the silent figure seated in its old place by the stove.

Not that Warbush bore little Coyoteo any malice—such is not the true Indian's nature. Father Gastine loved the child; that was enough for him. Father Gastine would teach the boy to read and write; would teach him that above all things he must love and serve God and the white trader who was to be his master in later life; Warbush, when the time came, would instruct the child in the art of woodcraft, and teach him many a lesson of the trails, which those who travel the northland must know.

Once a year Dan Hardwick paid flying visits to the station, and talked in a business-like manner regarding Coyoteo's upbringing. On these occasions he seldom asked to see the child, and such toys as the Indian boy possessed were whittled with infinite pains by Warbush. But Coyoteo grew fit and strong, and was such a happy, joyous little fellow that many a bearded pilgrim of the woods envied Hardwick his possession.

There were stories afloat concerning the trader which, as time passed by, came to the priest's hearing. One spring Hardwick returned from the woods without his partner and on the point of starvation. He told the tale that his partner had died from privation, but some time later a skeleton was found on the river margin by which Hardwick had travelled. In the skull was the mark of a bullet, and one of the fingers of the right hand was crippled.

Was it the skeleton of Hardwick's partner? Men who knew Hardwick fell silent when the question arose. Two men with just enough grub to take one of them back alive, and Hardwick's partner had possessed a crippled finger!

There were tales, too, of a trader who drove his dogs till they left bloody pawmarks in the snow; who was suspected by the Government of trading firewater with the Indians of far-back regions, and whose name stank in the nostrils of the people as that of a bully, a grass snake and a braggart. For such reasons the trader travelled the trails alone, for no one cared to accompany him, waiting

till the Indian child he had adopted was old enough to don a pair of snowshoes.

Small wonder, then, that Father Gastine, of Holy Cross, looked with sad thoughtfulness at the child he had come to love when he heard the crunch of Dan Hardwick's snowshoes outside the mission door.

It was a July evening. Nine years had passed since the day when the white trader brought Coyoteo to the mission station. In the reception-room the Father Superior sat with his gray head between his hands, while at his side Warbush, with many guttural grunts, was teaching Coyoteo the art of making mucklucks.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. The priest rose to his feet and opened it. At the threshold stood Hardwick the trader.

There was no need to mention the object of his visit. The priest turned to little Coyoteo and shook his head gravely. "He is too young to accompany you yet," he stated. "Give him another year at least."

Hardwick raised his eyebrows and clinked his way to the stove. It was not difficult to read Father Gastine's thoughts, and the trader's answer was insolent: "That so! I don't ask your advice, Father Gastine. I came here for the boy."

A faint smile of indescribable sadness curved the old priest's lips. "I am aware of that, Mr. Hardwick," he answered quietly, "but you must remember that you have entrusted Coyoteo's upbringing to me. I have nursed him and educated him with infinite pains since his babyhood. I am now an old man, and I never had a child of my own, though had I possessed one I should have loved him no more than I love little Coyoteo. He is nothing to you, but to me he is everything in the world. In consideration of this you will surely allow that I have some right to advise you regarding his future."

The trader stretched out his long thin legs and scowled at Coyoteo. Father Gastine had drawn the boy to his side and was standing with one arm round him, as though to defend him from some sudden danger that was menacing them both.

"I don't see it," answered Hardwick briefly. "You have been liberally paid for what you have done. You have merely been responsible for the youngster during his babyhood."

The priest rose to his feet, and went across to the safe in the corner of the room. From it he drew a wad of bills, and handed it to Hardwick. "Here is every cent you ever paid me for the boy, with compound interest added," he said triumphantly. "The love of a child cannot be purchased, and all you have done for Coyoteo counts as nothing before Heaven. He is mine, body and soul —my best possession on all God's earth. I would gladly go through life barefooted if I could keep him by me. If you take him from me now you do an unpardonable sin."

Hardwick rose to his feet. He glanced through the wad of bills. Then he let them fall from his fingers to the floor. "No you don't," he answered quickly. "This is an ordinary business transaction, and you don't skin out of it like that. As for the rest— you seem to forget that if it hadn't been for me the boy wouldn't be alive at all."

The Jesuit shook his head slowly. "I do not forget," he answered. "Nine years ago you took pity on a destitute Indian child and brought him here. Sometimes I wish you had never done so."

A sudden flush crept over Hardwick's weather-beaten face. His eyes, so gray as to be almost colourless, fixed the priest with a stony stare. "What do you mean by that?" he inquired with quiet significance.

"I mean," said Father Gastine, "that I would rather little Coyoteo had died out yonder at Lost River than that he should live to become your partner."

Hardwick clenched his fists, but his eyes rested on the ivory crucifix that hung from the priest's neck. He took up his sombrero, and moved towards the door. At the threshold he paused and looked back into the room.

"The boy is legally mine," he said coolly. "I am going to prove it to you, then force you to give him up to me. I shall call again to-morrow evening."

Father Gastine heard the closing of the door, followed by the man's footsteps outside and the rumble of hoofs. Only too well he knew that Hardwick had the law in his favour. He seated himself by the window, and the shadow of one arm of the great white cross in the compound without—that symbol of love and tenderness—fell across his broad shoulders, as his own arm encircled the child at his side.

Little Coyoteo sobbed softly. He knew only that some bitter calamity had befallen the man he loved. Warbush stood back in the shadows, staring, staring, while away across the prairie galloped a single horseman on a gray cayuse, a smile of sinister triumph on his lips.

Once an Indian, always an Indian. Silently, in his cowhide moccasins, Warbush stole out of the room where the old priest was seated. At the threshold he paused, and looked back at Father Gastine with lingering thoughtfulness. He went to his own little room, and from a musty shelf where it had lain forgotten since he became a Christian, he took a rusty muzzle-loader. He donned the clothes he had worn ere Father Gastine clothed him in white man's garments, and with his saddlepack on his arm stole noiselessly out of the house.

All was very still outside. The air was fragrant with the scent of flowers, refreshed by the cool of evening —flowers the Indian himself had planted, to watch their growth with pride and wonder. He stooped, and plucking two of them, laid them on the stone steps of the station. Between them he laid the mission medal, on one side of which was embossed the head of the great Katharine, and below he wrote some childish message in a childish hand.

An hour later the Blackfoot brave slopped lightly from his cayuse in a hollow of the prairie near to the group of shanties known as Berwick's Camp. Keeping to the hollows he approached a large white building which stood separate from the rest, and by the portico of which was tethered a gray cayuse.

Warbush stood by the open parlour window, a keen, picturesque figure in the evening sunshine, and listened. From the room beyond came the clink of glasses and the sound of men's voices—one louder than the rest, which he recognized.

The Indian half raised the muzzle-loader, and called the trader by name. He waited breathlessly while the sound of footsteps came along the passage; then there was a deep report and silence.

The men ran from the saloon to find the body of Hardwick, shot through the heart, lying beside the parlour door. The bar-tender prodded the inert figure with his toe, and thrust his revolver back into its holster. "Ugh!" he muttered. "There lies the dirtiest skunk that ever sold hootch to a redskin."

That night, when the stars shone out, Warbush drew rein at the crest of a high ridge, and looked down into the valley at the home he had loved so long. There was the great white cross with its sheltering arms outstretched; there upon the lighted window fell the old familiar shadows.

For a minute or so the Indian gazed as though reluctant to ride away. Then he turned his face towards where the aurora shone palely in the sky, and crossing himself reverently he passed on, riding towards the great unsurveyed, where the white man's law is a thing unknown.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

WARSAW and Ivangorod have fallen, but victory has been bought by the Germans at a heavy price. For a year, with varying intensity, Russia has had to meet single-handed the combined attacks of the Austro-German armies along the eastern front. The capture of Warsaw after a year of fighting is therefore not much to boast of, particularly when the Russian armies remain intact and capable of still maintaining the offensive. On three previous occasions Field Marshal von Hindenburg struck at the heart of Russian Poland, only to be flung back by the great white bear, lacerated and exhausted. It was only by the concentration of overpowering numbers sufficiently strong to undertake a vast enveloping movement that Warsaw was rendered untenable and the Grand Duke Nicholas forced to straighten his line and shorten his front by withdrawing to the River Bug. Before retiring, the Polish capital and all the adjoining country were stripped by the Russians of everything of military value, and thousands of the civil population and all the public agencies, that ministered to the industrial and social needs of the community were withdrawn from Polish soil. In addition to the tremendous strain of a year's war on this front the German victors must bear the disappointment of unrealized hopes regarding spoils. The net gains to the Germans are increased prestige and the occupation of a buffer strip of land between Russia and East Prussia.

Russian Poland projects westward to a point only one hundred and eighty miles from Berlin, and is bounded on the north by East Prussia, and on the south by Galicia. East Prussia is marshy country and during the rainy season, as Napoleon found to his cost, liable to become a vast morass. West of this marshy territory is the line of the Vistula, protected by the German fortresses, Thorn, Graudenz, and Danzig. The natural difficulties in the way of a Russian advance are enormous, and not lessened by the defects in railway transport, and the peculiar nature of her communications. Germany has seventeen lines of railway leading to the Russian frontier, which enable her to despatch five hundred troop trains daily to the Russian frontier, and to concentrate in a few days immense numbers of men at any point desired. Russia has five railway lines only to bring up reinforcements and supplies. The same strategic difficulties exist on the southern front. The Carpathian passes are pierced by seven railways, which enable Austria-Hungary to concentrate in a few days over a million men and supplies on the plains of Galicia, where eight railways are available for rushing them to the frontier. As against these Austrian strategic railways Russia has only four lines. Another remarkable fact which has come to light is that while in general the gauge of

Russian railways differs from the German and Austrian, on the Warsaw front the German gauge is in force as far east as the Polish capital. Germany, therefore, was in the advantageous position of being able to run supplies across the frontier without detraining. Russia's peculiar strategic difficulties make it incumbent on her military leaders to find their chief strength in defence rather than in offence. The configuration of the great Eastern Empire of the Czar makes invasion an unprofitable undertaking. But, in the case of Germany, the projection of her defences into Russian territory is her chief safeguard against the invasion of German soil, and the destruction of her internal resources in this industrial region on which, in this campaign, so much depends.

One of the big disappointments for Russia in the fall of Warsaw and the Polish triangle of forts is the surrender of the Polish race to the cruel hoof of the Teuton invader. Just at a time when a commission was sitting in Petrograd drafting a constitution for Poland, the ancient capital—the Jerusalem of the Pole—is once more in an enemy's hands. The salient of Poland projects racially much farther west than the Russo-German frontier, and includes most of the Province of Posen, and a great part of West Prussia. But before Russia could move westward on Posen it was necessary to secure her flanks by the invasion of East Prussia and Galicia. On the other hand, the Germans, remembering Moltke's advice half a century ago, decided to push the Russians back to the line of the Pripet marshes and carve out a new Polish kingdom under a Teuton king, which would be a buffer state between Germany and her powerful Slavic neighbour. There can be little doubt that the Kaiser, whatever his views regarding the Moltke suggestion, hopes to hold Russian Poland as a pawn in the game of diplomacy, and from Warsaw to dictate satisfactory terms of peace. Already, it is stated, peace overtures have been made by the Kaiser, and rejected. It is equally certain that the Allies will not draw rein in this campaign so long as the Kaiser holds any aces up his sleeve. Germany's surrender must be unconditional. No vestige of diplomatic influence backed by the sword must be left to her.

The magnificent fighting qualities of the Russian armies, and above all the wonderful resource and nimbleness shown in escaping from seemingly impossible positions, mark a wonderful improvement in the Czar's land forces since the war with Japan. Not yet equal to the strain of a campaign with the whole force of Germany alone, the fight put up by the Grand Duke Nicholas against Austria-Hungary and all the available forces of Germany not engaged on the western front has won the admiration of military experts, and must have proved a disagreeable surprise for the German staff. Russia has a long way to go before she carries out her original plan of extending her territory westward to the Danzig-Posen-Cracow line, and as these places are regarded as indispensable to the Teutonic League the fight must be continued until Germany is crushed. The rumours of an early secession of the Russians and the conclusion of a separate peace may be discounted as part of the German campaign to divide the Allies. Russia has given a solemn pledge to continue the fight so long as her Allies are in the field, and any idea of a separate peace is out of the question while German troops remain on Russian territory.

The brilliant conduct of the campaign by the Russian generalissimo has maintained his reputation as a serious student of military science. It is said he is steeped in the military lore of the great Napoleon, whose campaigns still provide textbooks for the armies of the world. The Grand Duke Nicholas is a veritable giant, over six feet seven inches

in height, and absolutely wedded to his profession. He has done more than any other man to carry through the reforms in the army, which defeat at the hands of the Japanese in Manchuria showed to be imperative. Two other members of the Imperial family also had aided in bringing the fighting forces of the Czar to a more efficient standard before the war. The Grand Duke Sergius Mikhailovich is responsible for the high pitch of efficiency of the artillery, while the Russian aerial service owes much to the indefatigable efforts of the Grand Duke Alexander. But it is to the brilliant general staff by which the Russian commander is surrounded that the wonderful achievements of the army must be largely ascribed. These men learned the art of war on the plains of Manchuria. In General Nicholas Yanuschkevitch, chief of the general staff, Russian military men believe they possess a second Moltke, while the half-dozen army commanders under him have for years been preparing for such a war.

Nor can admiration be withheld from Field Marshall von Hindenburg, the German commander on the eastern front. Like the Grand Duke, the brilliant German strategist was a diligent student of war in the eastern theatre. A veteran of the 1870 war, and on the retired list, Hindenburg made the defence of East Prussia his special hobby, while outwardly living the life of a country squire on his Hanover estate. He had spent much of his military life in East Prussia and knew every ditch and morass. When he retired he continued to haunt what he believed might one day be a great battlefield. He carefully surveyed the lakes and marshes and knew just where to find solid ground for the transport of men and guns. Year after year he surveyed and marked his maps and waited for the day. He was instrumental in preventing the drainage of the marshes, and the clearing of the forests, making representations to Berlin that carried weight when a syndicate applied for leave to turn this swampy land into a smiling garden. This wilderness zone, he declared, was worth many army corps and fortresses to Germany in case of war. He carried the day and in the opening battles of the war smote the Russian commander, Samsonov, a smashing blow, in this very region at Tannenberg, Samsonov, two of his corps commanders, and several generals and brigadiers being killed in this disastrous battle, when the Germans captured 80,000 Russian prisoners and hundreds of guns. Since then Hindenburg has been the idol of the German people.

It was well known when war broke out that Russia would not reach her maximum fighting strength for at least a year. Every year Russia has 1,300,000 men who attain to age for military service, but about a third of these only have actually served. It is computed that Russia had seven million trained men when war broke out, but only half of these probably have been equipped for the field. Germany's chief difficulty in the eastern theatre is to maintain against the almost unlimited resources of Russia in men, money, and supplies, a continuous line of resistance between the Baltic and the Carpathians, at the same time defending her western frontiers against invasion. The Russian armies will reorganize for another drive, and when the Grand Duke next strikes he will be in a better position to consolidate his gains. German superiority in guns and supplies, coupled with the same advantages over the Allies in the western zone, seems to have imposed upon Russia during the first year of the war a task beyond her strength. The real test will come when Germany, weakened by the terrific strain of maintaining her fighting efficiency at maximum strength finds her relentless enemies drawing steadily ahead in numbers and military re-

sources. It is a time for determined effort, not for pessimism.

An old prophecy survives among the Poles that through the sufferings of Poland the world will find regeneration. That day should be close at hand, for never in her centuries of anguish and cruel oppression has Poland suffered more the tortures of the damned than in this campaign. But all is not lost. The Poles still retain their inviolable faith in their future destiny and if regeneration comes to the world through this baptism of blood, they and other struggling nationalities must be guaranteed their freedom as self-governing communities.

A final effort is being made by the quadruple entente powers—Britain, France, Russia, and Italy—to bring the neutral Balkan States to declare war against the Teutonic alliance. It is a question largely of terms and it passes the wit of man almost to satisfy their territorial ambitions without running foul of some other equally strong claimant. The Greeks are obsessed, like the Serbs and Italians, by the idea of including their widely-scattered co-nationals within a racial frontier. Almost imperial in its ambitious sweep this "Great Idea," as it is termed, cannot be satisfied in one case without infringing upon the claims and established rights of other nations. The Balkan problem remains a thorn in the side of Europe, and is particularly embarrassing at a moment when the question of the partition of Turkey looms above the political horizon.

The controversy between Great Britain and the United States regarding the blockade of neutral ports reached a definite stage during the first week in August when Sir Edward Grey, on behalf of his Government, sent a reply to the American protest. The position taken up by Britain—that the American objections are unsustainable in point of law and international usage, and that modern conditions of warfare introduced by Germany necessitate some changes in blockade methods in order to make a blockade at all effective—has on the whole been reviewed in a friendly spirit by United States newspapers. *The Outlook* voices the general impression made by Sir Edward Grey's firm and dignified Note when it says: "It is a pleasure to compare the reasonable spirit and law-abiding and law-respecting tone of this communication with Germany's latest exploit on the sea affecting the lives of Americans. . . . Compared with this German practice of shelling and torpedoing merchant vessels, the British practice of detaining vessels on the high seas without any loss of life is inconspicuous." Britain has offered amends for inconvenience to American shippers by suggesting the settlement of disputes by arbitration. Whatever hope Germany once entertained of embroiling the United States and Britain in an angry controversy, or possibly war, has long since passed away. The spirit of the Hundred Years of Peace permeates the diplomatic correspondence between the two great English-speaking nations.

The Library Table

CHRONICLES OF CANADA*

Ten new volumes. Edited by George M. Wrong and H. H. Langton. Toronto: Glasgow, Brook and Company.

ONE of the ideas suggested by the able and important article by Mr. Clarence Warner in *The Canadian Magazine* for August is that the traditions of a nation are not the least important of its possessions. The national character is in fact moulded by great and inspiring traditions. They are the very source of that national consciousness which begets unity and power and which wins for a country respect abroad and makes it a comfortable dwelling-place for its citizens at home. The science and the industry which lead to material wealth and social order are but manifestations of unseen forces within. As the home is an extension of the individual, and the nation of the home, and as a man takes pride in his own achievements or in those of his family, and is thereby moved on to greater efforts, so is the nation moved on to higher levels by its traditions—by its past life—by the thoughts and deeds which make up its history. This is why every country maintains at the public charge great establishments for the preservation of annals, such as our Dominion Archives at Ottawa, and considers it well worth while to sustain such bodies as the Historical Manuscripts Commission, the Na-

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*"The Founder of New France," by C. W. Colby; "The Great Fortress," by William Wood; "The War with the United States," by William Wood; "The War Chief of the Ottawas," by Thomas Guthrie Marquis; "Tecumseh," by Ethel T. Raymond; "The Red River Colony," by Louis Aubrey Wood; "Pioneers of the Pacific Coast," by Agnes C. Laut; "The Family Compact," by W. Stewart Wallace; "The Tribune of Nova Scotia," by William Lawson Grant;; "The Day of Sir John Macdonald," by Sir Joseph Pope.

The following volumes of the series, published in 1914, were noticed in "The Canadian Magazine" of February: "The Dawn of Canadian History," by Stephen Leacock; "The Mariner of St. Malo," by Stephen Leacock; "The Seigneurs of Old Canada," by William Bennett Munro; "The Great Intendant," by Thomas Chapais; "The Passing of New France," by William Wood; "The Winning of Canada," by William Wood; "The United Empire Loyalists," by W. Stewart Wallace; "The War Chief of the Six Nations," by Louis Aubrey Wood; "The Adventurers of England on Hudson Bay," by Agnes C. Laut; "Pathfinders of the Great Plains," by Lawrence J. Burpee; "Adventurers of the Far North," by Stephen Leacock; "All Afloat," by William Wood.

Of the thirty-two volumes which the series comprises, ten are still to be published, as follows: "The Jesuit Missions," by T. G. Marquis; "The Fighting Governor," by C. W. Colby; "The Acadian Exiles," by A. G. Doughty; "The Father of British Canada," by William Wood; "The Cariboo Trail," by Agnes C. Laut; "The 'Patriotes' of '37," by A. D. DeCelles; "The Winning of Popular Government," by Archibald MacMechan; "The Fathers of Confederation," by A. H. U. Colquhoun; "The Day of Sir Wilfrid Laurier," by O. D. Skelton; "The Railway Builders," by O. D. Skelton.

tional Battlefields Commission, etc.

Archives and public collections are, however, only the beginning. Before these can be of any real service they must be followed by literary craftsmen who possess the imaginative power to reproduce the past and make the old heroes live again. There must be publishers, too, to give form to the productions of such writers and scatter them to a multitude of readers. Official records and other sources of information are indispensable. But they are the body only, a body without life. Even more lifeless are the condensed history-books of the schoolroom. True historical writing is that which brings before us vividly, like a moving picture, the scenes and events of the ages that have passed, and enables us to live in fancy with the men who made the history and to become acquainted with them. And, until books are written and published which do this for us, our history has no meaning. "It is the historian who makes the event," says one writer; "it was Emerson who fired the shot heard round the world." Though this is not literally true, it illustrates an important truth.

Now, Canada is rich in history, rich in the examples of daring and purposeful men, rich in the possession of imperishable and priceless traditions. But have the Canadian people taken these to themselves? Has the epic of Canada yet become a part of the national life? How many Canadians would be found in a day's journey who could tell the story of Halifax, of Louisbourg, of Annapolis, of the St. John River, of Montreal, of Simcoe county, Ontario, of the Red River, of Victoria? How many could give an intelligible account of Iberville, on Hudson Bay, of La Veréndrye "the plains across", of Franklin in the Arctic seas, of Mackenzie "from Canada by land", of the United Empire Loyalists? It would be a safe bet, we imagine, that the history of the Thirty Years' War is better known generally among university professors in Canada than the history of the confederation of the Canadian Dominion, or that the average pupil in the high schools of Ontario knows more of Alexandria than he knows of the early annals of Montreal. Yet, to a Canadian, Montreal is far more important than Alexandria; Confederation is far more important than the Thirty Years' War; the Canadian Pacific Railway is far more important than the Ppramids or the Parthenon. This is not to decry classic learning. But the national lore should be taught first; then, if there is time, we may teach the other.

Fortunately, the means are now provided. Last year publication was completed of the elaborate work edited by Adam Shortt and Arthur G. Doughty, "Canada and Its Provinces," in twenty-two large volumes, a system of scholarly monographs, painstakingly worked out from original documents.† This admirable work work is particularly to serve the advanced student and the citizen in search of specific information or sound judgment. Now, following on its heels, comes another series, these "Chronicles of Canada," no less carefully written and edited, but of an entirely different character — of a character, indeed, to illuminate and give meaning to every page of the larger work. The big book is a storehouse of well-digested information; but it seems probable to us that a great many readers will be deprived of its service, for the simple reason that its plan and style presuppose an interest already awakened in the subjects discussed—an interest which we are sorry to believe does not yet prevail to any wide- these "Chronicles" are interesting for their own sake, as literature—as well-told tales of adventure and forti-

† This work was the subject of a special article in "The Canadian Magazine" for December, 1914.

tude, of war and statesmanship, and as portrayals of human nature. Books such as these, written of Australia, would be read with interest by Canadians; and these little books, unless we greatly mistake, will in time find their way into every country of the English-speaking world.

It is clear, too, from the volumes already published, that the plan of the series has been carefully worked out, that the narratives are well articulated, so that the successive peaks in the range of Canadian history are shown in a continuous chain. The essential unity of the series will, we believe, be still more evident when the remaining ten volumes are published. Another point which should be mentioned, in view of the avowedly popular character of the series, is that the narratives are not only good reading, correct and vigorous English, but good history as well. It will be found that almost every one contains something new—some incident of the story which cannot be seen elsewhere in print. It is apparent that the greatest care has been exercised for historical accuracy. Some of the volumes are written wholly from original sources. We have been informed by one of the authors that, before he began to tell his story he spent six months of uninterrupted time in preparation, making notes from documents in the Archives.

But while the work has historical unity, it is not to be supposed that a score of writers could be got together whose productions would appear as if all cast in the same mould. This would be neither possible nor desirable. In the ten volumes, by nine different authors, now before us, we find nine varieties of style, for every narrator has his own way of telling a story. For example, Professor Colby tells his in smooth, level, easy-going periods, with many historical allusions and interpretative asides, all very interesting; William Wood's cadences rise and fall like the waves of the sea; Stewart Wallace has a tone of authority, a vigorous certainty; Miss Laut takes us over the road with the swiftness of a hurricane, meanwhile painting pictures in all the colours of the rainbow. So each of the other writers has his own peculiar characteristic.

If we should be asked to state our preference for any particular volumes in this lot of ten, we should, after some deliberation, pick out three. These would be William Wood's *1812*, Sir Joseph Pope's *Macdonald*, and Professor Grant's *Howe*. But this would be an arbitrary judgment, for all the volumes are good. No doubt many readers will give preference to Louis Wood's "Red River Colony"; others will say that Marquis's *Pontiac* is the best story of the lot; others again will swear by Miss Raymond's "Tecumseh," and so on. By the way, Miss Raymond appears to be the only "dark horse" in the whole list of writers. We are told that she lives in Brantford and is a daughter of the blind postmaster there. We congratulate Brantford on an author who can write a book as good as this "Tecumseh."

It is not our practice in these pages to bestow uncritical eulogy on any book. It may be that our admiration for these little volumes has taken away our critical faculties for the time being. But we find no fault in them. They are well written, well edited, and well published. Noteworthy are the maps and illustrations, particularly the colour drawings made expressly for the series by Mr. C. W. Jefferys. We are glad that the time has come when it is possible to publish such books in Canada.

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RADA

By Alfred Noyes. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is a one-act drama of the war in Belgium. The time is Christmas Eve, and the place a village that

has been invested by the Germans. The immediate scene is the house of a doctor who has been killed at the front. The occupants are the doctor's widow, her daughter, twelve years old, and an aged lunatic who had come there as a patient. German soldiers take possession of the house, and the play is intended to depict the grossness and brutality that have marked their progress across that ill-fated country.

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THE LITTLE MAN

By John Galsworthy. London: William Heinemann.

THIS is one of the latest of the Galsworthy collections. It contains six satires and fifteen studies of extravagance. But it's worth the trouble of the whole collection, if for nothing more than "The Little Man". "The Little Man" is a play of one act and three scenes. More strictly speaking, it is a comedy; and, more strictly still, it is a satire. In any case, it is brim full of fun. Here in thirty-three pages we have thrown up for us upon three small canvases distinctive idiosyncracies of four nationalities, the German, the Dutch, the English, and the American, with the Little Man unclassified. The first scene is a railway station in an Austrian town; the second, a compartment in a railway carriage; and the third, the platform of another station. The American, of course, has *vurry* much to say. The Dutch youth laughs, but says nothing. The German is tolerably voluble. The English couple try to keep to themselves, but cannot. The Little Man, in helping an over-bundled woman to get into the carriage with her baby, gets in himself, with the baby, but the woman is left behind. The situation is, to say the least, embarrassing, but it gives the American plenty of opportunity to express his views and display his nationality and for the others to express their indignation. At the next station the mother and child are brought together again on the arrival of the next train. But meantime the party provide the author with plenty of material with which to amuse his readers.

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POLLYANNA GROWS UP

By Eleanor H. Porter. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

POLLPANNA reminds one of Dickens's hostler, who saw no virtue in being jovial while holding his present job. He made up his mind to try grave-digging, because if he could still be happy there would be some virtue in it. And, even as a grown-up, Pollyanna continues to look for everything to be glad about. As an offset to her own temperament she tells about a "Ladies' Aider" in the West, an old woman, one of the kind that really *enjoys* being miserable. "I was perhaps ten years old, and was trying to teach her the game. I reckon I wasn't having good success, and evidently I at last dimly realized the reason, for I said to her triumphantly: "Well, anyhow, you can be glad you've got such a lot of things to make you miserable, for you love to be miserable so well!"

There is a good deal of philosophy in what Pollyanna says, for some persons really do seem to take satisfaction in at least telling about their misery. But Pollyanna has a *penchant* for gladness, and for that her books are widely read.

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POEMS OF EMILE VERHAEREN

Translated by Alma Strettell. London, The Bodley Head: John Lane.

THIS is a collection of poems translated and selected from the works of the outstanding poet of Belgium. They are the same as contained in a volume by the same translator published some time ago, with three additions: "The Glory of the Heavens",

"Life", and "Joy". We quote from the first of these three:

Shining in dim transparence, the whole of infinity lies,
Behind the veils that the finger of radiant winter weaves;
And down on us falls the foliage of stars in glittering sheaves,
From out the depths of the forest, the forest obscure of the skies.

The winged sea with her shadowy floods as of dappled silk
Speeds, 'neath the golden fires, her pale immensity o'er;
And diamond-raved, the moonlight, shining along the shore,
Bathes the brow of the headlands in radiance as soft as milk.

There is an appreciative introduction.

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THE OLD SHIPS

By James Elroy Flecker. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

IT is astonishing the number of remarkably cheap volumes of good poetry that have been issued since the commencement of the war. Much of the poetry has been about the war. Here we have some excellent fancy from the lamented James Elroy Flecker, done up in an attractive paper cover, with decorative design, at one shilling! All we need quote is the poem that gives title to the collection:

THE OLD SHIPS

I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village which men call Tyre,
With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire;
And all those ships were certainly so old
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirates Genoese
Hell raked them till they rolled
Blood, water, fruit, and corpses up the hold,
But now through friendly seas they softly run,
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.
But I have seen
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn
And image tumbled on a rose-swept bay
A drowsy ship of some yet older day;
And, wonder's breath indrawn,
Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in that same
(Fished up beyond Aeaea, patched up new
—Stern painted brighter blue—)
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,
And with great lies about his wooden horse
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship—who knows—who knows, who knows?
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

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—*The Studio* for July contains the first of a series of articles by D. Croal Thomson on "The Paris Salon of Fifty Years Ago". The text, which will be found extremely interesting, is illustrated by reproductions, mostly of drawings, from the works of Puvis de Chavannes, E. V. Luminais, Honoré Daumier, Adolphe Hervier, J. F. Millet, Jean Louis Hamon, Theodore Rousseau, Claude Monet, F. Chaigneau, Sir Edwin Landseer, J. B. C. Corot, and L. E. Meissonier. There is a review also of the Royal Scottish Academy, with reproductions of paintings by James Paterson, John R. Barclay, Sir James Guthrie, Dorothy Johnstone, Robert Burns, Gemmell Hutchison, and John Duncan. There is also a particularly interesting article on Kendal, with charming pencial drawings, by Arthur Tucker.

Very Independent

A Highlander from Tobermory asked the price of a railway ticket from Oban to Killin of the clerk at the Oban railway station. "So much," replied the clerk. "Hoot awa'," replied Donald; "it's far ower dear! I'd rather walk!" and off he started. He had not proceeded far when the train came tearing along, whistling as it neared a station. "Ye needna whistle for me!" said Donald. "I made ye an offer aince, and ye wadna tak' it; sae ye can gang on. I'm no comin'."

*

A man in the English Veteran Reserves was called up recently. After a week at his new quarters he was brought up before the officer commanding for not cleaning his rifle one day. Said the officer commanding: "Hem, you're an old soldier re-enlisted, I see. I suppose it will be many years ago since you were reprimanded? What was your last offence? Can you remember what that was?" The old soldier, annoyed on account of the repeated assertions as to his age, replied: "For not cleanin' ma bow an' arrow, sir."—*London Express.*

Quite a Surprise

A builder's man was seen walking with his right arm raised above his head and slightly bent, as if carrying an object of some weight.

"What the dickens are you walking like that for?" asked the puzzled foreman.

"Can't I walk blooming well as I like?" replied the man.

"Yes, perhaps you may; but what about the chap behind?"

Turning, the workman saw his mate standing two yards in the rear holding his arm in precisely the same way.

"Well, I'm blowed, Bill," he said after a moment's reflection, "we've left the blooming ladder behind!"

*

A Fine Distinction

"No, I didn't come up to business yesterday," said the stout man in the corner of the carriage. "The last of my daughters was getting married, so I had to give her away."

"Really? Who was the happy man?" inquired a polite fellow passenger.

"I was," said the parent emphatically.—*Tid-Bits.*

Remonstrated With

A minister of a rural parish in Scotland found one of his flock shooting a hare on the Sabbath, and remonstrated with him. "Macpherson, do you know what a work of necessity is?"

"I do," replied Macpherson.

"Weel, do you think shooting a hare on Sunday a work of necessity?"

"It is that," replied the parishioner.

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, ye see, meenister, it micht nae be oot on Monday."

*

Away From Home

An elderly English actor came over to his first American engagement. On landing he started for an English boarding-house uptown, where he had been told he could get English food. He emerged from the pier laden with his hat-box, his umbrella, his grip, and his overcoat, and climbed aboard a horse-car. Just as he was fairly upon the platform the car started and he fell through the open door into the aisle, scattering his goods and chattels in every direction. As he got upon his knees he remarked in a tone of feeling: "There now! I knew I should'nt like this confounded country!"

*

Getting Into Line

David was viewing the wonders of the zoo with his father for the first time. David's mother is an ardent suffragist.

Over the cage of the secretary bird is an inscription which reads:

"The male secretary bird hatches the eggs and rears the young."

David slowly spelled out the inscription and turned inquiringly to his father.

"Is the secretary bird's wife a suffragist, too, pa?" he asked.—*Judge.*

"It's an Ill Wind"

Lord Charles Beresford told in his memoirs the story of an old Irish gamekeeper who always agreed with everything that was said to him. Meeting the old man one day when the wind was blowing a gale, Lord Charles said to him: "It's a fine calm day to-day." "You may well say, that, Lord Charles," replied the gamekeeper with hearty acquiescence, "but what little wind there is is terrible strong."

*

Good Life Insurance

Agent: Would you like to look at this lovely set of Dickens?

Umson: No; I never have a bit of luck with books.

Agent: Whaddye mean, luck?

Umson: I bought a set of doctor books last year, and I haven't been sick a day since.—*Judge.*

*

Stuck to Her

First Crony: I mind the day you was married, William; what a fright you had.

Second Crony: Aye, aye, Jarge; and I've still got 'er.—*The Tatler.*

FATHER AND SON

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*

On the Mend

An Irishman was chatting with a few friends in the street of an English town when an Englishman coming along shouted to him:

"Hi, Pat, is that yersilf. An' how might ye be?"

Pat turned round with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Very well, thanks," said he. "And how might you be?"

Englishman: "Oh, just about half right."

Pat: "That's good, faith, you're mending, boy," returned he, midst the laughter of the bystanders.

*

Accuracy Demanded

In one of the industrial towns in South Wales a workman met with a serious accident. The doctor was sent for, and came and examined him, had him bandaged and carried home on a stretcher, seemingly unconscious.

After he was put to bed the doctor told his wife to give him sixpennyworth of brandy when he came to himself. After the doctor had left the wife told the daughter to run and fetch threepennyworth of brandy for her father.

The old chap opened his eyes and said, in a loud voice: "Sixpenn'orth, the doctor said."

*

Sermon on the Mount

The village tailor only received occasional orders from the vicar for such articles as hats, collars, or handkerchiefs.

"You see," remarked the reverend gentleman, one day, having called with his usual order, "when I want a suit I go to London. They make them there."

Calling again a few weeks later, the vicar remarked that he had not seen the tailor at church lately.

"No," replied the tailor, "when I want to hear a good sermon, I go to London. They preach them there."

A Change of Tables

A tourist, travelling in the Rocky Mountains, was introduced to an old hunter who claims to have killed no fewer than 400 bears.

"Bill," said the introducer, "this feller wants to hear some narrer escapes you've had from bears."

The old man, rubbing his eyes, looked the stranger over, and said:

"Young man, if there's been any narrer escapes, the bears had 'em.—*Fidits.*

*

Dew, but Not Due

A young man had a tender passion and took his girl a bunch of violets. "They are beautiful," said the maiden. "And they are so fresh. I think there is some dew on them yet." The young man blushed. "Yes," said he, "there is; but I am going to pay it to-morrow."

*

Always Someone Ready

"Uncle, why did you never marry?"

"I never found a girl who would have me."

"Uncle, somebody's been fooling you. Our sex isn't that particular."—*Sketch.*

*

A Compromise

It was Sunday, and Donald was hammering away at the bottom of his garden, when his wife came upon the scene.

"Mon," she said, "you're makin' ower much noise. What'll the neebors say?"

"I dinna care what the neebors say," retorted the busy one. "I must get my barrow mendit."

"Oh, but Donald, it's verra wrang tae hammer on Sawbath," expostulated his guid-wife. "Ye ocht tae use screw-nails!"

DEBORAH

From the Etching by Dorothy Stevens

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLV TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1915 No. 6

FORTUNE OF ENDERBY

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

(JANEY CANUCK)

"The lore o' men wha' hae dwelt wi' men in new and naked lands."

"FIFTY-TWO years ago it was since last I trekked this road, then a thread-like trail in the wilderness," said old man Fortune of Enderby, as our motor-car dipped down a hill into the heart of the Sturgeon Valley, between Edmonton and the little French-Canadian village of St. Albert.

"This is a comely country, madam, with its lily-sprinkled meadows, but what I like most about the place is the feel of it."

"Yes, it was in '62, the year after gold had been found in the Cariboo, that I joined the rush from Minnesota. They called us the stampeders and said we were gold mad, but, to my thinking, it isn't the greed of gain that takes folks into the wilderness so much as the lure of the things beyond—or, if you will have it so—a hunger of the heart. Of course, there is the chance, too, of snap fortunes, but these have to be taken on the wing just as birds are taken. Sometimes our westerners miss the birds, or the fortunes, but as a general thing they are fair shots.

"It was nigh three thousand miles to the Cariboo district in British Columbia, and there was no railroad in those days. Edmonton, now a human riotous city, and the capital of the Province of Alberta, was then a Hudson's Bay fort in charge of Governor Dallas. The fort was surrounded by a wooden palisade upon which were posted two small cannon and a man on 'sentry-go.' Inside the stockade were kept five hundred train and cariole dogs who had teeth like saws and who made the nights hideous with their clamour."

"Were there any white women in the fort?" one asks old Fortune.

"No, madam, none, but there was a marvellously handsome breed-woman with charming manners, but more I cannot say.

"There were one hundred and fifty of us when we reached Fort Edmonton, including Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Schubert and their three children.

For a few days our little colony tarried here to rest and to prepare by-laws and regulations for self-government. We appointed three men to act as captains. The laws we made were not always strictly obeyed, but most of the men behaved well.

"There was no bridge on the Sturgeon River then, and I forded it," muttered the old man as if talking to himself. "Over fifty years ago it was, fifty years ago."

And now the big yellow motor pants up the hill and swings around a grove of trees till, with a shudder of brakes, it comes to standstill at the door of Monseigneur, the bishop of the French folk. Soon we are inside enjoying the comfortable hospitality of the *See House,* courtesying to an autographed picture of her Majesty the Queen of England sent to Pére Lacombe, the black-robed voyageur; fingering an illuminated address on birch-bark; admiring the huge chairs and buffets carved out of black wood by the Oblate brothers, and marvelling at the needlework of the cushioned seats.

"You see, we had plenty of time in pre-railway days," said Brother Gregoire, "especially to practise the arts and crafts. This chair was Bishop Grandin's, but he has been dead this many and many a year. The cross on the window with the superimposed rushes was his official crest."

As Brother Gregoire talks, the personality of this old bishop seems to rise from the grave with hypnotic force and to rivet your attention. It might have a monograph all to itself, this subject. Surely a bishop who dare lay weeds on the cross, weeds that were symbolic of his loneliness and hardship, was a man of consideration.

I have no doubt this northern prelate was a gaunt, huge fellow, well calculated to fight the wind and the weather, to say nothing of the subtle wiles of Satan. Old Fortune of Enderby thinks so, too, and says wherever you see a cross in the wilderness it only means to the traveller that a white man has come this way, and has no necessary connection with a church or the death of the Nazarene.

Maybe it was this talk of the pioneers or the sympathy of the aged Gregoire that led old Fortune of Enderby to tell about the trail of '62. Or maybe this was the very spot he packed the Schubert children on his back across the ford of the river. We were talking about the farmers' wives hereabout being lonely, and one woman of our party, a Scotswoman who had come north thirty years ago, in a Red River cart, ejaculated, "Godsake, man! every farmer's wife can be happy if she wants to, and happy women, you may hae noticed, never grow old. She should hae a book on stars, or stones, or flowers, so as she could learn a bit about her surroundings. I don't mean one o' those cut-and-dried books they hae in schools, but one for greenhorns wi' muckle o' coloured pictures and some literature about them. My own fad is the study o' edible foods, and what most fule folk call 'weeds'. I hae learned one thing—no's for naething."

It was at this point that I, with the objectionable cocksurness of the after-comer, made a wager with this Scotswoman that no mortal person had ever discovered a use for toadstools. "Aha! I have you there," said I. "Other than poison for one's enemies—a use which carries with it certain disabilities—the toadstool can have no right to exist."

And now I am under the necessity of eating my belt-buckle, which is a painful waste, it being a perfectly good one, for dried toadstools—any chit of a child could tell me—make the finest smudges in the world. No mosquito, however wayward or bloodthirsty, can brave the smoke of toadstools.

"Ye'll be minding, I'se warrant," she continued, "how the Scripture says a man canna live on bread alone, but there's mony a one wha hae lived

on birch bark pounded to a pulp. An' in spring-time, the tender tips o' young spruce an' the inner bark o' the flirty cottonwoods hae kept alive mony a puir laddie wha' hae lost his trail. It would be a bonny thing if some o' these daftie writer loons set down how you can take bluid frae a stone if you only ken the way. I hae learned o' mysel' a toothsome manner o' cooking wild rice, and how to make a bannock frae' sun-flower seeds. The oil o' the seeds can be fashed into a bonny sauce for marshmarys and dandelions.

"This may sound boastfullike, but it's naething to what is to follow. I hae learned o' necessity how to make brown sugar frae the milkweed, and a bland flour for parritch frae Indian turnip, a fearsome root, which all the world kens would blister the tongue o' the brazen serpent itsel'."

"Yes! yes!" agreed Brother Gregoire, "what you have told us is highly extraordinary. But then the forest is God's own garden, and a very pleasant one it is. He has provided all these foods for us, His children. The trouble about the forest is that it can be bought and sold, cut down and burned up. It ought to be an open house to all, and no one should be disallowed."

"True! True!" exclaimed old Fortune. But did you ever have to live on rosebuds, Brother Gregoire? There's lots of posies written about 'roses, roses all the way', but you can believe me they are sorry faring for Christian folk. Maybe some day we will have the story of a new Robinson Crusoe living in these woods of the north country, and how he managed to exist like a king on rosebuds, wild leeks, and mint leaves, but I can tell you in '62 Mrs. Schubert's tongue was almost withered in her head for a pannikan of tea, and all our mouths watered for a dish of savoury meat. Every day for the meat course we had a rosebud or two, and a lick of our fingers for dessert.

"It is very interesting what this lady has told us and, without a doubt, such learning is of much value. She should set it all down for the aftercomers so that he who runs may read the writing of the woodways."

"Tell us about your Cariboo stampede," said I, "and about Mrs. Schubert. How did you come to run short of food, and where did you find it again?"

"It's such a long while ago now," said old Fortune of Enderby, "such a long while. They tell me the Canadian Northern Railway have built their new grade along this old trail that runs through the Pass and down across the height of land to the sea.

"Maybe some of you have been through this Pass yourselves. It is the wide hall in the hills known nowadays as the Yellowhead, but in those times when it was the fag-end of the world we used to call it Tête Jaune Pass, like the French *coureur de bois*. You see, Jasper Hawes, who lived there over a century ago, was one of the 'gentlemen adventurers' of the Hudson's Bay Company, and this was the territory over which he had ruled. He was an honour-worthy man, the Indians tell, and no sleep-soaked brave to stay at home with the women and the kettles. He lived at Tête Jaune Cache, so-called because of his cache of furs. Indeed, he had many caches, but they all rotted away, because Tête Jaune disappeared one day and was never seen again. The Crees had suspected all along that he was a god and now they were sure of it, for had not Manitou, the All-Above Person, he who rules the rain and the lifespan of men, carried off Tête Jaune and set him in the milky-way, which is the paths of the spirits? And now this Tête Jaune is among the Again-Goers who return to earth and teach the palefaces to do such wise and wonderful things. He is vastly kind to the Crees of the hills, so that often they set aside a piece of meat for his spirit."

"And why didn't the Indians open

the caches?'' asked I. ''He must have had some marvellous furs, this Jasper Hawes?''

''Without a doubt he had, madam, without a doubt, but it would be hard to explain the reason to you city people with your short views of what you call 'statutory offences,' the, the—'' (and here old Fortune felt for a word till the veins stood out on his forehead like the rivers on a relief map), ''the inviolability, yes! that's the word, of a trader's cache on the trail. To have possessed themselves of Tête Jaune's cache of furs would have been equal to stealing 'the elements' from the table of Monseigneur's cathedral across the way —an impious hideous thing, not to be even considered.''

''It was a weary journey we stampeders made to Tête Jaune and along a trail that threaded the forest, a trail worn deep with feet, but withal somewhat corrugated. Our shoulders ached with the sore burden of the pack, but the wayfaring hope is that to-morrow the pack will be lighter and it may be the road will be better. It's queer that people should be so silent in the woods. Sometimes I think it is because there is nothing to talk about, or because the travellers are usually looking for a chance shot, but oftener there seems to be something fabulous about the hush of the woods themselves. They are lonely and unpeopled like the sea. It must be this hush that lays a finger on our lips.''

''Then a man soon grows tired of the trail?'' queried one of our party, ''and wishes himself back in the town? Woodsmen seldom acknowledge this.''

''Well, not 'soon,' although there does come a time when a man must come out or go mad. It is hard to explain, but there is something alluring about an open trail through the woods. It suggests adventures that can never take place except you traverse it. You are the one thing needed to set them moving. Maybe this is what they call the viking or the buccaneer spirit.''

''Yes,'' said Gregoire, the Oblate, whose mind was still running on the woods as God's garden, and God's pleasant corral. ''I found out the other day in my studies that the word 'buccaneer' means primarly one who smokes or broils fish and meat. Yes! this must be the very spirit of the trail.''

''It was close to this trail, at Lac St. Anne, that we came across a thing to astonish the heart,'' continued old Fortune. ''Here we found three sweet and well-deserving women, Sisters of Charity, living alone in the wilderness with no white folk near.

''I was a lad just out from the university and they heard I spoke French, so they sent for me to come and talk with them. They were sadly discouraged, the little nun-lassies, for they came to teach their homely pieties to the Indian women, but the braves kept moving across country till there was no following after. They called their missionary work a casting of their bread upon the water, these three, but maybe you've noticed the trouble about this operation is that the bread only gets wet.

''Although I am an old Protestant fellow, I must own to Brother Gregoire that the nuns are the best teachers in this country if they get the smallest kind of a chance. They don't talk concerning fame to the Indian children, like we do to ours, but just try to teach them cleanliness and industry, two traits Gitchie Manitou, who is notoriously absent-minded, left out in the Indian's make-up. Yes! it's a pity all right that the bread merely gets wet, for we must acknowledge, no matter to what church we belong, that our best laid plans to turn the Indian lads into deeply-virtuous, hard-working, non-swearing young gentlemen have not been as permanent as we could desire. Book-learning to an Indian is a plain absurdity, just like feeding doughnuts to an elk.''

"Now, what was it I was telling you? Oh, yes! it was about the trail to Tête Jaune Cache. There was one other thing that stands out in my memory; it was the death of Robertson, of Goderich, and another man whose name I forget. They lashed two canoes together on the Athabasca River to move our stuff with more ease, and these canoes were swamped on a sand-bar, which the northmen call a batture. We lost most of our stuff, and this is how we came to run short of food."

"Robertson, of Goderich, wasn't a swimmer, then?" asked someone.

"It was a cramp that did it," replied old Fortune, with a tremour in his voice as though the accident happened yesterday. "He was a civil engineer and only twenty-eight years old—a fine figure of a fellow and always he swung light-footed in the lead. His companion was rescued, but died two days later of pneumonia.

"At Tête Jaune our party of stampeders divided, some electing to travel down the Fraser River on rafts, and some to take the overland route. Among the latter was Mrs. Schubert, who rode on horseback with her youngest child, a boy who is now the member of Parliament for our constituency. I was one of those who took the overland route, and a hard time we had of it. It wasn't long till starvation was hard on our heels, for game was scarce in the thick woods. On a certain Friday we shot a beaver. At first the Catholics of the party would not eat it, not knowing whether it was flesh or fish, but we persuaded them it was fish. I have heard tell that some young priests once submitted this same question to Rome and were advised that the beaver was fish. Of course, our argument and this decision were both wrong, for the beaver is an animal and his flesh is very rich eating.

"Once I got a bead on a cow moose, but my bullet only notched her, and so we continued to be hungry. It is a love-lorn lady the poet makes to say, 'He cometh not,' but, in real life, they are the big-game hunters who say it most often.

"It was of nights we felt worst when we got into camp and there was nothing but two or three partridges and a couple of rabbits to satisfy the hunger of so many. Because I was starving I used to lie awake in the dark and listen to the lynxes fight and howl in the trees. And there were other noises, such as a rabbit might make when an ermine grips its windpipe or guttles its blood. But more often there was only the throaty, tongueless howl of the wolves singing their sorrows to the moon and, believe me, ladies, the wolf is a singer who fears nothing. If madam here were not from the Highlands I'd be saying he is the bagpipe of the forest.

"We had an Indian in our party, but he would not shoot the wolves for fear of interfering with the success of his winter's catch. He could not 'make fur' if he followed one. If a wolf met him that would be quite a different matter, but, then, a wolf is not anxious to meet an Indian who carries a gun.

"Like the bagpipes, though, this ruin-song of the wolves always seemed to blend with the wind. Maybe you've noticed this when you have heard the pipes on the far hills or the wolves in the distant trees. When we camped in a valley among the thick deciduous trees, the wind had a crafty sound, or maybe it was most like the whine of bed-going children, but up on the mountains among the conifers it was a man-song with strange discords and, more than once, it seemed to be defying God Himself. It must have been that I was madly hungry from my diet of rosebuds, for this wind fastened itself like an incubus on my brain and would not let me go. When I am in the dust, I shall have to waken of times when it calls.

"But all the time we were growing

more hungry and consequently weaker, till we were forced to throw away our guns and every pound of superflous clothing. We could think of nothing but our shabbily-filled stomachs so that practically we were all stomach. One morning in a narrow slot in the hills we awoke to find we had been lying in the midst of human bones and scraps of clothing. It was a nerve-breaking episode, for six or seven people had died here, and not so long ago.

"The Indians said these had perished from smallpox and that 'the no-tail animal'—by which they meant the bear—had picked their bones clean. The Indians could not have been dead more than three months for, a short distance off, some potatoes had been planted, which were now fully grown. This was a meal of shining memory, and none of us suffered in spite of the fact that we had been almost famished.

"Near the potato patch was the shack of the dead folk, now inhabited by owls. The Indians danced to frighten them away."

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Brother Gregorie with amazement. "This happened once before. Somewhere there was an empty house with owls and wild beasts and dancing. I'll have it for you in a minute," he said as he turned over the pages of his Bible. "I'll have it in a minute. 'Twas Isaiah who said it of Babylon. Listen! 'Neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there. Neither shall the shepherds make their folds there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there.'

"It would seem as if all the things which happened in Babylon, Greece, and Italy happen once more in this primitive north. It must be that our men are living the same kind of life. It was only last year a pack of wolf-dogs tore their master in pieces on the trail, and you'll remember how Glaucus, the Corinthian, was killed in the same manner by his infuriated mares.

"But I interrupted you, sir," apologized the Oblate. "Pray tell us where Mrs. Schubert and her little ones came to rest, or did she die on the trail?"

"No, she didn't die. Mrs. Schubert is still living in British Columbia and, in spite of her eighty-seven years, is more hearty than you could believe.

"It was only two days later when we reached Kamloops, a trading-post which had been established fifty years before by David Thompson, a Welshman, who had captured the Astoria fur-trade.

"The puir body must ha' been gey glad to get there—she and her wee bairnies," remarked the Scotswoman with an upward intonation that demanded an answer.

"Yes! I think she was—indeed—indeed—I'm sure she was, for that very night her fourth child was born."

"God's mercy!" exclaimed the Oblate, "I never heard the like. The Mother Mary must have been watching over her all the way. And the little daughter, what was she christened?"

"It was a long time, Brother Gregoire, before she was christened, but her mother called her Rosa Kamloops and, knowing her story, all the men thought this name to be a highly fitting one.

"No! there were no other white women in the country except Scotch Jeanie, and she was at Cariboo."

"Tell us about Scotch Jeanie," her countrywoman begged, "an' about her family."

"Jeanie had no family, so to speak, but she was mother to everybody. She wasn't what some folk would call a good woman, but she had all the characteristics of one."

"Ho! ho!" said I to myself. "I know you now, old Fortune of Enderby. Your real name is Sir True-

heart. This is what I shall name you secretly.''

''Mrs. Schubert didn't go on to Cariboo, but her husband did. She stayed at Kamloops and supported her family by doing laundry work. After a bit she sent her two eldest children to school at New Westminster, and then she had to haul up the water from the river herself. It was tough work for a woman, but she kept on at it for twelve years and then Schubert took a hankering for home.''

''An' he brought her a fine bit o' gold after all these years. Don't say he didn't,'' broke in the Scotswoman, ''it would na be right any other way.''

''Not so!'' answered old Trueheart. ''She heard tell her man was coming back in rags, so she went out to meet him with a bag of new gear so that he could come home like a fine gentleman. That is what she did. And then Schubert took up free land at Spillimachene so that he could go farming, but Mrs. Schubert kept on working to buy stock for the farm. She was a matron in a school now, and it took her four other years to accomplish her task.''

''And what did she do then?'' asked I. ''Tell us all there is of the story.''

''There isn't any more to tell except that she went to live on the farm —this was many years ago, mind you —and she is there yet. Schubert died a year or so ago, but he was nigh unto ninety. No! there's nothing more to tell. This is just a bit of a story about the first white woman who made the Pass and followed the mountain trail to Kamloops,'' but I knew, and all who listened knew, that Mrs. Schubert was a heroine who, because of her persistent resolution, but withal unfailing gentleness, stood first on our unwritten list of pioneering women. Maybe some day a writer of sense and sensibility will seek out their story and set down aright for you and me.

LITERATURE AND LIFE

BY HAROLD GARNET BLACK

NEARLY seventy years ago that eccentric ascetic young American, Henry David Thoreau, was living in his self-made cabin on the edge of Walden Pond, near Concord, Massachusetts, hoeing his beans, studying, writing, and meditating on the meaning of life. In his "Walden," the outcome of his two years spent alone there in the woods, he devotes a section to the "noble intellectual exercise" of reading, and in its dozen brilliant pages attempts to rouse the citizens of Concord from their mental apathy, to stimulate them to intellectualize themselves, and thereby to "throw one arch at least" over the dark gulf of ignorance which surrounds them. In a word, he utters the universal cry of the educationist. Thoreau's advice is by no means unique; thousands of others by spoken or written word have similarly tried to excite among the people an appetite for literature and to give them that culture which a wide and generous reading affords.

Not long ago I was looking over a hospital chart on which were registered a patient's pulse and temperature. The temperature "curve" was almost normal, but that of the pulse considerably higher, so that the "clinical picture" showed lines which, though zigzag, were approximately parallel. The lines never overlapped; they were totally divorced. Now some people have affirmed, though it seems to me quite thoughtlessly, that between literature and life there is a similar divorce. As a matter of fact, however, is it not true that literature is life only, as it happens, compressed between the covers of a book? "Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are," wrote the young Puritan who afterwards was to pen the greatest epic in the English language; two centuries later Thoreau was writing, "Books are the treasured wealth of the world and the fit inheritance of generations and nations." For, after all, spoken words are but the expression of some thought or emotion, and books but the transcription of those spoken words to more permanent form, a "fixing" of the passing image on the photographic plate, an effort to make enduring that which would otherwise be ephemeral—in short, an attempt to immortalize mortality itself. Life and literature, then, are not divorced; they are identical. Literature *is* life, and conversely life is literature—at least in the sense that men are each day writing fresh pages in the great book of destiny.

Not that I would emphasize, however, the value of a book life to the exclusion of the physical and the more practical; only it seems sometimes that we unduly exalt the latter at the expense of the more purely cultural side of life. The best result, of course, is gained where the two are so blended as to give each its due importance.

I recall a young woman, the daughter of well-to-do and intellectual parents, who at the age of twenty con-

fided to a friend that she had never read a book through in her life, and I question whether she has since done so. Her mind did not run towards books. Knowing her lack in this respect, she should have disciplined her mind and cultivated a taste for reading, just as many people have to cultivate a taste for olives, for properly to develop a love for literature sometimes requires training. I also recall another person whose time has been spent almost wholly among books. Now, these two lie at opposite poles. Neither life has been a sane, healthy, well-balanced one. The truth is that the normal life, the golden mean, lies between these two extremes.

Among our more noted contemporaries perhaps Theodore Roosevelt embodies and illustrates the judicious mingling of these two sides of life as well as any, for despite what we may think of his political methods or of his present "progressive" political programme, he has been by turns soldier, cowboy, hunter, naturalist, police commissioner, Governor, Vice-President, and President, as well as student, historian, traveller, lecturer, and writer. Through a third of a century his varied activities have been a constant illustration of "the strenuous life," a phrase which he fittingly made the title of one of his earlier books. While few men have the immense physical energy of Roosevelt, yet all can admire his industry and in some measure emulate his example as student and reader.

I once heard Booker T. Washington, that high-idealed representative of the American negro race, say that every once in a while he liked to get out and dig in the garden and get his hand in actual contact with the moist warm earth, because then he felt that he was in touch with reality again. Such contact with the elemental acted as a tonic to him. We should never forget, then, when reading and thus trying to regale and satisfy the intellectual appetite, that the world of reality with all its stern relentless facts stands just beyond our doors. Outside with most of us lies our vocation; only inside can we pursue at leisure our avocation.

Why should we read? The question of the motive for writing poetry —and consequently, I suppose, for reading it—was settled by Horace in a single line. It should be written, he said, "either to instruct or to delight." Renaissance literary critics in Italy, and later on those in France and England, took up the same question and answered it now this way and now that. Horace's dictum, which seems a good one, does not, however, apply to poetry alone; it applies to reading in general. The only improvement one could suggest would be to change the alternative "or" to the copulative "and"—"to instruct *and* delight," for if proper care be exercised books can be so written, I take it, that they give pleasure while imparting knowledge. Any book to which, this revised Horatian touchstone cannot be applied had better remain unread, if one would preserve one's self-respect, dignity, and —temper!

Reading is undoubtedly the source of much enjoyment. The other day I heard a clergyman tell about a little boy, who, on returning from church after a missionary sermon followed by its logical sequel—a missionary collection—astonished his father by asking him if the heathen wore clothes. "No, my boy," he replied, "Why do you ask?" "Well," said the observant son, "I noticed you put a button on the collection plate!" Many of the heathen perhaps have little or no clothes; one may pity (or even envy) them, as one pleases, on account of it; but what is infinitely worse, one might say tragic in comparison, is that, lacking as they do the fruits of civilization, they are unable to appreciate the intellectual side of life, and hence are denied the luxury of those mental joys and pleasures which we so abundantly and yet often so undeservedly possess.

Through literature we can come into vital contact with the best minds which civilization has produced. "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life," declared Milton. "Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library," Emerson once wrote in a notable passage. "A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom." Is it not something to have the master intellects of the world at your elbow to instruct, to warn, to counsel, to guide, to delight you? Reach thither thy hand and at thy will have St. Paul, St. Augustine, Shakespeare, Goethe, Carlyle, Tennyson commune with thee. Doubtless these and many other great worthies immensely enjoy each other's company as they rub shoulders on that shelf of thine—have many a grave philosophical discussion or crack many a sly joke, as the case may be. Pray, why not have them join thy society, teach thee the way of life, point out its sudden pitfalls, show thee the hidden depths of the human heart, or enliven thy daily pilgrimage with their sunny smile?

With some few people there is always a tendency to make a fetish of the printed page, to bow down to it and worship it as though it contained some divine oracle fresh from the mouth of the gods. No greater mistake, however, could possibly be made. We should read, as Bacon once said, "to weigh and consider." One need not—indeed cannot—believe all that one reads. All books contain ideas of some sort; they present certain ways of looking at things, certain doctrines or beliefs, some interpretation of life; while taken chronologically, they represent stages in the evolution of the world's thought.

Each individual is, however, entitled to his own opinion and to his own point of view. Gentle reader—and I use that good old phrase purposely, fully aware that Dr. Samuel Crothers, one of the foremost of contemporary American essayists, and other good men as well, have declared that the "gentle reader" has passed away and is now only a pleasing fiction, a fine superstition, a literary tradition—gentle reader, I ask you, "Is your point of view any better than mine, any loftier, any safer, any saner?" The answer to this question itself inevitably turns upon the point of view. That brilliant French essayist Montaigne as he sat there meditating in the quiet seclusion of his ancestral castle near Bordeaux, made much of the principle of relativity; and Walter Pater in his "Gaston de la Tour," in which he describes an imaginary visit of his hero to Montaigne, does well when he labels one of his chapters, "Suspended Judgment"—splendid phrase! All men look at life with its countless perplexities from at least slightly different angles, and therein lies what we call the personal equation. Who shall say which is right or whether, indeed, any is right? Perhaps all are right—only from different standpoints. Who knows?

Is Pacific time earlier or later than Eastern Standard time? When it is 6.00 a.m. in San Francisco, for instance, it is 9.00 a.m. in Boston; that is, at any given time it is three hours *earlier* in San Francisco than in Boston, for is not 6.00 a.m. earlier than 9.00 a.m.? On the other hand, Bostonians get the sun three hours sooner than do Californians; that is, the western day begins three hours *later* than does that in Boston. Are San Franciscans, then, earlier or later than Bostonians, or are they neither, or both? It all depends, you see, upon what you mean by "earlier" and "later"; in other words, upon the point of view.

Of books, then, it may be said that they often give us a new point of view, a chance to see life, or at all events cross-sections of life through other men's eyes and thus to compare

their ideas with our own as viewed from our particular angle. Such a comparison may either modify or substantiate our own previous conceptions. "How many a man," to quote Thoreau again, "has dated a new era in his life from the reading of a book!"

Reading is, of course, a capital means of self-improvement in other ways than those which I have already indicated. To some extent, for example, it may be made a substitute for travel; indeed, I know of more than one man who has made it a very effective substitute; but better still is it when used as both antecedent and supplement to travel. To prepare oneself thoroughly by carefully selected reading before going abroad is to give new zest to one's enjoyment. Inaccurate, defective, or insufficient information may be readily corrected or supplied by recourse to books.

It goes without saying that every man should have a library of his own, no matter how small or rudimentary, for it is not well to be under the constant necessity of relying on either a public or a university library for one's mental pabulum. In selecting one's books, however, one should not be like the man whom I once read about in *The Outlook* who, when he got enough means, provided himself with hundreds of "dummy" volumes which he placed behind carefully locked glass doors. Longfellow called books "sepulchres of thought," but such volumes of these were only sepulchres of deception and monuments of folly.

Fortunately books are now so cheap that no longer is a select and comprehensive library incompatible with a shallow purse. Most of the masterpieces, the classics of literature—books which Lowell said are "always new and incapable of growing old"—are now easily available in cheap editions and in good translations, so that one may secure at relatively small cost a collection of books which will be at once varied, extensive, and suited to any taste. Is it history, or science, or politics, or philosophy, or *belles-lettres?* It makes little difference. There stands your library from which to pick and choose; only see that you pick and choose well. It is your Pierian spring—therefore drink deep! Thoreau loved to hoe his beans, but I like to indulge the fancy that he loved to read even better.

Some men accomplish an enormous amount of reading. One year I attended a lecture course in Comparative Literature given by one of Harvard's younger professors—an excellent scholar and penetrating literary critic, though only now in his middle forties—and was perfectly amazed at the breadth of his reading. No matter what writer was discussed my professor seemed to have a thorough knowledge of the man himself, his literary work, his relation to his contemporaries, and his influence on the general stream of literature—a knowledge which embraced English, French, German, Italian, Scandinavian, American, and Russian literature, besides that of Greece and Rome. Sanskrit he knew at first hand. So far as I could discover that year the only author that he had not read—for he freely and smilingly admitted it one day—was Maxim Gorky! I think we could easily forgive him for Gorky. Sanskrit alone would easily atone for that!

Only the close student, the expert, the professional man of letters, of course, can hope for such vast intellectual achievements. At present, however, I have in mind not the scholarly *littérateur,* but rather persons in the ordinary walks of life who enjoy intellectual entertainment and the possession of knowledge of various kinds, and who can comfort themselves with the thought that in a matter of this kind quality counts quite as well as quantity. I am therefore addressing myself to them in the hope that they may more justly appreciate the advantages for wide and liberal reading which the present day

offers. I am attempting to recall them from the grosser and more material things to the more purely spiritual and cultural, to that side of life which the old *litterae humaniores* were intended to develop. Even with many college men, reading, I have found, is unfortunately already a lost art.

Americans have for a long time—and I fear all too justly—been charged with a gross materialism, with being too much taken up with temporal affairs — building sky-scrapers, constructing railroads, multiplying dollars; with neglecting the things of the spirit and letting the field of the intellect lie barren; in short, with what Matthew Arnold would call "Philistinism." Recent American writers, however, have been trying to explode this idea, repudiating it as a slanderous libel against their nation. A similar accusation will doubtless soon be made against Canadians—indeed its low rumble can already be heard along the horizon. A new country like our great Dominion, for instance, with its enormous natural resources and growing opportunities for commercial expansion, is peculiarly, constantly, and increasingly menaced by this danger of materialism, and to it, for a time at least, Canadians will doubtless succumb.

Reading aloud often doubles one's enjoyment of a book, for it allows a free discussion and interchange of ideas which are bound to prove profitable. It was thus I made my acquaintance with "A Tale of Two Cities." Last summer a friend read to me Bliss Perry's "Park Street Papers," a most delightful volume of essays by a most delightful writer. Longinus said—if I remember correctly—that true genius was shown in an author by his ability to see similarities and differences so vividly as to crystallize at a flash some idea into a clear crisp metaphor. The ex-editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* easily answers to this definition. Hamilton W. Mabie has well said of him that as a writer of the essay he preserves and continues "its best traditions of sanity of thought, humour, and soundness of forms."

But what shall I read? Ah, that is another question, for the saying, *de gustibus non disputandum,* is as true as it is old. Tastes vary with the individual. Perhaps you will have a small sirloin with onions while I prefer roast duck and potato. A hardy man indeed would he be who would write out *your* literary menu. Yet the late Lord Avebury, better known in the republic of letters as Sir John Lubbock, Lord Morley, Agnes Repplier, Stevenson, Henry Van Dyke, and scores of others have given counsel on the reading of books; various people have written—fatuously, of course — on "The Hundred Best Books"; and only seven years ago Dr. Charles W. Eliot, then president of Harvard, appeared before the public with his famous "five-foot bookshelf," replete with history, drama, art, biography, fiction, epic, saga, travel, poetry, science, and philosophy, the careful reading of which would, in his opinion furnish anyone with a liberal and well-rounded education.

One often reads a book, it is true, on the recommendation of another. An Ontario doctor, who has a keen appreciation of literature, once strongly urged me to read Tolstoy's "Anna Karénina," saying that he thought it a marvellous book and its heroine one of the most lovable women in the whole realm of fiction. It is, indeed, what Ernest Rhys calls it—"a tragic masterpiece," though I shall here attempt no criticism of it. The wife of a University of Toronto professor recommended to me "Thy Rod and Thy Staff," the latest volume of the well-known English essayist, Arthur C. Benson, which recounts autobiographically a very remarkable psychological and religious experience. Another friend was so charmed with the sheer literary beauty of Edmund Gosse's "Father and Son," a book of biographical recollections, that I followed his advice and got it

from a library. Delightfully written it certainly is; in somewhat the same fashion as Tourgénieff's volume with nearly the same title, "Fathers and Sons," it shows clearly the radical differences in opinion and belief that can spring up in so short a time as one generation, only the former is deeply religious in tone while the latter is political and nihilistic. A fourth was so enthusiastic over the classic style of Goldwin Smith's "The United States: A Political History" and had read it with such evident gusto that I was persuaded to get that excellent and informing volume; while a fifth, an American lady in her eighty-fourth year, brought me the other day "The Dairy of Caroline C. Richards (1852-1872)," a real diary of a real girl, giving a vivid picture of village life in central New York half a century ago, and in its last pages pathetically touching on the Civil War—artlessly written, yet provoking many a smile with its abundant and all but unconscious humour.

In the final analysis, however, one must follow largely one's own predilection and choose his own reading. When Napoleon went on his Egyptian campaign he carried with him, if I remember aright, the Bible, Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse," Goethe's "Werther," and MacPherson's "Ossian." Roosevelt's "pigskin library," which he took with him on his African expedition, included none of these except the Bible. Your library likewise will be quite different from mine; your sirloin and onions, metaphorically speaking, are perhaps history and philosophy, while my duck and potato may be biology and fiction. A young collegiate teacher—a grandnephew, by the way, of Thomas Carlyle—told me one day in Toronto that he had just been reading the first volume of Gibbon, and as he spoke, his face fairly beamed with delight; another friend handed me Horace Fletcher's "A.B.-Z. of Nutrition" with a similar glow of pleasure; while a third praised Meredith's "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" with all the exuberance of youth "because it is so much more than a mere novel."

What one reads will depend partly on one's age and sex. "Robinson Crusoe," "The Deerslayer," "Tom Brown's Schooldays," "Settlers in Canada," "Swiss Family Robinson," are healthful books for healthy boys —as good boys' books as were ever written. A similar list for girls might easily be named. One's reading also depends upon one's individual taste and temperament—often upon one's early literary training. One of the first Rhodes scholars from this side of the water once told me that he was just then reading Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and that he considered it the most interesting and most wonderful book that he had ever read. Strangely enough I had just finished reading it, although I could not altogether share his enthusiasm—great book as it undoubtedly is. This difference in opinion merely argued a difference in taste and temperament.

Antiquarians may with similar satisfaction pull down from their shelves the great epics of antiquity and of the Middle Ages—Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," Virgil's "Æneid," the Sanskrit "Ramayana" and "Mahabharata," the Scandinavian "Eddas," the Anglo-Saxon "Béowulf," the German "Nibelungenlied," the French "Chanson de Roland," and the Spanish "Cid"; while the more curious may take delight in such diverse things as Dante's "New Life," the "Love Letters of Abelard and Héloïse," Cartier's "Voyages," or the famous fulminating "Counterblast" of King James.

One's mood at any given moment often determines one's choice of books. To-day one may want to read poetry, to-morrow history, the next day fiction, while next week nothing short of science or philosophy will answer. Yesterday I picked up Mabie's "American Ideals," a volume of selected addresses recently delivered in Japan,

attempting to interpret to the Japanese people the spirit of American democracy by a discussion on broad lines of her history, politics, literature, and art—a book full of interest and of penetrating insight, written with freshness, simplicity, and literary finish; to-day perhaps a play of Brieux's, or a novel of Dickens's engages my attention; to-morrow—ah, to-morrow—it may be something as luminously judicial as Carl Schurz's essay on "Abraham Lincoln," as socially daring as Ibsen's "Ghosts," or as whimsically philosophical as Voltaire's "Candide."

It is well, I think, to vary one's reading considerably, being careful, of course, to read only those books which are distinctly worth while, for everyone has a wide range from which to choose, and furthermore the average mind takes readily and naturally to anything that is of vital human interest. Terence put into the mouth of one of his characters: "I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me"—a sentiment which is as true of the individual now as when penned more than two thousand years ago. Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque," Franklin's "Autobiography," Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," Macgowan's "Lights and Shadows of Chinese Life," Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," Goethe's "Dichtung und Wahrheit," Watson's "The Life of the Master," Eliot's "Silas Marner," Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Bruce's "Scientific Mental Healing," Omar's "Rubaiyat," Jackson's "Fact of Conversion," Keller's "The World I Live In," Balzac's "Père Goriot," Perry's "The American Mind," Israel's "Rembrandt," Neilson's "Essentials of Poetry," Hugo's "Les Misérables," Schurman's "Agnosticism and Religion," Gibbon's "Memoirs," Howells's "Italian Journeys," Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France," Byron's "Don Juan," Oman's "England in the Nineteenth Century"—with books as varied in character as these familiar titles suggest I have spent many pleasant and profitable hours. They are all human documents.

Fitchett's "Unrealized Logic of Religion," which a good friend counselled me to read, I found fascinating and spiritually helpful, though I have been told that it is not deeply philosophical forsooth! Jackson's "Studies in the Old Testament" is a popular presentation of the more scholarly attitude now taken toward the Scriptures. Begbie's "Twice-Born Men," which the author calls a "footnote" to William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience," gives a dozen striking religious biographies of men reclaimed from the slums of London and furnishes an unanswerable argument to the truth of Christianity. These four books would make a valuable acquisition to the religious section of any man's library.

History is always entertaining as well as instructive, for it is, as Macaulay long ago pointed out, essentially biographical. American, Canadian, English, and continental histories have been written by scores of reputable historians. Histories of literature are illuminating as revealing the mental activity and mirroring the progressive life of a nation.

Historical novels serve a double purpose. They are valuable as history in so far as they accurately reconstruct and revivify the past; and as fiction in so far as they succeed in portraying human life against the given background. Hundreds of people have learned about different world epochs from precisely this source, just as many an Englishman has admittedly derived his knowledge of English history solely from reading the historical plays of Shakespeare. Unfortunately, however, some writers have taken such infinite pains to get a correct historical atmosphere in which to place their *dramatis personae* that they are actually handicapped by the sheer mass of historic detail, and consequently the story loses in interest.

To this class belongs "Romola." In it the author has so heavily embroidered her garment of fiction with the facts of history that it does not "set well." As historical novels, Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," Scott's "Kenilworth," Bulwer-Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," and Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities" have perhaps never been surpassed.

In poetry we can have as constant companions Shakespeare, Keats, Milton, Shelley, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, and dozens of others of various times and races. Biography offers an exceedingly tempting field; so also does the drama. Science, philosophy, essays, and books of travel likewise make their special appeal.

The literature of prose fiction is very extensive as well as very inviting. One should guard, however, against reading too many novels. Some years ago, for example, I read nothing but fiction during all of one winter. A little later when I took up a volume of heavier reading called "Egyptian Fellahs and Explorers," by Amelia B. Edwards, a novelist who latterly turned Egyptologist, I found it quite impossible—instructive and charmingly written as it subsequently proved to be. We are, I think, all too prone to read fiction, and especially the latest book, the "best seller." Some months ago I had a letter from a lady nearly eighty years of age and she (bless her heart!) was quoting "Pollyanna" and its "glad" philosophy to me. Most modern novels, however, are of but indifferent quality and do not bear the marks of greatness. Let us lay down "Laddie" and "The Broken Halo" and take up a classic, a real masterpiece. Exeunt Stratton-Porter and Barclay; enter Eliot and Thackeray!

But there are books and books—and one must discriminate. The author of "Oliver Twist" never uttered truer words than when he wrote in that novel that "there are books of which the backs and covers are by far the best parts." When Bacon declared that "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested," he might well have added "some are to be entirely eschewed," for unquestionably many have been written which should forever remain unopened. Some instil into the youthful mind false ideas of heroism and are all too often an exciting cause in promoting criminality; some, while professing a high motive, make their inflammatory appeal with brutal frankness to the baser human instincts and passions; some present life in its ugliest and most forbidding aspects and foster a tendency to morbidity; while others stimulate wrong ideals and set up false social, moral, and ethical standards. Such books are dangerous; they should never be read; they lack the essential quality of good literature; they are what the genial Charles Lamb would call "books which are no books."

Last summer a friend was paddling me along the shore of one of the Muskoka Lakes, when suddenly on running into a little cove, she spied a canoe lying in four feet of water. The melancholy thoughts associated with a sunken canoe were so suggestively unpleasant and gruesome that she could never be persuaded to go near the place again. To many readers the name of Zola is similarly unattractive and even repellent; it suggests the harsh, the sinister, the ugly, the repulsive. Zola's frantic effort to mirror "life" in literature furnishes the classical illustration of the extreme limits to which realism and naturalism may be pushed.

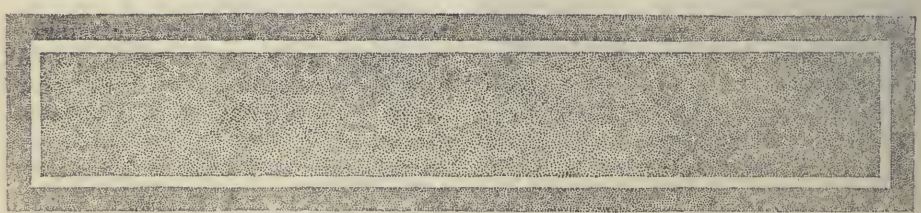
I remember reading not long ago "A Song of Sixpence," a story intended to show how unsatisfactory a marriage can be which has as its motive and justification not love but an overpowering ambition and unfaltering determination to rise to the top of the social spiral. Though written ostensibly with a lofty purpose, it was so conspicuously lacking in delicacy, grace, and beauty, so devoid of every

literary excellence, that when I took up my next book, a novel of George Eliot's, I felt the atmosphere completely changed. "Here is real literature," I said to myself, "for it shows everywhere the work of the accomplished literary artist." It was like suddenly emerging from a malarial swamp and breathing once more the air of heaven. I was on solid ground again, having "the firm earth beneath my feet, and overhead the sky."

The chief trouble with all of us, however, is that the daily duties and activities of our modern world, with its rush and whirl and ceaseless clatter, are usually so pressing and exacting that they leave little time for the cultivation of the mind. Your professional man, your city-dweller, throws down his napkin before his wife and children are half through breakfast, dashes off to his office, spends a busy day, and hurries home for dinner at half-past six. Political, church, and club meetings, together with professional and social engagements, conspire to rob him of many evenings which otherwise he would gladly spend quietly at home with his family. To such a man reading would be welcomed as an agreeable and profitable relaxation; by thus renewing his mind and spirit, it would fit him for the insistent demands of the morrow. In making us forget ourselves for the moment, it acts as a tonic and restorative.

To cultivate an acquaintance with books is to widen the circle of one's friends. Moreover, as Macaulay has well observed, "these friendships are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened and dissolved." On the contrary, they are a daily solace and inspiration. They minister to the spirit; they aid in answering those questions which are constantly and universally springing up from the depths of our human nature; they enable us to look at life from some new coign of vantage, to interpret it more clearly, to give it fresh significance—in a word, "to see life steadily and see it whole," to change slightly Matthew Arnold's fine phrase. For after all our true task, as Barrett Wendell wisely remarks in his "Mystery of Education," is not one of accumulating facts, but of synthesizing them—a task of philosophy. The reading of good literature gives us a complete change of atmosphere, greatly broadens our intellectual horizon, enriches the mind, stirs the pulse, quickens the emotions, enlarges the sympathies, kindles noble aspirations, and by so doing adds immeasurably to the enjoyment and meaning of life.

Sir William Temple's quotation from a Spanish writer is singularly appropriate. "I shall conclude," he wrote in a charming essay published towards the close of the seventeenth century, "with a saying of Alphonsus Surnamed the Wise, King of Aragon, *that among so many things as are by men possessed or pursued in the course of their lives, all the rest are bawbles, besides old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse with, and old books to read.*"



ST. THOMAS HARBOUR

From the Painting by Franklin Brownell, in the National Art Gallery of Canada

THE HONOURABLE WALTER SCOTT
Premier of Saskatchewan

Whose Government was the first in Canada to assume the responsibility of Abolishing the Hotel Bar.

WESTERN CANADA GOING DRY

IN SASKATCHEWAN THE HOTEL BAR HAS GONE—IN ALBERTA IT WILL GO ON 30TH JUNE, 1916—MANITOBA WILL TAKE THE PEOPLE'S VERDICT

BY A. VERNON THOMAS

SASKATCHEWAN and Alberta are to-day the amazing twins of the Canadian family of Provinces. They are twins because they were born on the same day. They are amazing because they have suddenly and quietly accomplished what other Provinces have long talked about without accomplishing. They have given the liquor traffic notice in writing to quit. In the case of Saskatchewan the writing took the form of a legislative statute, written by the people's representatives. In the case of Alberta the people themselves did the writing by marking ballot-papers "Yes" or "No", but "Yes" by a huge majority.

On the point of accuracy someone will object, and rightly so, that

THE HONOURABLE JAMES A. CALDER
Minister of Railways and Highways in the Saskatchewan Government

Who did a notable work in preparing the details of the Saskatchewan Temperance Legislation

Prince Edward Island has been under total prohibition for some fifteen years, and that Prince Edward Island is a Canadian Province. Of course, it is, and we are all proud of it. But with due deference to the feelings of the Islanders, prohibition in an area one-twenty-fifth the size of England and Wales is not the same thing as prohibition in Alberta, a Province five times the size of England and Wales, larger than Germany or France, and nearly as large as Germany and France together.

In passing, the honest chronicler must say that prohibition in Prince Edward Island has been far from satisfactory to those who were instrumental in bringing it about. However, better administration of the law is promised. Nova Scotia, little more than one-third the size of England and Wales, is under total prohibition, with the exception of Halifax, its chief and capital city. New Brunswick, less than half as big as England and Wales, has total prohibition in ten out of fifteen counties and in two out of three cities, as well as in some smaller jurisdictions.

The Province of Quebec has 859 out of a total of 1,168 parishes under total prohibition. Ontario has 535 "dry" municipalities out of the 842 municipalities comprising the Province. Manitoba has fifty-one out of 154 municipalities under local option, but Portage la Prairie, with some 6,000 inhabitants, is the largest urban municipality in Manitoba under prohibition, and this dates only from June 30th last.

Saskatchewan and Alberta did nothing with their local option law that is worth mentioning. There may have been more than one cause for this, but the chief cause, at any rate, was local jealousy or rivalry. That is to say, one city or town did not wish to go "dry" if its rival was to remain "wet". Some years ago all the Saskatchewan cities voted on local

THE HONOURABLE GEORGE BELL
Provincial Treasurer of Saskatchewan

Who says: "The Hotel Bar is the scientific method of selling the maximum amount of Intoxicating Liquor"

option and Moose Jaw went "dry". It was very much disconcerted, however, to find that its neighbour and keen rival, Regina, had remained "wet". So Moose Jaw immediately began an intrigue to get its local option by-law quashed and wasn't happy till it sueeeeded in doing so. British Columbia, in regard to temperanee legislation, is the Cinderella of the Canadian Provinees. It has no local option law and no "dry" territory.

Such was the position in Canada prior to the recent drastic action of two of the Prairie Provinees. It had taken long and wearisome effort on the part of the temperance forees to achieve this much—wearisome political campaigns, wearisome political promises, wearisome political performances. Canadian politicians have habitually flouted the temperance vote as negligible, if not mythical. They have always assumed—and with appalling justification—that the temperanee voter, while not loving temperance less, loves party more. Will Irwin's dietum that the rural citizens of South Carolina combined a purely theological loathing for the demon rum with a purely personal liking for liquor has its counterpart in Canada in a purely personal preference for party.

It is the war that has changed the popular temper towards the liquor traffic. It is the war that has moved many things, long held to be undesirable, if not impossible, into the realm of desirabilities and possibilities. Well for the war that it has done this much. Temperance reform was in a vastly different position in August, 1914, from what it was in July. Russian vodka and French absinthe were bundled unceremoniously out of the national life of Russia and France. Germany, whatever else may be said of her, never had a temperance problem, at least not as far as intoxicating liquor was con-

cerned. Intoxication with her was of another kind and came from another source.

Only in England did Bung struggle successfully. Only of England was it to be said that a statesman, who had to his credit more concrete achievement in social reform than any other statesman of modern times, had to sheathe his sword when Bung stood sullenly in his path. The Dean of Canterbury, highly placed in the established church of his native land, told England that, Germany or no Germany, he couldn't do without, and didn't intend to do without, his glass of liquor.

More happy, in this respect at least, the Provinces of Canada! While we still put up with certain economic evils unknown in the motherland, the liquor traffic has with us no such octopus-hold upon the national life as is the case in the United Kingdom. It is not, thank Heaven, so interwoven with our social fibre as to afford a parallel for the Dean of Canterbury's ultimatum to his countrymen all.

But to return to our amazing twins, the Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta. On March 18th last Premier Walter Scott, of Saskatchewan, announced at the little town of Oxbow, in the southeast corner of the Province, that his Government had decided to abolish every hotel bar and every club licence in Saskatchewan, take the bottle trade in liquor entirely out of private hands and establish in its place a system of public dispensaries.

This announcement was so clear, so definite and withal so sudden that Canada read it at breakfast on the morning of March 19th thrilled and breathless. Premier Scott has kept his word. The Provincial Legislature met on May 10th and prorogued on June 24th. Between those dates it passed two temperance bills, which had been prepared with infinite pains and which were discussed from every angle. On June 30th, three and a half months after Premier Scott's announcement, 405 hotel bars, seven club licences, and thirty-eight wholesale licences went out of existence in Saskatchewan. The thing was done. More than the temperance party of Saskatchewan had asked for or hoped for had come about.

In place of 450 privately-controlled establishments for the sale of liquor there are now in Saskatchewan twenty-three Government-managed and Government-controlled dispensaries. The legislation provides for a possible maximum of eighty of such public liquor stores. But the establishment and also the closing of these stores is to be subject to the popular vote, the whole Province being divided for this purpose into sixty-seven liquor store districts. In Premier Scott's opinion there will never be more than some forty of these public liquor stores in existence.

In inaugurating this system of public dispensaries, to take the place of the privately-owned stores, the Scott Government has proceeded with the utmost caution. Following its invariable custom the Government got what first-hand information it could as to the working of such a system. It sent a commission, consisting of two men, one of whom was a prominent business man of Regina, and the other a college professor, a first-rate political economist, to South Carolina to study the liquor dispensary system which has been in force there for about twenty years. The commission's report is a very interesting document. It goes fully into the South Carolina system and does not fail to emphasize its weaknesses and shortcomings.

These weaknesses and shortcomings the Scott Government has made an honest effort to avoid. The whole provincial dispensary system has been placed under the management of one man, who can be removed only by vote of the Legislature. He does all the purchasing for the system. If anything goes wrong he is responsible. There is also a Director of Pro-

THE HONOURABLE GEORGE LANGLEY
Minister of Public Affairs for Saskatchewan

Who says: "The Bar has a slimy trail leading up to it and a slimy trail leading away from it"

secutions for the whole of Saskatchewan, and each dispensary district has a special magistrate before whom all liquor cases must be heard. For every offence the law prescribes a maximum and a minimum penalty, so that nominal punishments are not possible. The Provincial Auditor is made responsible for the accounting of the system.

No newspaper advertising of liquor is allowed in the Province under the new legislation. No manager or employee of a dispensary has any interest in the number or amount of sales. No mirrors are allowed in the stores and no display of any kind. The interior must be visible from the street. Sales can only be made in sealed packages of recognized brands, and for cash. The dispensary hours are from 9.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m. These are examples of the restrictions imposed and the precautions taken, but they by no means exhaust the list.

The experience of two cities since the legislation came into force may be cited. In Regina thirteen hotel bars or club licences and five wholesale stores have given place to two public dispensaries. One of these is being managed by a life-long temperance worker, who undertook the task at the request of the Provincial director of the system. The director satisfied him that to manage a dispensary in the spirit of the Act would be an opportunity to serve the public. In Saskatoon, where there were prior to July 1st seventeen licenced places for the sale of liquor, there are now two public dispensaries. One of these is managed by a prominent Presbyterian, who also was persuaded to accept the position with a view to seeing that the provisions of the Act were faithfully carried out.

An integral portion of the Scott Government's temperance policy was "An Act respecting Hotels and other Places of Public Accommodation." This piece of legislation embodies a vast amount of forethought in regard to the changed position of hotels, par-

ARCHDEACON G. E. LLOYD, OF SASKATOON

Who led the fight for a Barless Saskatchewan and who predicts that the people will soon be as proud of their Hotels as they are of their Schools

ticularly in the villages and smaller towns, with the bars eliminated. Provision has been made for temporary municipal and provincial assistance to hotels in these small places, to tide them over the difficult period of readjustment. Under the Hotel Act permanent municipal assistance can also be given to hotels towards the maintenance of rest and reading-rooms and for travelling libraries. Permission is given to municipalities to go into the hotel business if they choose to do so.

In explaining the Hotel Act in the Legislature, the Honourable J. A. Calder said: "We are breaking new ground. This is the first piece of drastic social legislation passed by the Scott Government. In future the hotels of Saskatchewan will be places of rest, recreation, and entertainment for our people. In future our farmers' wives and children will not need to wait in a store or loiter on the street while the farmer does his business. As things are they will not go to the hotel, and everyone knows why."

At the first December municipal elections following the end of the war, but not before December, 1916, the provincial electors are to say by means of a referendum whether the bars shall be revived. In December, 1919, they are to say, in the same way, whether the public dispensary system shall continue or go out of business. In the meantime, as already stated, the municipal electors in the sixty-seven dispensary districts will have opportunities to say whether their local dispensaries shall continue, or, on the other hand, whether a dispensary shall be established where one was not in existence.

In the Province of Alberta total prohibition is coming about in a way entirely different from that followed by Saskatchewan in abolishing its bars. The temperance party of Alberta has been the first organized body to utilize the direct legislation law passed by the Alberta Legislature

MRS. NELLIE L. McCLUNG
Canadian Author

Who stumped Alberta and Manitoba for Total Prohibition in the Referendum Fight

two or three years ago. The temperance party fulfilled the condition of this law—a most mild one from the direct legislationist's standpoint—and achieved the immense success of carrying total prohibition by some 20,000 votes out of a total vote of about 80,000. Prohibition, however, is not to come into force till July 1st, 1916. In the meantime the Alberta Legislature will doubtless make some provision for the changed economic position of hotels in smaller places.

If my own humble opinion as to the respective merits of the Saskatchewan and Alberta procedure in regard to bringing about these drastic changes is of any interest to anyone, I say quite definitely that I prefer a thousand times the Alberta method. And in saying this I have a lively appreciation of the courage of the Scott Government and of its political instinct in abolishing the bars in the efficient and expeditious manner in which they were abolished.

I am also prepared to admit that a referendum in Saskatchewan would have shown an overwhelming majority for the Scott Government's temperance legislation, and very probably the people would have accepted total prohibition with as large a majority as did the people of Alberta. I go even further and say that I have some contempt for those opponents of the Scott policy who suddenly discovered themselves to be staunch democrats and demanded that the legislation be submitted to the people before it went into force. For the majority of these objectors had never before in their lives had a demonecratic spasm or drawn a democratic breath.

What so greatly appeals to me in the Alberta method is that this question of total prohibition was debated by the people of Alberta from one end of the Province to the other. It was discussed by farmers over their fences or on the road allowance, by

travellers in trains, by guests in hotels, and on all the highways and byways of the Province. It was discussed by every family at many mealtimes, by every high school, by every college, by every church organization, and, in fact, by *every* organization. Hundreds of people who never before had taken an interest in social legislation must have been provoked or stimulated to ask the question: "What's this bill everyone's talking about?" And I see in the asking of that question a greater promise for honest and good government in Canada than I see in any other direction.

Few Canadian governments have shown the courage, inspiration, sagacity—call it what you will—which the Saskatchewan Government showed when it assumed the responsibility of abolishing the bars and taking over the rest of the liquor traffic. In 1911 the Government of Manitoba was petitioned by 20,000 electors to do what? Not to banish the bars or enact prohibition, but merely to take a referendum on the question of abolishing the bars. This request was year by year steadily refused. The new Liberal Government is pledged to take a referendum on total prohibition after the next session of the Legislature. Unless all signs fail that is the way in which drastic temperance reform will come about in Manitoba. All things considered it is surely healthier that the responsibility for a great moral and social change should rest upon the shoulders of the people themselves.

Let it not be inferred that no temperance missionary work was done in Saskatchewan. This review is woefully incomplete if it fails to mention the splendid zeal of the leader of the Saskatchewan temperance forces, Archdeacon Lloyd, principal of Emmanuel College, Saskatoon. When an English Anglican parson takes his coat off, rolls up his sleeves, and takes the stump in a popular fight, he is hard to beat.

I heard Archdeacon Lloyd for the first and only time in my life on a Sunday afternoon in the Regina city hall. The temperance bills were then before the Legislature. I went with a certain prejudice against him because of some utterances on another public question. But Archdeacon Lloyd's obvious sincerity on the temperance question and his noble enthusiasm quite captivated me and I put on the collection plate a larger coin than I had ever intended to.

As a sample of the Archdeacon's forceful figures of speech may be cited his description of the bar-room as the diseased appendix of the hotel, which had to be cut out before the hotel could become a healthy organism. With almost wicked delight in his eye Archdeacon Lloyd told his audience that he had arranged to tour England later in the year and that he dearly wanted to rub it in to his Anglican brethren there that Saskatchewan was fifty years ahead of England in temperance reform.

But most of all I liked Archdeacon Lloyd's portrayal of the bar-less hotel. Wherever he went, he said, the people insisted on showing him their school-house, but they never insisted upon his seeing the hotel. Yet the time was fast coming, declared the Archdeacon, when the people would be just an anxious to show him their hotel as to show him their school-house. His vision of the hotel under the new dispensation was a quiet and homelike place, abounding with restful, artistic, and literary suggestions. It was to contain above all things a reading-room and a library.

Archdeacon Lloyd's vision takes concrete form in the Scott Government's legislation, which is nothing less than a social revolution. That unchanging human nature of which some people still sagely talk is changing to-day in Saskatchewan before our eyes. The children of the next generation will know little or nothing of the brutish beastliness which their mothers had to put up with at the hands of weak and selfish men.

CHRIST AND SOCRATES

BY R. GOLDWIN SMITH

CHRIST.

"Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the meat, and the body more than the raiment? . . . But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—According to St. Matthew.

SOCRATES.

"I have told you to take no care either for the body or for riches prior to or so much as for the soul, how it may be made most perfect, telling you that virtue does not spring from riches but riches and all other human blessings, both private and public, from virtue."—According to Plato.

SOCRATES lived and did his work among men four hundred years before the advent of Christ. The twin peoples, Greece and Israel, bordering on the same Midland Sea, developed their own peculiar world-gifts, each for the most part unconscious of the other. It was not until the Apostolic and post-Apostolic days that the course of the blended mystic stream of Greek and Persian thought was turned to feed the limpid river of Hebrew-Christian religion. It may be taken as certain that Christ never so much as heard of Socrates or his work.

Socrates was the idol of sincere men in Athens, while he was hated and condemned to death by those in authority. Christ was the adored of the true and just in Jerusalem, even while he was despised and delivered for crucifixion by both the temporal and spiritual masters of Judea. Striking as is the similarity of their experiences in the days of their flesh, however, the close identity of their standpoints in life, as handed down to us by their respective disciples, is even more worthy of comment. These two commanding personalities, setting aside all the superficial emoluments of this life, rallied the youth of their day to the standard of sincerity, and led them far on the highway to the perfect life.

The two quotations that head this article are selected from a number of others that are strikingly parallel. The first is an abstract from the defence of Socrates at his trial, when he was condemned to death in Athens in 399 B.C. Being falsely accused of various things, he set forth in terse but vivid paragraphs his philosophy of life, his care for humanity, his belief in the deity, and his hope of immortality. The second is an abstract from "Christ's "Serman on the Mount," in which the reader is given a digest of Jesus's outstanding teachings. As a matter of fact, these two quotations, and various others, might be interchanged without robbing either speaker.

Despite the fact that ingenious Christian philosophers of the early Christian era to a great extent overshadowed Christ's teachings with their own speculative theories, to which, unfortunately, the modern orthodox churches have become heirs,

the youth of the English-speaking world is fairly familiar with the Christianity of Christ. He has read his Bible as well as his Catechism. This is fortunate, because the latter is strongly adulterated with Greek and Persian philosophy. The Beatitudes, the arraignment against sham-religion, the heroics of loving your enemies, and of unostentatious service, of being above all else sincere, these teachings of Christ are known. Socrates, however, is not known, except by students. Because of the close identity of his life and teachings with Christ's, if for nothing else, he should be known and revered.

Socrates when condemned to death was over seventy years old. He had a chequered career. In early manhood he had been a soldier. Socrates was almost a giant in frame, and if his busts, shown in our public places, are a true indication, he was decidedly homely.

Stories are told of his camp and barracks life, when in revelry he could easily handle three men in a "bout." He could also drink the whole assemblage under the table, remaining himself apparently immune to the usual immediate effects of such excess. So far his life was entirely different from that of the Galilean, whose youthful steps were ever in the ways of piety. Throughout Socrates's military career, however, the seeds of greatness were springing. He would not do injustice to a fellow man, even when commanded to do so by his superior officers, by the Democracy, or later by the Hierarchy. More than once he risked his commission and his life by refusing to despoil a fellow citizen in order to enrich himself and those in authority.

Later in life a change came over him. As a result of a process of introspection, he saw the folly of his wild soldier life. The soldier gradually gave place to the philosopher. From then forward he lived a just man, giving himself up wholly to service, not of the state as an institution, for it was rotten, but to the individuals that constituted the state. He turned his attention to the young men, hoping thereby to rear a generation of just men, who would themselves evolve a righteous government.

Socrates was married and had children. The philosopher must have been a trial to his wife sometimes. It is recorded of him that one day on his way home to dinner he became engrossed in following out one of his problems, with a perspicuity that made him the terror of the sophists. He stood, as was his wont, stock still on the street for hours in one place without moving a muscle. Meanwhile the dinner prepared for him by his careful wife was spoiled and when he arrived he was sorely taken to task.

Even our kindergarten teachers have adopted the Socratic method in developing the consciousness of the child, a process of questioning, by which the child is made to think and discover for itself. In Socrates the method was hated, because he used it against the sophists and others, who, while they knew very little about anything, thought they knew all. They resented disillusion. In the famous dialogues of Socrates, edited and greatly elaborated upon by his beloved disciple Plato, the pseudo-philosophers of his day were made to appear ludicrous. In his day Socrates was proclaimed to be the wisest man, and he was anxious to discover if this was true. After long investigation, in which he catechized every reputed wise man he met, he finally concluded that he was the wisest man, because while he knew very little about anything, he was aware of it, and in the latter respect he stood alone. It was out of this experience that his famous maxim, "Know thyself," has been handed down to us. Socrates thought this the beginning of wisdom.

Adhering to his humble and conscientious vocation, however, Socrates was courting death, and he knew it. During his trial speech he compared himself to a gadfly and Athens to a

well-bred but lazy horse, which it was his duty to rouse from indolent content, even at his own expense. That the horse would endeavour to kill the gadfly he expected. This gadfly bit deeply, too. Probably no group of men were more similar, in position and their general attitude, to the Scribes and the Pharisees of Christ's day than the rulers of Athens in the time of Socrates. They were hypocrites, they were unjust, they were "whited sepulchres," but above all they were self-deluded. The arraignments of Socrates against them were almost as severe as Christ's notable condemnation of the Scribes and Pharisees, found in the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew.

This Athenian hierarchy had its hold on the helm of state. It had assumed an authority over an incompetent people that had not been invested upon it. Those glorious days were long past when every Greek was a statesman. Retrogression, the offspring of enervation, had set in. The people had become a mob, and a demagogue could sway them. Only a few years after the legal murder of Socrates, their fickle passions were roused against Aristides, "The Just," and he became an exile.

The day came when the "Scribes and Pharisees" of Athens dare wait no longer. This man, Socrates, was undermining their authority. Just as the rulers of Jerusalem feared Christ, they began to take Socrates seriously. They conferred and spoke thus, to borrow from the Bible: "If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him. . . . Then from that day forth they took council together for to put him to death."

The trial of Socrates was as great a mockery as that of Christ. Socrates had the foresight to know that he was already sentenced in the hearts of his judges and accusers. His defence, therefore, was brief and principally for another purpose than to save his life. He did not endeavour to conciliate his judges. Never in his dialogues with the Sophists had his thrusts gone so deep, nor was his sarcasm so keen. His defence was virtually his "Sermon on the mount". He wanted once more to drive home his principles of life. He was hated just as Christ was hated afterwards, because he stood for sincerity in opposition to hypocrites, and they had the power to put him to death.

The charges brought against Socrates were three in number:

1. Socrates, a wise man, occupies himself about celestial matters and has explored everything under the earth, and makes the worse appear the better reason.

2. Socrates does not believe in the gods.

3. Socrates corrupts the youth of Athens.

Answering the first indictment, Socrates denied it flatly, and called for witnesses to prove that he had ever interested himself or mentioned these things in his discourses. No one spoke. Then he pointed out that the indictments No. 1 and No. 2 were contradictory, because, he said, he could not busy himself about divine things if there was to his mind no divine being concerning whose matters he was accused of interesting himself.

Answering the second charge he proclaimed and proved his belief in the deity. It was in obedience to the deity that he had spent his life seeking out a wiser man than himself.

Answering the third charge, Socrates called upon any who had heard him discourse, or a friend of these, to confirm the accusation. No one spoke. The three indictments stood bald and entirely unsubstantiated. Then Socrates told his accusers to their faces before the assembled court that their enmity was the father of their charges and that that would condemn him and not any guilt on his part.

Socrates devoted the rest of his time to a reflective discourse of the *summum bonum* of life, the prospect of death, and the folly of fearing it.

The thing to be anxious about, he declared, is not death, but whether a man is just or unjust. He confessed that he had no competent knowledge of the things of Hades. "But," he said, "to act unjustly and to disobey my superior, whether God or man, I know is evil and base. I would be foolish, therefore, to be base rather than enter upon the unknown which might be blessed. I cannot cease to pursue my present course of life. It would be disobeying the deity, a divine spiritual influence, who has prompted me and led me. I am ready to die. It is not possible to be long safe, who sincerely opposes your course of injustice."

Then followed one of Socrates's sublime speeches, which was a foretaste of Christ: "O Athenians, I honour and love you, but I shall obey God rather than you, and so long as I breathe and am able I shall not cease studying philosophy and exhorting you and warning anyone of you I may happen to meet, saying as I have been accustomed to say, 'O best of men, seeing you are an Athenian, of a city the most powerful and renowned for wisdom and strength, are you not ashamed of being careful for riches, how you may acquire them in greatest abundance, and for glory and honour, but care not nor take any thought for wisdom and truth and for your soul, how it may be made most perfect?'" For teaching these things Socrates was put to death. How parallel this was to the position of Christ. Could Christ, too, not have saved himself by renouncing his gospel? How like the experience of Christ throughout those ministering years, which led inevitably to the Cross. Could not Christ have saved himself and acquired worldly gifts by becoming a Pharisee?

Some would plead for mercy, Socrates pointed out. This would be wrong, because it would be an admission of the possibility of favouritism in one who was the representative of justice. It would be dishonourable.

Socrates believed he had been especially sent by the deity. Note once more the similarity between Socrates and Christ in the consciousness of a divine vocation. "That I am a person," he said, "who has been sent by the deity to this city, you may discern from hence, for it is not like the ordinary conduct of men that I should have neglected all my own affairs and suffered my private interests to be neglected for so many years, and that I should constantly attend to your concerns, addressing myself to each of you separately, like a father or elder brother, persuading you to the pursuit of virtue."

At the close of his defence, Socrates was pronounced guilty by a majority of voices. At that he half humorously passed a verdict on himself, claiming that for his services he should be maintained in comfort for the remainder of his life at the expense of the state. The judges then passed sentence of death on him.

Socrates after warning his condemners that they would in the nature of things receive due punishment for their injustice, turned in a friendly way to those who had voted for his acquittal. To them he proclaimed his convincing belief in immortality. He argued that because the divine voice within him, which had hitherto always led or restrained him, had not forbidden him to take his present stand, what had befallen him appeared a blessing. "Death," said he, "cannot be an evil. We may conclude that there is great hope that death is a blessing, for to die is one of two things, annihilation (having no sensation), or it is the passage of the soul from one place to another. If annihilation, it would be like a sound, dreamless sleep; and what in memory has been sweeter than a night of dreamless sleep? If removal to another place, where the dead have gone, what greater blessing could there be than this, for it would be release from unjust judges into the hands of just judges. At what price," he continu-

ed, "would you not estimate a conference with Orpheus, Musaeus, Hesiod, and Homer? I should be willing to die often if this be true." Then Socrates added with sublime humour: "But the greatest pleasure of all would be to spend my days in questioning and examining the people there, as I have done those here, and discovering who among them is wise and who fancies himself wise but is not."

"You, therefore, O my (true) judges," he proceeded, "ought to be entertaining good hopes with regard to death and to meditate on this one truth, that to a good man nothing is evil neither while living nor while dead, nor are his concerns neglected by the gods. What has happened to me is better for me." Then came a touch almost as pure as one of the seven words from the Cross. Socrates told them that he bore no resentment towards those who condemned him, because they had inadvertently condemned him to happiness. "But," he closed, "it is now time to depart, for me to die, for you to live. But which of us is going to a better state is unknown to everyone but God."

Such was Socrates, or as much of him as space will allow, when he was about to pass into the unknown. He approached his fate with a serenity that comamnds veneration. His life and death were the vindication of his own words that the just man has nothing to fear in life or death. For some time after his trial, Socrates, in his prison cell, continued to discourse with his visitors. According to custom, he was granted the privilege of taking his own life by drinking hemlock. He did this without flinching.

In this man there was the serenity of Christ. To him the voice of conscience was the "Spirit of Truth," and he gave his life rather than renounce it. He conceived himself the embassy of Heaven sent to persuade men to the pursuit of virtue. Array all dogmas and doctrines and metaphysics against such a consciousness, and they are as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. The teaching of Socrates was a foretaste of the Gospel. The primal question with both Socrates and Christ was not found in any particular belief, but in sincerity. Neither the Athenasian Creed, the Nicean Creed, nor the Westminster Confession sprang from Christ. The theory of his divine birth was not a product of his own mind, but of other men, and was due to a debased conception of human nature. In spite of the recorded words of Christ at the Last Supper, "This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins," the most truly representative theologians of this day have born witness that Christ could not have entertained the thought that his death was a propitiation for sin. Even James Denney breaks from orthodoxy in explaining away the alleged propitiatory aspect of Christ's death, in his "Studies in Theology," while he clings to the terminology. A professor in systematic theology, in commencing a course of lectures, quoted from II. Corinthians, 5-19, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself," and he said, "That text is the motive centre of the Christian ministry". The principle of that text is a direct contradiction of the principle of propitiation. Indeed, few theologians will come out straightforward and say, "I believe that Christ paid the price demanded by God," which is the root idea of the word propitiation. They are too sincere. They would be ashamed of such a doctrine, because it is a heritage from heathenism, when human sacrifice was instituted to appease the deity.

Christ had far other matters to concern him than metaphysics. He was calling upon men to be sincere, to love one another, to seek righteousness. Nor was the idealism found in Plato's writings the product of Socrates; it was his own. The latter denied that he dealt with these matters. Both

Socrates and Christ were seeking truth, not *a* truth.

"What is truth?" asked Pilate of Christ, as though it were something absolutely outside a man, or an idea. How clearly both Socrates and Christ recognized that truth is not a thing or an idea, but a state of mind, an attitude of sincerity towards everything and every idea. One must accustom oneself to the fact that no man is infallible, neither Paul nor Peter, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, nor are the early Church Fathers infallible. The student must accept from them what appeals to his judgment. The learned Christian may enjoy in a marvellous degree the highly speculative metaphysics that religion offers to the imagination. It is refreshing to discover, however, that Christ had no creed, as Socrates had no metaphysics. This is the reason why the humblest citizen may be a Christian in the purest sense of the word, because in his circumscribed round of life he can adopt as sincere an attitude as those invested with Imperial authority or ecclesiastical prerogatives.

There is indeed much virtue to be found in the teachings of the early Church Fathers. From Polycarp to Augustine, they became Christlike in the life they led. It must always be borne in mind, however, that the leaders among these, those who made the most profound impression on religious thought, were Greek philosophers before they became Christians, and they remained Greeks intellectually. It was their heritage. St. Augustine had been a Manichean, then a Neoplatonist. St. Paul himself was steeped in Greek philosophy, having been born and nurtured in Tarsus. Now an outstanding principle of Neo-platonism was that of the Trinity. The gap between a far-off deity and debased humanity was bridged by the Logos, of whom St. John speaks. The value of historical criticism cannot be overestimated in that its representatives have sifted the doctrines of the Christian Church, and referred them to their respective sources. Greece had much to give. So also had Persian thinkers. In much greater degree is man to-day beholden to the Hebrews for religious principles and example. But it is the duty as well as the right of every intelligent being to search and understand what he is to believe, to choose one teaching and discard another, according to his own judgment. Only one thing is demanded of any man and every man, viz.. that he be sincere. Whether he accepts all or none of these doctrines is beside the question. He is a Christian if he is sincere. It is because Socrates stood for this in so practical a manner that he ranks high among world figures.

There are some who maintain that in essentials no man can be compared with Christ, that in his vocation and in the nature of his person he stands alone. This might be true if Christ had a metaphysical birth, if he alone paid the price of our salvation to an angry, just, or what-not deity, if, in a word, the Nazarene were the supernatural being he has been popularly represented to be. It would seem, however, that not he but some of his followers conceived these things about him, and as Christians we are not obliged to accept them. Is not the Christian rather to be guided by the ethical or spiritual teachings of Christ and become a disciple of his life, than to follow any other formulator of the churches' manifold doctrines? Christ seemed to be all that a man could be. His merit was not that there was a peculiar supernatural element in Him, but that He proved Himself in everyday human experience to be a perfectly poised soul, a person of sincerity. All who have ever attained to His attitude of mind are Christians, whether they lived 400 years before or 2,000 years after the days of His flesh.

It appears an unfortunate error of history that Christ has been placed by Himself in a qualitative sense,

when the distinction between Him and other men is one of degree. On the evidence of history and in the estimation of personal consciousness the Christian has, it appears, rightly exalted Christ to a high place, to a divine capacity. The Unitarian says that Christ was *only* a man. According to Christ, it would seem that He was not divine, because he was unlike men, but because men and He Himself were like God. Could we sin if this were not so? Could we have a sense of sin otherwise? Christ recognized it on almost every page of the Gospel, although he did not propound it as a doctrine. He thought that way about Himself and humanity.

How could men conceive of a saviour or a god that was not human? Man's consciousness is human. He thinks entirely in human relations. Man's consciousness is as comprehensive as reality. It is identified with reality. It is reality. Surely God is reality.

A strangely inconsistent habit of mind has existed among thinkers to get away from human relations and facts in estimating God. Spinoza and Kant are two outstanding examples of this. They have placed God in the category "unhuman" and then have tried to describe Him on metaphysical grounds. They dare not, according to their system, appeal to facts, because facts are human, every one. Of course, their metaphysics was human also, only it lacked foundation in fact. Examples of these pre-suppositions are the "Virgin birth of Christ," the "Substance" doctrine of the Niccan Creed, the "Substance" axiom of Spinoza, and the "synthetic activity" of Kant. Religious systems, especially, are of too vital importance to be based on "generally accepted" axioms. If God is not human in its most actual and scientific sense, if He cannot be referred to in terms of sensations, feelings in certain time and space relations, then religious agnosticism is inevitable, except the knowledge that one knows nothing. If God is anything He is a human being, or man is a divine being. The terms "human and divine" are interchangeable. Either one can be used so long as God, Christ, and man are placed on common ground. No assertion can be made about divine things that is not human.

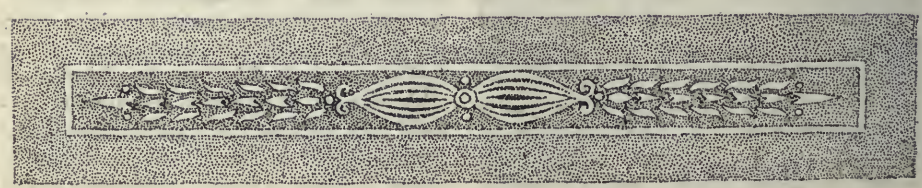
How long will it be before the Jew, the Mohammedan, the Unitarian, and Christian alike rise to this consciousness, see the limpid star of destiny rise from the murk of their own self-debasing enervation, and, setting their faces towards it, come unto their own. Socrates, like the Baptist, was a forerunner; St. Paul and St. Augustine became followers of Christ, the purest light, but has the race not the divine nature, which is the core of man?

But in treating Christ in this exalted manner and in recognizing men as coheirs with Him, what of the Second Person of the Godhead? What is the relation of Socrates to Him? Christ thought of the Second Person as the "Spirit of Truth" in men, not a personality independent of man. While the mystic power of that all-pervading spirit is still the wonder of the world, it is no longer a question of doubt. It is a fact of every consciousness. What man is there who does not know what the spirit of sincerity means? The liar, the hypocrite, the vicious are conscious of it. It is there in the heart of them, always stirring. It sprang eternal in the human heart before Christ came, like the fire upon the ancient sacred altar. It shone out brightly in such men as Socrates, and he talked of the Spirit of Truth and of its influence over him as familiarly as did Christ. In the dark period before the advent of Christ the flame dwindled to a smoking flax. Christ came to fan it into a consuming fire that swept across continents. This was His world-gift.

It is a fact of consciousness, this Holy Spirit. But as men transform-

ed the personality of Christ into a metaphysical uncertainty, so have they beclouded the Spirit of Truth, so that men have lost its identity and wondered if there was one. It goes by many names—The Second Person, the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, Conscience, the Sense of Sincerity. Terminology is the cause of much confusion, but the unsubstantial theories for which some names stand are more confusing. A student with questioning doubts that would not rest was walking arm in arm with an aged theologian. "Is there any difference," he asked, "between the Holy Spirit and Conscience?" "Why," replied the theologian, laughing the youth to ridicule, "all the difference in the world. Conscience, my boy, is a faculty of the mind, while the Holy Ghost is a personality outside the mind and altogether independent of it." The student had nothing to do but doubt, failing to find evidence for that metaphysical uncertainty. A study of consciousness and of history, however, finally convinced him that Conscience and the Spirit of Truth were one and the same thing, because every function credited to the latter is identical with the former. Conscience is a fact, however, while the Spirit of Truth, as popularly represented, has been a dogma. The Spirit of Truth is a fact, not a theory, a recognized power in all personalities, not a personality. Call it human or divine, it is the same thing, a sense in man inspiring him to sincerity. It is for this reason that the Decalogue may be said to have been divinely given. It was inspired by the great lawgiver's sense of truth. For this reason the discourses of Socrates were divinely given, and any fragment of sincerity that springs from the heart of any man is divinely given. From the standpoint of fact, where is there any qualitative difference? It is because of this all-pervading spirit that Christ said: "I am in the Father, and ye in Me, and I in you," and all are by nature one. Not in the Pharisaism of Socrates's day, Christ's day, or our day, but in sincerity are men to concern themselves. So said Socrates, so said Christ, so says the Spirit of Truth in every man.

Both Socrates and Christ claimed a divine vocation. Both of them died for the triumph of sincerity over hypocrisy. Both of them unfurled a blood-red banner of virtue to charm the lives of the youth of their day. It is time to cease thinking of Socrates as *only* a man, and of Christ as an official. Merit is not to be judged by the theories with which it is approached. Theories, if they are desired, are to be evolved from merit, from facts. The *summum bonum* of life is not to be found in creeds, but in an attitude of careful sincerity. The life of Socrates was a triumph, a limpid star of the first magnitude, leading men to the manger in Bethlehem.



EVENING

From the Water-Colour Drawing by J. M. Barnsley, a Canadian Painter of much merit, in the National Art Gallery of Canada

THE OX

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

THE canal, so far as he could see, seemed safe enough. The war was far away. No one would be tampering with the gates on a night like this. Warm rain was sweeping across the brilliant avenue of electric lights marking the canal's curve through the velvet-black night. A crazy wind, leaping through the rigging of a Norwegian freighter that was just passing out of the near lock into the lower level was shouting vain threats. A lock-keeper, cursing the ship for keeping him out so late on such a night, was locking his shanty, preparatory to going home. Other people had been snug and asleep this hour or more, thought the sentry. With a grunt, as the lock-keeper departed, he re-draped the water-proof over his ungainly bulk and composed himself, stolidly, to thought, in the midst of the bluster; butchering was his proper trade, not sentry-go, though when the rest of the militia regiment had volunteered to act, he had offered lest he be laughed at for a coward. His mind stole back, three miles, to the canal-side town where his meat-shop lay.

He was glad to be let alone, after the confusion of the day. In the presence of other human beings he had to be continually alert against the sallies of witty people whose figures were not so difficult to manœuvre in close quarters as his, and whose faces lacked that blonde mildness which, in him, seldom failed to invite abuse. Thinking was a fumbling process for him, and being vigilant against the merry-makers left him little time for the trivial memories and tremendous ambitions which he loved to thumb over when he had the chance. Five years before, largely on account of the jeers of his fellow soldiers and despairing drill sergeants, he had deserted the German Fourth Army Corps at Madgeburg, in the first three months of his military service. The badinage there had been cruel: here in Canada, whither he had hurried to secrete his ponderous bulk, it was tempered with liking for his amiability. He had joined the Canadian militia in a moment of gratitude toward the freer air of America. Yet often, when his face was draped with smiles for the customers of his meat-shop, he was inwardly raging at the sudden recollection of a Madgeburg insult, one which he had not had time to answer then, but to which, in Canada, he had framed lengthy and overwhelming replies. Now he was alone. His timid mind crawled into open communion, and his face glowed beatifically with the thoughts of an electric meat-grinder which he contemplated installing in the shop.

Without warning, one of the big electric lights over his head blinked out, and some bits of broken glass fell beside him. Three others followed, one by one, leaving the gates for which he was responsible, in shadow. The Norwegian vessel too seemed unnecessarily slow in leaving the stretch of clear water below the set of locks. But the sentry was absorbed in imaginings. Just as he was picturing the new meat-grinder on his cracked marble counter, a short figure in a sou'-

wester and oil-skins appeared by stealth on the canal-bank opposite. It busied itself lifting noiselessly some small but heavy object toward the far end of the water-gates. The militiaman saw nothing, for he had suddenly plunged into a recollection of the mighty blood-puddings which he had loved in his youth; the pretty Prussian girl he had almost kissed—the day he was eighteen. He had been, even then, a butcher, forced at an early age to succeed his late father in the family shop. He, Karl, had been indulged in everything by a faded mother and by a deformed elder brother, who wrapped the parcels in the shop, and who, between customers, read poetry, because poetry never mentioned the legs of its heroes. Secretly, the butcher was afraid of the cripple—though the cripple was the only male he had ever dared address with authority—because the brother's wit moved with dazzling speed and his eyes, at times, burned madly. He called the butcher, half in admiration, half in sarcasm, "My Big Dog Brother!" and with furtively extended hand would sometimes touch the giant's forearm as if to see if it were real. When the cripple, in their common bedroom, read poetry aloud, the butcher grew uneasy, or fell asleep. On the day he was summoned to Madgeburg for his military service, Kurt—that was the deformed one's name—watched him out of sight with envious eyes, and in the first mail sent him a poem to the Kaiser, which he had composed himself. They had had to hire a butcher to take Karl's place in the shop. He had not seen his native town since his desertion. Kurt had written him once. His mother was dead.

Now the figure on the opposite bank of the canal had moved out on the narrow gangway on the top of the gates, and was intertwining something like a heavy white cord, with the grillwork under the handrail of the gates. He was working swiftly, and with occasional glances downward toward a packet which he had lowered, a moment before, far down beside the gates. The cord—whatever it was—was attached to that packet. Finishing his work, the figure on the gangway flashed what seemed to be a pocket-light, in the direction of the Norwegian vessel—it was obviously a signal—and from the stern of the loitering vessel a lantern seemed to make reply. The sentry, emerging from his preoccupation at that moment, caught the flash of a second signal from the gates.

"'Oo ghoss der?" he croaked, "'Oo—"

The man on the gates replied in German and while the puzzled sentry hesitated, darted toward him.

"Wait!" he cried, "'Tis I, Karl—Kurt! 'Tis I-"

The militiaman paused and then, as the intruder came in reach, swept off the sou'-wester, and pulled open the oil-skin jacket that hid the crooked form. A pause.

"Thou!" he muttered.

"I. Thou hadst not forgotten?"

"Thou?" repeated the butcher.

"Thou rememberest me—surely, brother?"

"I—I must arrest thee. What wast thou doing on the gates?"

"Arrest!" cried the other, his timid hands half extended, "Arrest! Why, brother—there must be one German in the family—since thou wearest the enemy's uniform for the enemy's sake. I thought—I thought thee a spy! For the Fatherland?"

"What wast thou doing on the gates?"

"Hush! I came by yonder vessel—a Norwegian. She has a Hamburg captain, a patriot! As she passed through thy lock, I dropped down on the far side, on the embankment. Then with the air-rifle"—he showed a diminutive weapon under his jacket—"I broke the lights—one, two, three, four! Didst thou not hear the tinkle of the glass?"

"Why camest thou?"

"Couldst thou not guess?"

"Speak it!"

"The canal—it is the feed line of

the enemy! Dost thou now—"

"What enemy?"

"The British!"

The butcher was silent, bewildered.

"Listen," continued the cripple, "I have made the fuse long, so that we may reach the Norwegian in plenty of time, and be hidden in her bellyful of wheat—on a pile of sacks which has been prepared, on top of the grain. It is the last that shall leave this country for some time—after to-night. See. Here is the fuse. Light it, thou. A blow for the Fatherland!"

"But I am Canadian."

"*Ach*—"

"I have papers to show—"

"Papers! I tell thee—"

"I would not take the treatment they gave me at home, at Madgeburg. Here I have *everything!* I have a shop. Why should I play fool with —with blowing up canals?"

"*Pfui!* For shame!" retorted the other. "This is war! Many weeks ago, in our little village, I heard the beginnings of things; one by one the men went away from their homes. In the night I heard marching and an endless rumble of great motor-wagons moving swiftly toward Madgeburg. This is no holiday preparation, think I. This is war, coming. And from every house in the village goes a man —to fight! Except only from our house! I am Kurt the Deformed, whose brother—dost thou not see? O big brother?

"I sold the shop. I came here to find thee. Thy shop I find with a boy minding it. Thou? Thou hast gone to be a guard on the canal. What canal? The great one which lets the ships of the sea sail into the middle of America and dip up wheat—for England! Do you think because I limp I am so slow to *think?*

"I found a true German working in a quarry. He stole for me twelve sticks of explosive and fuse and told me how to do with them. See," the cripple pointed at the white line trailing from his feet, across the gate and, vaguely, downward. "I found the master of the Norwegian ship, which was being lightered so that she could pass through the canal, sipping his drink in a bar. I knew he was German by the cut of his linen. We talked very discreetly. He brought me here and he will carry us away with him—under the Norwegian flag. So, quickly now! Here is the match. This shall be thy honour. Strike—and we shall be on our way—*Heimat.*"

"*Halt's Maul!* Be quiet!" replied the butcher, "I must think what is to do with thee. I should be arresting thee now. My shop—"

"*That* for thy shop. Here is the match. I give thee the honour!"

"Be still! *Listen!*"

In the distance someone was running. The sound came toward them. It was like the jingle of spurs. The sentry fumbled with his rifle, to bring himself to attention. As he did so he saw a match flare—at his very feet. Saw the cripple bending over it. Saw something beside the flame start to splutter.

"Quick!" cried the crippled one. "It is burning. Cross the gates. Keep to the darkness and gain the steamer's side. There is a ladder trailing on the bank!"

Next moment the cripple, in his queer darting gait, had gone. The sentry trembled. The sound of spurs came closer. There was a shout, a shot—and he, too, fled.

A young officer, panting, reached the gate, caught the smell of the fuse, found it, and pinched it out. It was still far from the dynamite. Meantime with a pea-whistle he summoned assistance. Men responded. They mapped out a plan of search and scattered. At the end of the canal, as daylight broke, a Norwegian tramp, down-bound, was stopped and searched half-heartedly. Nothing was found, but meantime, on a pile of sacks on top of the golden cargo, two men sat breathing on their skinned knuckles, skinned by the hasty ascent of the ship's side. The larger of the two, with a dazed expression,

was drawing off his regimentals and donning the clothing of a sailor. The other, with burning eyes, watched the transformation. In the deep water of Lake Ontario the uniform was tossed overboard, weighted with coal. The ship cleared Montreal for Rotterdam the day before the Canadian port was closed.

II.

An outpost of Uhlans belonging to the Fourth Army Corps dragged before the senior commanding officer of that division two men who had stolen toward the lines, from the Dutch frontier. One was a cripple and voluble; the other was an indifferent mountain of flesh, pale from sea-sickness.

"I have seen him before," whispered one junior officer to another, as they waited for the commander to open his morning court. "Isn't that —by the Day!—isn't that our old friend the Ox?"

"Quiet!" snarled the commander. "Out with the story, Captain."

"Herr Commander," stated the officer of the outpost, "we found these two men crawling toward our lines, during the hour before dawn. The cripple was in the lead, Herr Commander. He seems to be the spokesman."

"Herr Commander," shrilled the cripple, "let me speak!"

"Speak."

"Herr Commander, this is my brother, Karl. He is a great fighter. Trained, sir, with your men at Madgeburg in 19—. In a moment of weakness—on account of a very beautiful woman, Herr—"

"Hurry, fool. Drop the details."

"He deserted, sir. He went to Canada, where he built himself a great trade in meat. Then, Herr Commander, hearing of our Emperor's call for men, he made to atone his desertion."

"Quite so—the Emperor has forgiven those who came back under such circumstances. Identify him."

"But, Herr Commander—Sir—" pleaded the cripple, "this man, my brother, single-handed, planned the destruction of the great canal at—; to stop the food-line of the British! It was not his fault, sir, if it failed."

"This man? How do you know?"

"I saw him do it, Herr—"

"Hmph! Major Schenck, verify the identification and make use of him. Strong as a mule by his looks."

The butcher, like a drowsy bullock, followed this new master, while the late one, his brother, was gently kicked to the rear of the lines.

III.

Across a sun-steeped stretch of meadow country two bodies of troops prepared for an encounter. To the west lay a part of the allied forces, waiting, entrenched, still as poised death. To the east were German forces in somewhat greater strength, who had been deployed into one tremendous front, with reserves, Teuton-fashion, massed behind the wings. Over all hung the glowing saffron light of a September afternoon, and an almost perfect quietness. The sun glittered on the stirring leaves of trees beside a deserted farm-house from whose windows peered the cold eyes of British Maxims. Others were concealed in a gigantic stook of golden grain, each sheaf glowing like burnished brass. A blasé breeze moved here and there, boldly lifting and letting fall the pennants of the crack brigades, as if with an appraising finger—but he took no side. Air-scouts were absent, moving over more important battle-ground. Midway between the opposing forces lay the tangle of two aeroplanes that earlier in the day had dashed together, after a furious attempt to out-manœuvre each other, and had dropped like a single stone. From far away came the drumming of machine guns like the sound of distant game-birds rising in flight. The quiet of this meadow-stretch remained, for one tense period, perfect, save for that, and the cry of a cicada.

Then came the German rush, like the loosing of wind before a great

thunder storm. The long front rank swept forward like a wave rolling up on a sandy shore. Behind it came a second, and a third, and a fourth—waves of gray, all gray, pricked here and there by the glint of sun on pointed steel. That day they had placed the butcher with a crack brigade of infantry, and because he was reputed a brave man, and because his old record had not yet been remembered, he was now in a front rank. He knew this was an honour and it would have pleased him had not his mind, at that moment, been congested with impressions that for many days had been coming too fast for him to classify. Word of his great attempt in a far-off British colony had precluded the possibility of derision for his appearance. Behind his broad back men whispered about him, in admiration. He knew this, or part of it, and was still more puzzled. He craved a place where he might *think*. Meantime he rolled forward, with the others. Far ahead of them were the brown lines of trenches. Directly facing the butcher's company was the pile of wheat sheaves, screening the machine guns of a British regiment.

Presently the butcher's fellows dropped on their bellies and began to crawl toward the machine guns hidden in the heap of wheat sheaves. He imitated them. The Maxims must have grown hot, for they fell silent, and to guard them infantry had been placed around the pile of wheat. The faintest tingle of excitement was beginning to make itself felt in the butcher's heavy frame. He thought it would be a good thing to drive those fellows away from the yellow heap, but he had no thought of killing. He had merely fired his gun, as he had been told to do.

Suddenly his gray company leaped to foot and charged! The butcher with them had not the same grim lustre in his eyes, but he kept up. He was beginning to feel exhilarated. With quick, tense movements the company advanced. Now it lay down and crawled; now it ran forward in the face of fire. It ran, it crawled, it flinched, it pushed on again—and then, as if without warning, they were at grips with the defenders of the guns. Something had struck the butcher in the arm. Something else had singed an ear. His excitement had changed in a twinkling to rage, the rage which he had dreamed of once, but had never before dared loose. Men cut, thrust, and shot point blank in one another's faces. Someone bumped the butcher's knees, in an effort to swing his bayonet back ready for a lunge. The numbers in gray began to thin noticeably. Once they wavered, and an officer, sensing they had had too much, screamed a command. As his fellows withdrew they called back to the butcher—a giant, fighting like an infuriated cyclops, wielding his heavy rifle, club-fashion, and swinging it lightly over his head.

"Come! Come!" they cried, and they fled.

IV.

That night a British search-party found the butcher, dead, where he had fought. The broad face, whose mild expression had inspired so many wits against him, was set in a leer of fury. By his head sat the German cripple who had led him into war. He held the head of the dead man across his wasted knees, and on the butcher's chest had placed his battered helmet. He was singing, in a high chanting voice, as the searchers approached.

"Aha!" he cried—and they noted his eyes, as the yellow light fell upon his face, "You came to see—my brother! A real hero! Had they all been like him," bitterly, "you should not be gloating now—victors!"

Then his spirit suddenly melted and the cripple fell forward, weeping, upon the great chest of the dead man.

When the orderly tried to rouse him, he, too, was among the slain.

THE REAL STRATHCONA

IV.—THE FIRST RAILWAY TO WINNIPEG

BY DR. GEORGE BRYCE

IT is almost impossible for a traveller on the palatial trains of the Canadian Pacific or Grand Trunk Pacific, as to-day he leaves Toronto for Winnipeg and accomplishes a journey of upwards of twelve hundred miles in about forty hours, to realize what that trip meant when by the shortest route available the writer made his first journey thither some forty-four years ago — taking ten days. A college companion of the writer going to China at that time could ascertain how to reach his destination without fail, but no railway, steamer, or stage company would issue a ticket or guarantee a passage to Fort Garry. The only answer to inquiry obtainable was: "Go from Toronto to Chicago, next to St. Paul, Minnesota, and then jump into space."

The writer on leaving Toronto had to anticipate a journey over the prairies from St. Paul of 450 miles, a ride on horseback or in a Red River cart, a partial journey down the Red River by steamboat, or possibly a considerable tramp on foot over the prairies. But the journey in 1871 was compulsory. It must be made at all hazards, and made it was. On Chicago being reached, it was the morning of the terrific Chicago fire—a sight never to be forgotten by anyone who saw it. By rail through Prairie du Chien, and up the bank of the Mississippi River, St. Paul—a place at that time of 13,000 people, with no Minneapolis—was reached. The first disappointment met was the news that the Red River steamer serving for the northern half of the journey had ceased to run on account of the shallow water. During the very week before arrival the famous "Burbank stage line," which had been taken off the Union Pacific route on the opening of that railway, had been transferred to run from St. Paul to Fort Garry. It was a commodious four-horse coach. Besides the writer, on the day of beginning the journey, there were four Dominion Government officials all bound for Winnipeg. Running over the prairies of Minnesota and Dakota the coach took five or six days to reach its destination. The stage changed horses at convenient stations and lay over at some station every night. These night "stopping-places" were atrocious—even alarming. Where the city of Grand Forks now stands there was but one log building. All travellers were required to sleep in the attic—one undivided room filled with beds side by side. We had the company of about a dozen strange men, who seemed of doubtful character.

Proceeding, in time we made the American boundary line at Pembina and here was another forbidding hotel. Our party had now reached a point some sixty miles or more from Fort Garry. There was, as we saw it, not a single town or even respectable village along the route. There were

two Hudson's Bay Company forts—Georgetown and North Pembina—both on the banks of the Red River. The vast continuous prairie over which we had passed had no inhabitants, after a day's journey from St. Paul. True, along the trail the stage passed a number of deserted houses, one of them known as "Pomme de Terre," with a stockade around it. These deserted ruined homesteads had their story. Nine years before (in 1862) the terrible Minnesota massacre by the Sioux Indians had taken place. Some bands of these refugee Sioux had crossed the line into the Hudson's Bay Company territories, and the writer, a year after his arrival in Manitoba, saw an old Indian hag who had killed seventeen white infants in the massacre. Immigration in northern Minnesota had been absolutely cut off. In 1871 confidence had not yet been restored and for several years after that date the Indians were still, in some places farther west, as much in revolt as when the Custer massacre took place.

In 1871 settlement in northern Minnesota was at an absolute standstill. The Northern Pacific Railway from Duluth had not yet reached the Red River. Our stage-coach stopped at Moorhead, toward which the Northern Pacific was approaching. Moorhead was a tent town of fifty or a hundred people. A "shooting" had taken place on the night before our arrival. The vigilance committee had given the murderer the choice between decamping at once or instant hanging. Our whole journey for three hundred miles so far had been over a treeless prairie, broken now and then by a narrow strip of "timber" along the Red River. Winnipeg was reached in due time, and we set eyes on Fort Garry just as the shades of evening were falling. Winnipeg had 215 inhabitants by actual census in that year. It was utterly disspiriting in its primitive single street, which was chiefly of log buildings.

During the next three years, however, immigration came by covered wagon, by ox cart, Red River steamboat, or stage-coach. The flower of Canadian youth—numbers of aspiring university men, and able representatives of all the professions, business enterprises and trades—flocked in from all parts of eastern Canada. With their high ambitions, unblemished character, youthful enthusiasm, and progressive spirit these newcomers set themselves to lay the foundations of a new West.

Winnipeg grew. In 1872 a telegraph wire on strange, gnarled posts was strung to connect the new capital with the outside world, but the cost of a telegraphic message of ten words to Toronto was $3.10. The Burbank stage made three trips a week in winter from the nearest railway point of 225 miles—Moorhead—carrying the mail, subject to severe snow blockades and storms. At times there was no traffic possible for three weeks. By springtime the best shops ran out of nearly every staple commodity, awaiting the approach of spring and the arrival of "the first boat" on the opening of the Red River.

On one winter day arrived a sleigh from civilization, concerning the cargo of which a local newspaper announced that it was laden with "hams and other delicacies." All these salient points indicate the incongruities, inconveniences, and discouragements which no intelligent and enterprising community could long endure.

By 1873 Winnipeg had grown to be a place of 3,200 inhabitants, and it was at that time incorporated as a city, without passing through the stages of village and town. In consequence of the difficulty of transport little immigration arrived in winter. In summer the Red River route and the emigrant's wagon were available, but very unsatisfactory. To members of a high-minded community—whose former life had known better things, who were largely made up of virile Canadians — the social, commercial, and transportation conditions were

simply intolerable. What was to be done? Constant appeals were made to the local Legislature and the Dominion Parliament for relief. The Canadian Pacific Railway, which was projected in 1872 to pass through Canada from ocean to ocean, had been counted on by many immigrants when they took their "trek" to the West. But unfortunately the great enterprise had received a check by the well-known "Pacific Scandal," which led to the change of Government in Ottawa. At this time British Columbia was pushing for the building of the Transcontinental Railway which was promised when that Province entered the Dominion in 1871. As said, Winnipeg was clamorous and all Manitoba was quite as ardent. The pressure on the new Dominion Government of Honourable Alexander Mackenzie in 1873 became more and more intense. Premier Mackenzie, though so short a time in office, was forced to deal with the railway problem. He at length undertook to build the Transcontinental Railway by a plan of which the provisions will be stated in a later chapter. He sought to satisfy Winnipeg by promising to build a branch railway to connect it with the American railways. Donald A. Smith, as knowing the urgent demands of the people and feeling the necessity of better transit, was looked upon as the pivotal man of the situation. The American connection was involved in difficulty. After the collapse of the Northern Pacific Railway, following the failure of Jay Cooke and Company, bankers, of New York, the railway having acquired the St. Vincent branch, which was the one of its subordinate lines known as "the St. Vincent extension from St. Cloud to the international boundary," the situation left these branches as dead as Imperial Caesar turned to clay. To use the dialect of the time "it was a dead dog".

The writer knows from a most prominent authority that Donald A. Smith had received in 1873 a pressing "letter from a committee of Dutch bankers, with headquarters in Amsterdam, who held most of the bonds of the St. Paul and Pacific Railway." This committee wished to know if Mr. Smith would be willing to furnish money to complete the line from Winnipeg to St. Vincent. On his way back from Montreal to Winnipeg Donald A. Smith, as stated to the writer by a Hudson's Bay Company chief factor, stopped off at St. Paul and was taken by N. W. Kittson, an old resident of Red River settlement, and at the time agent of the Hudson's Bay Company transportation line on Red River, to J. J. Hill, a Scottish-Canadian, who was also an agent at St. Paul of Red River steamboats. So strongly did Mr. Hill oppose the purchase that he stated, "the St. Vincent line, running as most of it did for a great part of its length through an unsettled country, could not possibly be made to pay for several years to come." The matter then dropped, and for some two or three years the conditions became worse and in the case of the railway there were several lawsuits to foreclose the mortgages and attempts to compromise between the bondholders and shareholders. These events heightened the "winter of their discontent" in Winnipeg. As a branch of the Canadian Pacific, however, some progress was made in 1875 in grading of the greater part of the sixty or more miles between Winnipeg and the boundary line. This was under the direction of the famous contractor, Joseph Whitehead. As in the next year no further progress was made, on the outcry of thousands wishing to emigrate to Manitoba from Eastern Canada, Premier Mackenzie opened up a so-called "amphibious route" of row-boats along the old fur-traders' track of some 300 miles from Fort William to the Lake of the Woods and then for 110 miles by wagon road to Winnipeg. However well-intended, the plan proved tedious, uncomfortable, and impracticable.

The agitation in Winnipeg continued unabated. The population had now grown to more than 5,500. To soothe the public mind the Burbank stage began to run from Winnipeg to Moorhead—225 miles—in thirty-six hours continuously. This, however, was more than flesh and blood could endure. Mayor Kennedy was sent as delegate from the city to Ottawa and reported that it was hoped that in the following autumn the branch railway might be running. But hope deferred brought on the usual heart-sickness. Time wore on. It was proposed to have the bridge across the Red River built at Winnipeg, and the city pledged $200,000 to bonus it, but all was in vain. An editor of the time sums up the three years' agitation in Winnipeg thus:

"Public meetings! Mass meetings! Indignation meetings! Delegation to Ottawa! Attempt at local railway building! Clamours for a bridge! Criticism of the slow approach of the Yankee railway! Threats of appealing to the foot of the throne! General denunciation of everybody above us in authority! All has been without success."

Donald A. Smith was in desperation as Parliamentary representative. He had succeeded in securing the passage of a bill for a charter to the "Pembina Branch Railway," through the House of Commons, but it had been thrown out by the Senate in a fit of super-loyalty against the Americans.

Threatened, thwarted, abused, urged, and caricatured in turn, to Mr. Smith the railway question had become the obsession of his life. In the middle of April, 1875, J. J. Hill by invitation went to Ottawa and met a number of Montreal capitalists, led by Donald A. Smith. The question discussed was "the purchasing of the outstanding bonds of the St. Paul and Pacific Railway held by the Dutch committee, which holding covered a majority of each of the different classes of bonds." It was determined to make an effort to ascertain at what price the holdings of the Dutch committee could be bought. Donald A. Smith at length said to Mr. Hill: "If you will see what we can do with the committee, I will take the matter up with some financial friends."

In the autumn of 1876 Mr. George Stephen—cousin of Donald A. Smith, and afterward Lord Mount Stephen, president of the Bank of Montreal—and R. B. Angus, general manager of the Bank of Montreal, came to St. Paul in company with Donald A. Smith to examine the assets of the St. Paul and Pacific Railway. Negotiations then took place with the Dutch committee, but with no result, and the matter was referred to the New York representatives of the committee. After a time an agreement was reached by which all bonds held by these representatives were to be delivered in New York to be held in trust under a contract to purchase the same and to pay for them after the foreclosures of the respective mortgages were completed. In the time being the purchasers were paying the interest of the agreed price of the bonds. In the meantime the news trickled out that some agreement had been reached, and some confidence was gained when the Governor-General—Lord Dufferin—and Lady Dufferin paid a special visit to Manitoba, and on the 24th of September, 1877, drove the first spike of the Pembina Branch Railway. In the spring of 1878 the purchasing party, Donald A. Smith, George Stephen, N. W. Kittson, and J. J. Hill, representing Hudson's Bay Company influence, Montreal bank resources, and large personal means, raised in Montreal about a million dollars to complete the railway to St. Vincent. This was done under the management of the Receiver in the United States Court pending the foreclosure suits. At this period it was quite legal for those interested in the management of a bank to deal with their own bank. While a spasm of delight had over-

taken the people of Manitoba on the call by Thomas Nixon, on January 24th, 1878, for 165,000 railway ties, on November 3rd, 1878, a large party of ladies and gentlemen from Winnipeg were taken by train to where a gap of 125 yards was yet incomplete. Two gangs of men in the presence of the company laid down the ties and rails, while certain selected ladies, under great applause, drove the last spike. The city of Winnipeg then having reached a population of 6,000, was after these years of agitation in a state of glee. It had railway connection with the outer world.

During the winter of 1878-9 the different foreclosure suits were pushed through and the property was sold under foreclosure in the spring of 1879, when the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway was organized in May of that year and the property was taken over on the 23rd of June following. When the title was being adopted for the new company the name "Manitoba" was added at the request of Mr. Smith, as a large portion of its business would be to and from that Province.

The officers of the company were: President, George Stephen (Lord Mount Stephen); vice-president, R. B. Angus; general manager, J. J. Hill.

Donald A. Smith was a prominent member of the board, and it has been said by one who knew that during all these transactions Mr. Smith was always ready to do whatever was in his power to advance the construction of the railway, and, in fact, everything that tended to aid in building up the new country open on both sides of the international boundary line. Mr. J. J. Hill, in speaking to the writer as late as January last, said: "In all the dealings between Lord Strathcona and myself, and they have been many, I will say that Donald A. Smith never made in my hearing any other than an absolutely clean suggestion."

The critics of to-day forget the conditions under which the brave men who faced the railway difficulties of 1873-8 laboured. It was the courage of these men who took great risks that brought prosperity to the growing West, and brought a real deliverance to Manitoba in its irritated state of mind. True they were made multi-millionaires, but they faced great odds and won. The men who risk so much and gain success are the heroes of our race. Less noble minds can see no grandeur in a daring adventure like that of Scott to the Antarctic, of Garibaldi in freeing Italy, of Sir John Franklin in losing his life for the sake of discovery among Canadian icebergs and polar cold. The pioneers of Western Canada who faced the great hardships of a settler's life, the daring men who opened the treasures laid up by the Creator in the Yukon or the Porcupine, or our brave sons who have gone to give their lives on the battle lines of Flanders are all criticized for their supreme folly of the sleek and well-fed dilletanti or the foppish sybarites, but the Canadian pioneers who struggled and so grandly succeeded deserve in full measure our admiration and our praise.

The grateful people of western Canada can never forget Lord Strathcona.

FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

IX.—THE CURIOUS CASE OF BENJAMIN MOTT

BY IRVING E. STRUTHERS

THE Roman Catholic cemetery of Montreal occupies the south-western slope of the mountain and stretches down to the sleepy little village of Cote des Neiges. After the visitor has passed through the arched gateway, flanked by embattled towers, and has proceeded some distance up the main driveway, he cannot fail to observe a lofty monument rising from a terrace to the left and towering above the surrounding graves and vaults. It is a column of gray limestone, erected half a century ago to the memories of those who suffered in the rebellion in Lower Canada. Affixed to the four sides of its base are marble tablets on which are inscribed the names of those who fell in battle, also the names of those who perished on the scaffold or were condemned to exile in distant lands.

"A religious and historical monument to the political victims of 1837-38"—so runs a translation of the inscription in French, which also chronicles the principal steps in the political agitation that led up to the insurrection.

Among the names inscribed on the tablet dedicated to the exiles is that of Benjamin Mott, who, with others, was banished to the distant and comparatively little known Australasia. Benjamin Mott was a citizen of the United States, a resident of the town of Alburgh, just within the borders of the State of Vermont, adjoining what is now the county of Missisquoi, in the Province of Quebec.

One of the curious stories of those troubled times is that of the Vermonter, Benjamin Mott, whose participation in a Canadian rebellion brought him within the shadow of the gallows and then sent him an exile to the other side of the world.

In order to place the case of Benjamin Mott in its true setting, it will be necessary only to mention the preceding events of the rebellion. The uprising of the autumn of 1837 had been put down in such a manner as to demonstrate to all able to weigh the importance of events that the authorities possessed military strength adequate for all possible contingencies. At the outset one temporary success at St. Denis seemed to give the rebels some ground on which to base hope of decisive victory, but those hopes were shattered a few days later at St. Charles, and crushed by the hard blow struck at St. Eustache by Sir John Colborne. During the winter there were a few small raids from over the border, but on the whole the Province was quiet and the flames of insurrection seemed to have been stamped out.

In the spring came Lord Durham, with high resolve to cure the political ills of Canada, not by treating symptoms, but by removing causes. He was not permitted to finish his work. In fact, he had only commenced it when, in November, 1838, he resigned and returned to England because of his treatment at the hands of the Home Government in the matter of

his merciful but illegal banishment of convicted rebels to Bermuda. On his voyage home the brilliant statesman, then suffering from the disease that three years later ended his life, wrote in part at least that famous report on Canadian affairs, in which was foreshadowed the bringing together of the British North American Provinces, which was effected twenty-nine years later by Confederation.

While Lord Durham was crossing the Atlantic homeward bound, the smouldering fires of insurrection in Lower Canada once more burst into flames. Early in November insurgents began to assemble at the village of Napierville, and within a few days six thousand men had come in, some armed with muskets, some with pitchforks, some with rudely-made pikes—a rabble of half-armed and wholly untrained enthusiasts, drawn for the most part from hitherto peaceful farms, whom two short but sharp conflicts taught that war, even on a small scale, is a dangerous game to play.

Napierville is about forty miles south of Montreal. It stands back about four miles from the Richelieu River, and to the south about fifteen miles is Rouse's Point, in the State of New York, standing at the foot of Lake Champlain, where the lake narrows and becomes the Richelieu River.

The hurriedly-formed camp at Napierville was looked upon by the insurgents as the nucleus of a new nation. The army declared Canada a republic, its leading spirit being Dr. Robert Nelson, and with him were associated Dr. Coté, and a French soldier of fortune, Charles Hindenlang. A few months earlier Hindenlang had arrived in New York from France. Disappointed in his hope of finding commercial employment in the American metropolis, Hindenlang drifted north to Lower Canada and joined the "Army of Patriots." Owing to his military training, he was regarded by the insurgents as a most valuable acquisition. He had not been long at Napierville when, to his surprise and confusion, he learned that he had been placed in command of the insurgent forces. His acceptance of the post was a long step in his journey to the scaffold, for Charles Hindenlang was one of the real victims of the insurrection.

Along the Alburgh frontier, where Benjamin Mott had his farm, was a band of men, some of whom had fled from Lower Canada because of their participation in the uprising of the preceding autumn, while others were American sympathizers, ready to assist the infant Canadian republic in its conflict with the established government. Under the leadership of a runaway named Gagnon, the band during the summer and early autumn had kept the border Canadian parishes in a state of alarm by midnight raids on isolated farmhouses, and now these marauders were desirous of joining the army at Napierville so as to participate in the campaign that was to firmly establish Nelson and Coté's republic. The frontier band possessed a considerable supply of muskets and amunition, and a six-pound field cannon; and of these arms and munitions the army at Napierville was much in need.

General Hindenlang's first move was to send a force from the headquarters at Napierville to the frontier at Rouse's Point, where a junction was to be made with Gagnon's men, who would cross the lake from the Vermont side and meet the rebel corps at the Rouse's Point frontier.

On Monday, November 5th, Hindenlang sent forward six hundred men towards Rouse's Point. At night the corps bivouacked at St. Valentine, continuing its march next day along the road that ran due south to the frontier, skirting the field in which stood the old Lacolle Mill, where a handful of British troops in March, 1813, defeated the American army of invasion. On the afternoon

of the second day the rebels reached the frontier and encamped in a field within six hundred yards of the international boundary, but only a short distance from the lake.

The expected reinforcements from the Vermont border had not yet come over, but at three o'clock in the following morning a boat crossed the lake, bringing eighty men and three hundred and fifty muskets. Three hours later a barge came over, bringing the six-pound cannon and forty more men. The junction had been effected, and the next move was for the reinforced corps to return to its base at Napierville, but this part of the plan was ruined by the arrival on the scene of two small bands of militia.

One band of militia was collected and led by Colonel Odell, of the parish of Lacolle, and the other band came from Hemingford, the nearest village to the west. Its leader was Colonel Scriver, father of the late Julius Scriver, who represented Huntingdon county in the House of Commons from 1872 to 1900.

By means of night marches the two bands of militiamen early on Wednesday morning came to the meeting-place agreed upon about two miles to the northwest of the rebel camp. An immediate attack was agreed upon, and the militia at once advanced.

When the militia came within half a mile of the rebel camp the rebels opened fire with muskets and the six-pounder, which was loaded with grape-shot. They were lying along the fences and behind the farmhouse and barn that stood within their lines. The volunteers continued to advance, firing as they came on. For twenty minutes the rebels stood their ground, but when they saw the militia quicken their advance to the charge, they broke and fled, most of them running south across the boundary-line, leaving on the field eleven dead, a considerable number wounded, the cannon, a keg of powder, a quantity of ball-cartridge, and a large number of muskets and pikes. Two militiamen were killed, William and Robert McAllister, farmers of Hemingford.

The farm-house on the battlefield was burned, but the barn escaped destruction. Two or three hours after the scattering of the rebels, four militiamen whose homes were on the east side of the Richelieu, in what is now the parish of St. Thomas, Missisquoi county, while walking around the barn, saw a man lying beneath the sills or foundation timbers. Upon coming closer they recognized the man as their neighbour from across the Vermont border, Benjamin Mott. Seeing that he was discovered, Mott came out from under the barn, answering the salutation of his neighbours with the protestation: "Yes, it's me, but I am no friend of the Patriot cause. I came here accidentally." He was taken in charge and marched with the other prisoners to Fort Lennox, on Isle aux Noix, in the Richelieu, about fifteen miles north of the scene of the fight.

Two days later the battle of the "campaign" was fought. With one thousand men, Hindenlang set out from Napierville for the Rouse's Point frontier, no doubt hoping to collect the remnant of the force scattered by the fight at the "lines" and recover the lost cannon and muskets. The force met with no opposition until it came to the Methodist stone church on the Odelltown Road, standing about half-way between Lacolle and Rouse's Point. Using the church as a fort, Colonel Taylor, with two hundred men, opposed the further progress of the rebel army. With the aid of the cannon captured two days before on the Rouse's Point line, the militia beat off the rebel attacks on the church, and after a spirited fight, lasting through the greater part of the afternoon, the rebels were repulsed. They scattered in all directions, carrying away a large number of wounded and leaving fifty dead.

On the following day General Hindenlang was captured while trying to make his way to the frontier, and the Canadian republic, set up at Napierville a week or two before, had ceased to exist.

On April 10th of the following spring, Benjamin Mott came up for trial before the General Court Martial sitting in Montreal. He was charged with assisting in rebellion, with making war upon the Queen's subjects, and with being a party to the murder of Robert McAllister, one of the two Hemingford farmers killed in the fight on the Rouse's Point frontier. The proceedings of the trial are set forth in full in Volume II. of the State Trials of 1838-39.

The facts of the battle were established by the testimony of Colonel Scriver and other participants; the finding of Mott under the barn was proved by his four Canadian neighbours, who discovered him hiding under the barn-sill; and two witnesses at least swore that Mott was an active participant in the fight. One of the latter testified with respect to the landing of the cannon, brought across the lake from the Vermont shore. "The prisoner, Mott," testified this witness, "was there assisting to disembark the cannon. He spoke and encouraged the others to make haste. He was addressed as Captain Mott by some of them."

The witness who brought home to the prisoner his participation in the fight was Jean Baptiste Couture, a Canadian farmer, who was in the rebel ranks that day. He saw Mott fire the cannon twice "with a piece of lighted wood about two feet long, which he kept alive by waving it in his hand. I was within a few feet of Mott."

When asked how it was that he knew the man, the witness replied that he had worked for the prisoner on his farm two years before. This fatal testimony was corroborated by the testimony of several others, and then the Crown closed its case.

Mott did not deny his presence on the battlefield, but he denied that he had gone there with the rebels or for the purpose of aiding them. His presence there, he claimed, was the result of one of those tragic accidents which often turn from its natural course the whole current of a man's life.

In his written summing up of the case, Mott claimed to give an account of his movements that led him to the barn on the battlefield. He left his home, he said, on November 6th to go to Odelltown, in Canada, a few miles north of Rouse's Point, for the purpose of collecting a debt due him from a Canadian farmer. Crossing the lake from the Vermont side, he spent the night at Lewis's tavern in Rouse's Point. In the morning he set out for Odelltown, following the lake shore, as it was the shortest and best route. After crossing the frontier into Canada, he struck across fields, as that path was the most direct. That brought him close to the rebel camp, and as he approached he heard the report of a cannon. The fight was on, and for safety he ran to the barn, crawled under the sill and hid himself. There he was found two or three hours later by his Canadian neighbours. "I then took occasion to protest," said Mott, "that I was going in the direction of Odelltown upon business, and that I was not nor had been in connection with the rebels."

The court-martial did not believe Mott's debt story, by means of which he attempted to account for his presence among the rebels on the field of battle—the court did not believe that story, but, on the other hand, it did believe the testimony of the Crown witnesses, who told of Mott assisting in bringing over the cannon and of his having acted as the gunner during the progress of the fight. Mott was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. That sentence, with many similar ones, was commuted to exile in Australasia.

One summer evening ten years later, a Canadian farmer who had been one of Mott's neighbours, was standing on the wharf at Rouse's Point watching the approach of the steamboat that then plied daily through Lake Champlain from Whitehall. The steamboat made the wharf and the gang-plank was run out. The first person to land was a man, white-haired and bowed with years. It was Benjamin Mott, coming home from the long journey commenced on November 6th, 1838, when he set out, either to collect that unlucky debt from the Odelltown farmer or to assist in the attempt at establishing the Canadian republic.

A CANADIAN TWILIGHT—MAY, 1915

By ONE UNFIT

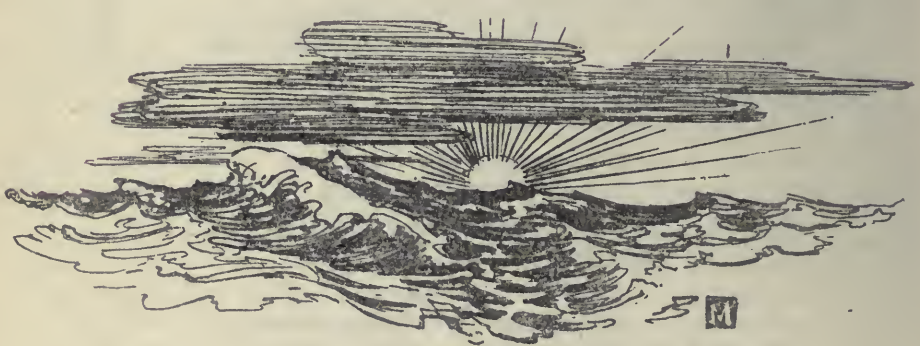
PEACE . . . peace . . . the peace of dusky shores
And tremulous waters where dark shadows lie;
The stillness of low sounds—the ripple's urge
Along the keel, the distant thrush's call,
The drip of oars; the calm of dew-filled air;
The peace of after-glow; the golden peace
Of the moon's finger laid across the flood.

Yet, ah! how few brief fleeting moments since
That same still finger lay at Langemarck,
And touched the silent dead, and wanly moved
Across the murky fields and battle-lines
Where late my country's bravest kept their faith.

O heavenly beauty of our northern wild,
I held it once the perfect death to die
In such a scene, in such an hour, and pass
From glory unto glory—Time, perhaps,
May yet retrieve that vision—Oh! but now,
These quiet hills oppress me: I am hedged
As in that selfish Eden of the dawn
(Wherein man fell to rise); and I have sucked
The bitter fruit of knowledge, and am robbed
Of my rose-decked contentment, when I hear,
Tho' far, the clash of arms, the shouts, the groans—
A world in torment dying to be saved.

Oh God! the blood of Outram in these veins
Cries shame upon the doom that dams it here
In useless impotence, while the red torrent runs
In glorious spate for Liberty and Right!
Oh, to have died that day at Langemarck!
In one fieree moment to have paid it all—
The debt of life to Earth, and Hell, and Heaven!
To have perished nobly in a noble cause!
Untarnished, unpolluted, undismayed,
By the dank world's corruption, to have passed,
A flaming beacon-light to gods and men!
For in the years to come it shall be told
How these laid down their lives, not for *their* homes,
Their orchards, fields, and cities. They were driven
To slaughter by no tyrant's lust for power.
Of their free manhood's choice they crossed the sea
To save a strieken people from its foe:
They died for Justice—Justiee owes them this:
"That what they died for be not overthrown".

Peace . . . peace . . . not thus may I find peace:
Like a eaged leopard chafing at its bars
In ineffectual movement, this clogged spirit
Must pad its life out, an unwilling drone,
In safety and in comfort; at the best,
Achieving patienee in the gods' despite,
And at the worst—somehow the debt is paid.



MOONLIGHT

From the Photograph by W. S. Louson

JOHN McCASKEY, JUNIOR

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

BUT John McCaskey never stirred;
He watched the high sky's blue; no word
Came from his steady lips, his eyes
Were cool and gray; no compromise
Moved in them as the father talked;
The boy was set. He only walked

But once across the room, and then
'Twas to stride slowly back again,
Resume his stand where window-pots
Glowed in the sunshine and made spots
And streaks of shadow in the room
And played in patterns on the broom.

The row of plants reached for the air
As if, if one of them should dare,
The rest would follow, and be quick
Out in the budding spring, where thick
The meadow grasses could be seen
In dancing hosts of vivid green.

Snow-on-the-mountain raised her face,
Grown pale complexioned in that place;
Three red geraniums tall and grand
Made up a buccaneering band;
The foliage plants would willing go
If someone first the way would show.

All at the square gold window strained;
Only a crocus bud remained
Squat in her pot to pertly say:
"It's pretty windy out to-day,
That big green world has more of death
Than has this kitchen's cosy breath."

So John McCaskey by the plants,
Stood in the kitchen; chance by chance
For speaking he sent slipping by,
To all his father's speech made no reply;
With words for that tense conference
But once he'd let his lips commence,

And then they opened but to say:
"Father, it stands about this way.
I want to go. It's not just wild,
This talk; I've thought, and I'm no child,
So I am off. Things in my head
Are bigger than this old homestead."

Just speech that once, and for the rest
Of the long hour, since he'd confessed
His great desire, silence. No more
Remained for saying. The open door
Of Spring was calling to that world
Where the blue smoke of cities curled

Up in the morning, and swift cars
Beat up and down the street while stars
Yet glowed above—and where 'twas life,
Life always, and a kind of strife
To test a man and give him zest
And help him up, bring out his best;

No dullards there, but every man
Must jump to be the best he can.
It's hustle, hustle all the day,
But when you've done you get your pay;
And take it out in cash and learn
Just what you're worth to your concern.

A man's a man when he does that,
He wears a decent style of hat,
And looks about at life and sees
Things bigger than a load of peas
Stalled in the lane, or twenty hogs
Worried from clover by the dogs.

He gets a chance to understand
The life that his Creator planned;
He meets new people, sometimes goes
With happy friends to happy shows—
He gets behind the push of things
And puts his shoulder in, and sings.

So John McCaskey stood and dreamed
While words his father said half seemed
To come from distance with a sound,
But with no meaning more profound
Than water running, or the beat
Of the black engine threshing wheat.

But John McCaskey, senior, knew
That many of his words were true,
Too true were some of them, he felt,
And some had left a gray hard welt
Of difficult remembrance
On his own heart; a circumstance

Of thirty years ago was now
Putting tense wrinkles in his brow,
And he was seeing one spring hour
When he had felt the city's power,
And stalked into the world to learn
His total worth to the concern.

. . . This city fever is not new,
It is as seasonal as dew;
In every age a young brood comes
In its own time to hear the drums
With merry, far-off marching beat,
And longs to follow with swift feet.

This age may be a little worse,
Because it knows a blacker curse
Than some have known of pleasure-greed,
And young men seem less apt to heed
The invitation to be kind
Which Nature puts within the mind.

But our time of the whirring wheels
And raucous horns, at worst reveals
A mood of our humanity;
The day will come again when we
Shall love the meditation hour,
And pluck contentment with a flower. . . .

So John McCaskey, senior, knew
That many of his words were true;
Long since the city's dizzy ways
Had stolen the peace from out his days.
But long since, too, his quiet fields
Had called him back; and now their yields

Perpetual harvest brought him in
No city tilling e'er could win
From that loud acreage of noise
Which no glad harvester employs
With heartening labour so they send
Home fragrant wains at the day's end.

The senior man of those tense two
Had dreams of what the son should do—
Take up the farm, with ready hand,
Fulfil what long the father planned.
He knew the boy could be no more
Than a mechanic in the roar

Of the black city, with no dreams
Beyond the rivetting of seams;
While on the farm he'd come to feel
Deep things the farm life would reveal.
And with the century's proffered means,
With new convenience, new machines,

Make into interest and content
The whole of life, nor feel it spent
In vain, but rather made more worth
With benediction of the earth
Breathing about it day to day
From sunny June to gentle May.

The father dreamed a deeper thing.
He dreamed of children in the spring,
Living with nature, feeling her
Great elemental pulses stir;
Down hushed, long pathways in the woods,
Amid the starry multitudes

Of lilies breathing the rich air,
He saw a boy and girl, a pair
Of spring-time wanderers, with feet
Shod with the wings of Joy, and fleet
To follow Laughter where she was
Shaking amid hepaticas.

He saw those children of his child
Feel the insistent purpose mild,
As they grew up, of nature's deep
Great will with them; in them no cheap
And tawdry thought, but thought that springs
From life with elemental things.

All this he tried to tell his boy;
How glut of city ways would cloy
His individual appetite,
And then he'd fight a losing fight.
Too likely this would be the way,
He'd know when his bowed head was gray.

And all the while his heart would bleed
There in the city while he'd need,
To save its dream lest it should die,
The opal, cloudy peopled sky,
And chat beside the pasture bars
When the blue heaven is full of stars;

Or, when the cattle in the lane
Had come up slow between the grain,
With sunset glowing red, he'd need
To hear them tied up for their feed,
And hear the busy, purring stream
Of the rich milk that makes rich cream.

And he would need that hour, too,
After the chores—as all men do—
When quiet comes, and family chat
Goes round the fire of this or that,
And the girls talk, and mother thinks
Of prettier ways to plant her pinks;

When boys with school-books would have lore
Richer than that from any store
Pressed 'twixt the covers of a book—
The tales of that new way they took
To come home by, by woodchuck's den,
And how they'd go that way again.

When young John's father paused at last
The boy's eyes still were gazing past
His father's face and the dim room,
To where the orchards were in bloom;
A bee came drowsing through the door;
The father had not two words more.

But John McCaskey never stirred,
He watched the high sky's blue; no word
Came from his steady lips, his eyes
Were cool and gray, no compromise
Moved in them . . .

. . . In a while he said:
"Father, it's something in my head;

I may learn what you say I'll learn,
But I must learn it. My concern
Is with myself; so I must go."
He turned from the gold window's glow;
And all the little sunny plants
Watched him go forth to take his chance.

THE PROMISE OF THE SKY-LINE

BY PERCY WALTER WHITAKER

"YON'S the house," said the agent, pointing up the concession line.

Blair looked towards the dwelling with much interest, for under its roof were the people of his life for the coming year. Fronting on the brow of the hill which sloped to the sideline, a two-storeyed square house stood solid and uncompromising, an integral part of the landscape. The windows commanded a view of the rolling stretch of country to the south, bounded by the skyline of the South Oxford Hills.

"What sort of a man is Dan Calder?" Blair asked the question as Burrows turned his team into the soft maple avenue leading up to the barns.

"Honest as the day, hard as granite, but if he likes ye, a kind-hearted man who would give you anything but his farm or his daughter, Jessie. And Jessie Calder is the prettiest lassie in Zorra township—and the living image of her mother, Jessie Cameron, that was, thirty years ago. Aye, lad, Many's the heart that longed in vain for Jessie Cameron," and Burrows sighed so heavily that Blair wondered if he, too, had been one of the unsuccessful suitors.

"It won't be so dull, then, if there is young people," said Blair.

"Ye'll be putting all thoughts of the young lady out of your head," replied Burrows. "Dan Calder is not so friendly to the English, for his grandfather was aye fond of talking about the battle o' Bannockburn."

"I only meant—" began the English pupil.

"That's Calder on the stoop," interpreted the agent, pulling up his team at the gate. "Here's the boy who will learn the farming, Calder. Well, the wind blaws chill, and to Woodstock is a matter of twelve long miles. Good-night to ye, and be a good lad, Blair."

Handing out the Englishman's portmanteau, Burrows turned his buggy around on the circular driveway, and with a crack of his whip drove rapidly away, leaving the two contracting parties staring at each other.

Dan Calder was tall, gray and wiry. Though more than sixty, he had the stamina and strength of youth, being born of that sturdy backwoods breed who age at ninety. His new pupil looked at the farmer's commanding physique with respect, while Calder eyed the Englishman curiously. Blair was a broad-shouldered lad. Stock of a light-skinned race, his face showed delicacy and intellect. Over a high forehead twined a mass of clustering brown hair.

"Good evening to ye, Mr. McTodd. You will be tired of travelling the seas and trains of this Ontario land. I will be showing the room to put your bit baggage in."

Blair followed Calder, too much aghast at the confusion of identity to explain the mistake. The farmer led the way into the house, striding through the big kitchen, and up a narrow stairway leading into a com-

fortable low-ceiled room. Blair noted with satisfaction that the floor was carpeted with a warm handsome carpet; and the big bed looked soft and downy. Besides, there was a mirrored bureau and wash-stand. It was clearly a room for comfort and a place to feel at home in.

"There will be the pitcher; ye may carry your own water or cleanse on the stoop."

When Calder withdrew, Blair sat down to adapt himself to his new setting.

At the tolling of the supper bell the Englishman entered the kitchen, and a lithe, straight figure came tripping towards him with cheery words of welcome.

"Mr. McTodd, ye'll be pleased to be acquainted with my daughter, Jessie."

The girl smiled and bowed slightly at the introduction, while Blair gave an inward gasp as he looked at her. Dressed in a plain white waist, she presented a picture of rare loveliness. Jessie Calder's abundant wavy hair was yellow with a glint of gold shinning through the tresses, such luxuriant streaming hair as the mind would picture on a Viking maid of northern lands. The oval face was of fine purity and delicacy, with eyes of the deepest blue untouched by anything unborn of innocence. She looked at the guest in a frank, friendly way, shorn of coquetry.

"My name is Harry Blair, not McTodd. I'm from England. It must be a mistake on Burrow's part," explained Blair in some confusion.

"It was a Scotchman from Glasgow who was contracted to learn the farming, and Burrows will hear of it market day," replied Calder irritably. "It's little I thought that I would be hiring myself out to teach the English."

"Never mind, father, Blair is a much prettier name than McTodd," said Jessie mirthfully, "and you know our forefathers taught the English how to run at Bannockburn."

"So we did. It will be little that ye'll be minding my girl's fun," replied Calder, eyeing Harry humorously.

"Not at all, Mr. Calder, for sometimes the fortunes of war were on our side," answered Harry, delighted at the turn the conversation had taken.

"Well, laddie, we had our fights in days of yore, and there'll have been sore wrongs on both sides doubtless. We have our Burns and Walter Scott, and the English have their Shakespeare and Dickens, fine lads all."

Dan Calder's good humour was now fully restored and the hearty Canadian welcome made Blair feel that this was to be a happy year.

During his first month's stay at the farm Blair realized with astonishment that the standard of worth and usefulness determined a man's social desirability with the sturdy Canadians, and he set himself to overcome a national prejudice.

By faithful diligence Blair won the liking of a race slow to friendship, and to the wonder of the Zorra folk an English lad was seen driving Jessie Calder to church, and the same lad often escorted her to the countryside dances. In winter evenings Jessie taught him to dance the Scots dances, so that he might really be one of the people at the merrymakings.

So Harry Blair won his way from the status of an alien and was accepted by Zorra folk as one of their own.

About this time his English sisters became uneasy at the tone of Harry's letters, of which one extract read:

"I can safely say, though it sounds awfully conceited, that I am becoming the most popular fellow in Zorra. You ought to see me dance a Scotch reel with a pretty sparkling Canadian girl for a partner. The mater would open her eyes, and pater wouldn't know young hopeful—he's grown so versatile. And O Connie! you ought to see Jessie Calder, she's the prettiest girl, with sun-kissed hair, and so dainty."

In such poetical strain Blair wrote

many pages, and great was the uneasiness of his prim relatives who thought that "really Harry was entirely too adaptable," and greatly feared that he might be trapped into undesirable connections. Since the dawn of time kinfolk have planned futures for their own, but a passing glance from a pair of pretty eyes oft lights a flame that only years can quench.

When the thaw came and the wild weird cry of the loon and bittern winging northward sifted down from the sky, Blair tasted the joys of a new existence. The surging impulses of a new man in a new land coursed through his veins. The thrilling tang of the Canadian spring sends the heart of youth mad with joy. The bursting into leaf of maple, beech, and elm follows the wild rush of snow waters to lake and sea. From the low pine swamps the shrill, continued piping of frogs sounds wild-noted music, and from the blue vaults comes the melancholy plaint of wild fowl speeding to the lone breeding-grounds on northern marshes.

In six months Harry Blair broadened in build, and a warm coat of tan, blown by stinging winds on to a fair clear skin, shaped him into a handsome lad. And then the inevitable happened. What could a boy like Blair, thrown into daily contact with pretty winsome Jessie, do but love? And could Jessie do ought but return it?

Dan Calder, being an observant man, noted the way things were shaping, but he made no sign of disapproval until Blair spoke out what was in his heart. He listened quietly as the boy spoke of inherited money, sketching out a glowing future for himself, with Jessie sitting as a queen enthroned in the very centre of the rosy picture.

"It will be too soon, laddie, to think of marriage. Now, if ye had garnered the siller yourself, it would be proof of the head to keep it. I'll be reserving my consent for a whiles, for I'll not be denying that I've had other plans for Jessie."

So Harry was fain to be content that his suit had not been openly rejected and himself banished from the farm.

On a glorious sunny May afternoon Jessie sat in the shade of a clump of lilacs in the old-fashioned garden, looking down into the upturned face of Blair. The boy lay at her feet reclining upon the thick luscious clover.

"Your father made me promise that I would not talk of love or marriage to you for a whole year," said Harry petulantly. "He said that he had always thought of you marrying a Scotsman, and he'd like a year or two to think it over. Isn't it disgusting?"

"You should never make rash promises," teased Jessie, "and you have no reason to be uneasy, Harry, for no other man shall talk of love to Jessie Calder."

Jessie smiled tenderly into his eyes as she made this soothing declaration, and the boy's clouded face cleared.

"He's a grand old man," enthused Harry, and he recalled the quiet look in Dan Calder's eyes as he said: "I trust my daughter Jessie with you as a leddy in company with a gentleman. A year from to-day I'll speak my mind."

A stern old man's dictum to wait a whole year seemed an eternity to young hearts, but who can fathom all the love and pride in his daughter in the heart of a man like Dan Calder. He wanted to give the lad a chance to prove his mettle, so he had his way, and the young people must "bide a wee".

Even to a fretting heart the longest year rolls on in joy or travail. Another season's snows came and passed, and Blair's period of probation came to an end. On the very evening of the waning year they came before Calder in the garden, hand clasped in hand. Jessie's face was flushed with all the beauty of love

and hope, and they looked at her father appealingly, as culprits to a judge.

"It is true, ye have been a good man, an' have guarded my interests well, but whiles ye have inherited money it's no proof that ye'll be keeping it."

Jessie's eyes softened tearfully at this stern arraignment of unproved worth, and Blair looked gloomily down. Calder's shrewd gray eyes twinkled humorously at the dejected youth.

"But I'll not be too hard on you," he resumed. "In a manner of speaking, ye'll be considering yourselves engaged. But, Jessie, you'll not be sitting up later than ten, if the laddie should drop in of an evening," and something glistened in Calder's eyes as they walked away together. "She's Jessie Cameron, my own Jessie that's dead and gone," he murmured. "Well, life is a sore trial when ye've buried your hopes," and Dan Calder walked into the house with bowed head.

After Calder's cautious consent to the engagement, Blair purchased two hundred acres of land, adjoining Dan's place, on the tenth concession. Early and late he toiled, for he had that in his heart that gives men courage to clear the wilderness. The long summer days droned pleasantly away to the happy lovers. In the beautiful afterglow of autumn days they strolled through leafy aisles of red-tinged maples, dreaming wonderful happiness for the years to come.

On a clear, late September evening Harry and Jessie walked down the lane leading to the little church where Zorra folk gathered to hear the preaching of the Word. The quaint, steepled little building stood on the edge of the big swamp behind the Calder farm, where the great sombre pines lent grateful shade.

"Come, Harry, I want to show you the skyline," whispered Jessie. "All my girlish dreams centered around this scene, for I knew some day that my other self would be with me."

From the high knoll on which they were standing the pointed roof of the church transferred the vision to the level of the tree-tops of the low swamp; on the rise of land beyond a spreading grove of maples flamed red-leaved against the green of the pine, with the dying sun shooting streaming bars of yellow light along the skyline. Shading her eyes, Jessie pointed solemnly westward.

"It's the promise, Harry, of life and love forever, that will come after the dark and dreary night."

As Jessie spoke, glancing rays of light flooded over the wood, merging maple and pine into one vast sea of yellow, and the sun slowly sank into a huge bed of crimson clouds. Awed with the beauty of the scene, the lovers gazed silently until the gathering gloom, and the wild cry from a lone wild goose winging over the swamp warned them that night had come.

"Take me home, Harry; it is dark and cold, but we have seen the promise," cried Jessie.

"I never knew the skyline could be so beautiful, and promise things, until I saw it through your eyes. I wonder if the beauty is there," and Harry leaned towards her.

"There now, Harry, two's enough," and blushingly Jessie pulled away.

On the following day Harry let his team stand in the furrow and held a long conversation with his neighbour, Red Sandy McDonald, who farmed fifty acres of swamp land back on the side line. A strange affinity had linked Sandy and the Englishman in bonds of friendship. At first sight Sandy had said:

"Ye'll no be like the shiftless loons that's spending parent's siller putting strong drink into weak noodles. Juist be counting me a freend, laddie." And so it had been.

Sandy perched himself upon the rail fence and listened in sympathy to Blair's troubles, nodding his head wisely at the recital.

"If ye could juist imprees the Calder body by a sharp horse trade, he would be seeing that ye'll no be cheated so easily, and the wedding will follow close."

"But, Sandy, I'm not much on trading horses," protested Harry.

"Well, lad, you will be making a bit trade on market-day for me, and Dan Calder will be hearing of it. Who's to say that I didna get the same horse back. Neil Murray is aye a close body, and Neil will keep my horse the whiles I have Neil's, and nobody hurt."

Red Sandy winked knowingly at Harry, letting out a roar of mirth at his own shrewdness, and Blair consented to try the plan, though urging the necessity of great secrecy upon his friends.

Within a month the township was talking of what a shrewd lad at a horse trade was Jessie's Englishman, and Dan Calder listened to the talk, making light of it, but secretly he was greatly pleased. Unknowingly Blair brought a greater trial upon himself, and realized sorrowfully the truth of the old rhyme:

Oh what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive.

In late autumn came the event of the year in the county fair at Tavistock, where all the breeders of the countryside met in friendly rivalry for medals of honour. Blair drove Jessie over early and they sat together in the grandstand overlooking the field. Jessie's eyes shone with delight as she watched the changing scene. In the lanes leading to the pens spirited horses champed the bit, fighting for freedom, their satiny coats bearing witness to months of careful grooming. And were cattle ever so fat and sleek as these prides of the dairy?

Harry pointed out the judges walking from group to group. Keen-eyed, low-talking men were they, who knew the points of stock as a mother knows her babe.

"Calder will be wanting ye for a meenit, laddie."

This hail from Red Sandy disturbed Harry from his pleasant occupation, and with a smile of consent from Jessie, he left the grandstand. At the tying-rail he met Dan Calder leading forward a young roan horse.

"You will be using good judgment these days in horseflesh doubtless. This beastie is getting a bit fractious, just trade off the best ye can for me."

Placing the halter-rope in the hands of the amazed Blair, Calder stalked away.

"Here is where I lose credit for a good business head, Sandy," said Blair, confiding his misgivings to Red Sandy, who stood, face agrin, at the lad's predicament.

"These traders will skin ye alive, mon, there's na doubt of it," replied the Scotsman.

"Confound it, Sandy, don't be a Job's comforter. You got me into this mess; can't you help a fellow out?"

Sandy scratched his head thoughtfully, seeking in vain for an idea.

"I'll be giving up, laddie, but if ye have a plan, count on Sandy to help you."

Blair stood thinking in perplexity, for he knew that Dan Calder was bent on trying out his business capacity. A sudden light of mingled mirth and mischief came into his face.

"I've got the idea, Sandy, but I need your help,"and he whispered the details of his plan into Sandy's ear. Sandy punctuated the eager lad's hurried sentence with doubtful shakes of his bushy red head, and suddenly developed a conscience which balked against his own strategy.

"Nay, laddie, I couldna think of doing the like, it's awful deception. Don't be tempting a freend to his downfall."

Laughing ruefully at this manifestation of Sandy's spiritual nature, Blair pleaded with him for half an

hour and gained a reluctant consent.

"It's awful to think of so much deceiving, but as the intent isna bad I'll juist help, though I've sore misgivings, for Dan Calder isna a fool body. With this kindly warning Sandy pledged his aid to Blair in carrying out his audacious plan, and Harry returned to Jessie, happy in the knowledge that Sandy's friendly craftiness would bring him triumphantly through the ordeal.

As the day wore on into evening the various contests were decided, and proud lads led home the prize-winners gaily bedecked with streaming coloured ribbons. The event of the season was over, though every detail would furnish fireside gossip in the long winter evenings. When the crowd streamed off the field Blair escorted Jessie to Dan Calder's buggy.

"I'm going to trade off the roan for your father," he said importantly. "He wants to try out my business sense."

"Oh, Harry, these traders are so keen, you should never have undertaken it."

"Never fear, girlie, I'll come out on top, you see if I don't."

Harry stepped into the buggy as he spoke, and when the top dropped back, Jessie was blushing in sweet confusion.

Blair joined Sandy down the street where little knots of sharp-featured bantering traders had gathered, the overflow reaching into the vacant lots. Leading the roan horse into the dickering throng, Harry was fairly overwhelmed with offers of various ring-boned, spavined nags in exchange, and, as one man, the owners demanded boot. These offers Blair laughingly declined.

Over by the fence, Dan Calder's massive figure loomed up through the crowd like a pillar of granite. He stood silent and stoical, apparently quite uninterested in Blair's doings, showing but a passing gleam of interest when Sandy McDonald led up a fine horse, and after a minute's bartering paid over money and led away the roan. Some of the old hands marvelled at the Englishman's shrewdness, eyeing him with more respect, for, undeniably, he had made a good trade.

A shower of trading offers were now hurled across the ring at Blair, and within a few minutes he traded again, and then again, each time receiving a roll of bills as boot money. Also he had possession of a better horse than Calder's roan. Grizzled old barterers who had travelled the fairs of Western Ontario these twenty years marvelled at the acumen shown by this fledgling at the trading. Harry was tasting the intoxicating fruits of a popular success and glanced proudly at Jessie's father.

A quizzical look beamed in Calder's eye as he murmured, "The laddie is bent on getting siller, but I was not born yesterday." He called to Blair: "I'll be stepping home with Jessie. Ye'll be coming to visit the night."

When the setting sun sank in a splendour of glory behind the Oxford woods Harry made his final trade, receiving back Calder's young roan. In the gathering twilight he walked down the concession line with Sandy McDonald, gleefully chuckling at the good impression his trades would make on Dan Calder.

"I would cheerfully have paid a thousand, instead of the hundred I divided between the three of you, Sandy, to win the old man's consent to an immediate wedding."

"Aye, laddie, but I wadna be sure that Dan will no ken the facts of the case," and shaking his head dubiously Sandy turned down the sideline leading to his own house. Happy in an undercurrent of cheerful thoughts Blair tied the roan in the barn and walked proudly into the house.

"Well, laddie, and how did the trading go?" asked Calder.

"Not so bad, Mr. Calder, there's

one hundred dollars and the same horse back," replied Harry, laying a roll of bills on the table.

"It's a good trader can do the like," said Dan dryly.

"Oh, I've learned a lot from you; and, say, I want to ask you about Jessie. You see, I've got a good farm and—"

"Let's hear of the trading first," interrupted Calder. "So you brought back the roan and a hundred—it's a bit staggering, man. Firstly, ye traded with Red Sandy. A canny lowland Scot is Sandy, but he hasna a penny. And it's then that you skinned Jock McPherson. A sharp hand at a trade is Jock. I'd be afraid to lead the beastie home that Jock paid over money on. It's wonderful the smooth-talking tongue that got boot out of Jock. And it was Andrew Sutherland that you put in a good trade with, too, was it? And Andrew was picked for a judge in Toronto three years ago. It's him that knows the points of horseflesh with any man in Oxford. It's a wonderful story I'll be listening to about the trading. Nay, boy, it cost ye a pretty penny to make the trades, take up your money."

With crestfallen face, Blair listened to this stern scoffing, and his heart sank, while Jessie looked sad and tearful, for she feared her father's stern morality would brook no deception.

"Harry meant no harm, father," she said pleadingly, "and I'll stand by him."

Crossing the room she took Blair's hand, and smiling through her tears the pretty head sank down upon his shoulder, while Harry's arm stole round her.

"Have ye no shame, woman," began Calder severely. Then a tender smile lit up his rugged old face, for Jessie was sobbing, with her face hidden on Harry's breast.

"Tut, lassie, I was but trying the faith of ye. It's wonderful the trading was, but it's more wonderful still what a lad will do to get a lassie, an' while he's no trader he's got the good heart. Ye have my consent to marry as soon as ye have the heart to leave your poor old father. Jessie, you will be sending home the Blair laddie before the stroke of twelve."

At the conclusion of his speech Dan Calder turned to leave the room, but Jessie, radiant and blushing, flew into his arms, while Harry tried to shake hands.

"Tut, children, you will be keeping an old man from his rest."

Drawing his stately figure up to his full height, Dan Calder strode from the room, his face impassive and emotionless, leaving them alone with their happiness.

"Harry," whispered Jessie, "tomorrow we must go to the church for—"

"The promise of the skyline has come to me now," interrupted Harry. "Look, Jessie!"

Over the Oxford woods a silver moon sailed high, bathing the trees with fairy light, and in the north played streams of pale beams from the mystic brilliant aurora.

THE DIARY OF ROBERT CAMPBELL

III.—THE LAST LONE FRONTIER

BY G. W. BARTLETT

IN our last article reference was made to the century-long struggle waged by Spaniard and Briton, Yankee and Muscovite, for the Pacific coast of North America, a struggle waged with all the weapons and craft and cunning, force and fraud. In general, the rivalry of the first three powers is well understood by general readers of history; but the story of the Russians in North America is a by-path explored by few English readers.

The plan of Russian exploration seems to have originated in the fertile brain of Peter the Great during his famous visit to England and Holland. In the latter country he was urged by interested geographers to send an expedition east from Kamschatka to settle the question of a possible connection between Asia and America. While in England his interest in the matter was deepened by a study of the methods and the vast scope of the work of the great company trading in Hudson Bay. "They offer a rivalry for those trades which have so long been the monopoly of Muscovy fur-hunting and fur-gathering," he writes home to Russia. It is said that on his return to his kingdom he sent out an expedition to eastern Siberia, but that the outbreak of the great war with Sweden forced him to recall it.

The interrupted project was resumed by Czarina Catherine the Great. Captain Vitus Bering, a Dane, who had done gallant service in the newly-created Russian navy, obtained command of the expedition, which set sail from Kamschatka in 1728. The result of this voyage was the defining of the east coast as far as Cape East, and the discovery of a channel into the Arctic.

In 1733 the energetic navigator set out on a second voyage among the islands of the northern sea. He carried on his explorations in this and a third voyage, when in 1741, he was shipwrecked in the sea that bears his name; and perished with many of his crew, stricken with famine, cold, and scurvy, on the island which since that time has been called Bering Island. During the next half-century the trade of these new lands was carried on in a desultory way by independent merchants and companies, whose lawless conduct led to bloodshed among themselves and frequent fights with the natives. In 1794 200 Siberian convicts were sent to Kadiak to supply the traders with cheap labour—an experiment similar to the disastrous attempt of the Hudson's Bay Company about the same time to solve the labour problem in their northern department. In the same year the Orthodox Church sent out

its first missionaries to the Aleutian Islands, and soon a large part of the new territory was organized into parishes and mission-fields.

In 1799 the Russian-American Fur Company was organized, with an Imperial charter and a capitalization of £260,000. It was given the entire right of government, trade, navigation, and fisheries in the New World. The company was organized on the model of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose commercial and political importance it was expected to rival, if not eclipse. On its part the company was to maintain police and justice, to supply adequate munitions and provisions for any Russian forces which might be required in the territories, but was required to pay no royalties or dues, other than the regular customs duties on their imports from foreign countries. The company disposed of most of its furs in north China, importing in exchange immense quantities of tea, which yielded the Government large returns; but otherwise the commercial side of the venture could scarcely be pronounced a success. Politics and bureaucracy, favouritism and incompetence, hampered its activity. Its remoteness from the seat of government prevented effective supervision, while its captains and merchants lacked the skill and initiative of their British and American rivals.

Yet this great Company was a power to be reckoned with. Though its traders did not penetrate the country, they established themselves at points along the American coast. Taking into partnership the great chiefs who ruled with almost kingly power over the thousands of tribesmen of the coast and mountain valleys, they strove to control the trade even of that region which extended far beyond the confines of the Russian zone. They also had the interested support of predatory tribes of the passes, who like the robber-barons of old, levied tribute on the passing trade. The Russian method was to trade only at the mouths of the rivers and along the coast, leaving the inland trade in the hands of the chiefs, who accordingly used all their power to keep out rival fur-traders. The Russians gradually extended south and in time opened a trade with the Spaniards in California, thus securing a supply of cheaper trading goods, and so strengthening their hold on the country.

By the dawn of the nineteenth century the pioneers of the Northwest Company had worked their long way across the continent to the Arctic and the Pacific. How this hard-bitten, harassed, but ever-victorious handful of Scotch-Canadians held their own against all-comers, from the north, south, and west, is one of the wonder-tales of the Canadian West. The union of this company with the Hudson's Bay Company was followed by a period of expansion which alarmed their Russian rivals. An Imperial ukase was issued by the Czar, forbidding merchant ships of other nations to come within one hundred miles of the coast. After a few years of strife the Russians receded from this position, and in 1825 made a treaty with Britain fixing 54° 40′ north as the boundary. They also conceded to British vessels the right of navigating streams rising in British territory but entering the sea in Russian territory.

In 1833 Baron Wrangel, Governor of Sitka, disregarded this agreement and fired on the Dryad, a Hudson's Bay Company ship which was entering the Stikine. A period of strained relations followed, during which the British traders exhibited marked aggressiveness in exploration and in crowding the Russian partisans out of the trade west of the Rockies. To this period belongs the expedition of Robert Campbell from Fort Halkett to Dease's Lake and thence into the Stikine valley, as described in a previout article.

As soon as the Russian partisans had been crowded from this area, Campbell was directed to turn his at-

tention to the north branch of the Liard, and after tracing it to its source, was ordered to cross the divide in search of any rivers flowing westward.

"In pursuance of these instructions," says the explorer's journal, "I left Fort Halkett in May in a canoe with seven men, among them my trusty Kitza and La Pie, and the interpreter Hoole, ascending the stream some hundreds of miles we entered a beautiful lake, which I named Lake Frances, in honour of Lady Simpson. Leaving the canoe and part of the crew near the southwest extremity of this branch of the lake, I set off with three Indians and the interpreter. Shouldering our axes and blankets, we ascended a river, which we traced to its source in a lake ten miles long. These I named the Finlayson Lake and River."

Thence the explorers set off across the ridges, till after many adventures they came to a fine stream, which Campbell named the Pelly, after Sir H. Pelly, the Hudson's Bay Governor. Little did the voyager dream that he had reached the upper waters of the mighty Yukon, and entered upon the most memorable adventure of a chequered career, which would engross all his energies for the next ten years or more. In 1839 the Russians, finding the competition in the south unprofitable, had leased to the Hudson's Bay Company all their seaboard from 55° 40′ as far north as Cape Spencer for a yearly rental of 2,000 otter skins. But Governor Simpson had heard of unusual activity on the part of the Russians, in penetrating the interior of Alaska, and was anxious to forestall them if possible. Campbell, therefore, after establishing a fort at Pelly Banks, on the newly-discovered stream, in 1842, descended as far as the junction of the Lewes, where a large band of Wood Indians were encamped. They related such blood-curdling tales of the ferocity of the Indians on the lower river that the explorer thought it best to return to Pelly Banks for further information and instructions. These Indians of the lower river were mixed bands of outlaws and desperadoes, with some coastal Indians. One of their chiefs, a veritable Old Man of the Mountains, is recorded as keeping "a large band of men wonderfully expert in the art of assassination who obeyed his slightest bidding." All these savages had directly or indirectly come under the influence of the Russians. All had their various motives for keeping the English out of the territory. Undoubtedly these reports were exaggerated by the Indians of the upper river, who desired to keep the English traders to themselves. Yet enough of truth had been established to terrify the most dauntless. On the last journey beacons were seen blazing on various conspicuous hillsides, and the adventurous explorers were dogged from point to point. Only the lack of boats by their pursuers and afterwards the cool self-possession of the whites in the face of danger saved the party from massacre. In 1848 Campbell began the last stage of his journey. He had in the meantime established Fort Selkirk at the mouth of the Lewes River, and from this point he began his exploration of the lower stream.

"We came across large bands of natives, generally very friendly, and we always landed to have a talk with them. They were astonished at seeing us and our boat, for they had never (except those whom we met near Fort Selkirk) seen either a white man or a boat. Our accoutrements were a mystery to them. They were destitute of almost every article of civilized usage. The only arms they had were the bow and arrow; their substitutes for axe and knife were stone and bone. Their kettle was made of small fibrous roots of a tree, split neatly and knotted up close like a basket. After using it for a time it became waterproof and fit for cooking provisions—the method being to heat stones and drop them into the

kettle with a pair of tongs made from a bent stick, and continuing the operation until the water was boiling and the food cooked. By the time this was accomplished the water was converted into a thick soup, not with vegetables like Scotch broth, but with sand and ashes from the stones.

"These Indians spoke in very loud tones, and were very anxious to give and receive information."

The dress of these tribes was made of cariboo or of reindeer, the summer garment without the hair, the winter garment with the hair turned in. In summer the footwear was simply a pair of moccasins, but in winter they wore heavy stockings of woven hair and grass. Both sexes were very fond of decorations. For this purpose duck's wings, stained porcupine quills, and beads were chiefly used. They painted their faces and bodies with native ochre and dyes of vegetable juices and berries. Anyone fortunate enough to secure a piece of tin or copper lost no time in working it up into ornaments.

"After descending the river some hundreds of miles the range of mountains recede, the river widens and for about forty-five miles wanders amid countless islands. Then traversing this level stretch we came in sight of a fort, which turned out to be Fort Yukon, at the confluence of the Porcupine River, and here I was delighted to find my old friend, Mr. W. L. Hardisty, Mr. W. H. [A. H.?] Murray having just left with the returns for Lapierre's House."

Fort Yukon was established by the chief trader, A. H. Murray, in 1846, as a sequel to the exploration of the Porcupine the year before, by J. Bell, of Peel River post. "I had now the satisfaction of confirming what I had already conjectured," writes Campbell, "that the Pelly and the Yukon were identical."

In 1835 the Russians, under Glassunoff, had explored the delta of the Yukon, and in 1842-43 Lieutenant Zagoskin ascended as far as Nowikakat. Only the appearance of the English on the upper river stayed their progress by robbing them of all hope of trade in the interior. But for this they would undoubtedly have established themselves at the head of navigation and laid a claim not only to the gold fields of the Yukon, but probably to the valley of the Liard and the Porcupine, which claim would have been transferred to the United States with the sale of Alaska in 1867.

For two years Campbell at Fort Selkirk saw the new post grow in importance as a trade centre, in spite of the opposition of hostile Indians of the West. On August 21st, 1852, a band of these outlaws, Chilicoots and Chilikats of the passes, descended upon the post in the absence of the trader, turned out the occupants, and pillaged the stores. They then beat a hasty retreat, after destroying such booty as they could not carry away.

With the shell of a damaged fort on his hands, Campbell set off 2,000 miles across country, making most of the journey on snowshoes, in hope of meeting Sir George Simpson on his annual inspection tour and securing his consent to the restoration of the post. Failing to overtake him, he hastened on to Crow Wing, Minnesota, and then *via* New York to England, to lay his suit before the Hudson's Bay Company directors. Such zeal was worthy of a better reception. Time and conditions had changed meanwhile. Fort Seikirk had served its purpose, and the fiat went forth that it should be abandoned to its fate. Its buildings were soon pulled to pieces by the Indians for the invaluable nails and iron, and the wood was burned in the camp fires of passing voyageurs. Now only the foundation ruins are to be seen.

Campbell was given charge of the Athabaska district until 1863, when he was transferred to Swan River. He retired from the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1872, after forty years' strenuous service, and died at Strathclair, Manitoba, in 1894.

KING CHARLES I. AND HIS EQUERRY

From the Painting by Van Dyck, in the Royal Gallery at Windsor Castle

THE HOUSE OF SAVOY

BY HAROLD SANDS

SINCE Canadians have won immortal fame on the battlefields of Europe there naturally has followed an awakening of interest in this country regarding the lands across the Atlantic with which this Dominion is allied in the cause of right, humanity, and progress. Italy, for example, has come in for more attention here since it freed itself from an unnatural alliance with the Germanic nations.

When, last May, the soldiers of Italy, in the words of King Victor Emmanuel, unfurled their country's colours in the sacred lands which nature gave them as their frontiers, a thrill went through Canada. That action meant not only that the warriors of Italy felt the call to release their countrymen in the Trentino and Trieste from the long subjection to Austria, but also that Italy had taken its proper place beside Great Britain, her colonies, and other allies, in keeping alight the splendid torch of liberty.

The course pursued by Victor Emmanuel was only what the world, outside of the Teutons and the Turks, had the right to expect from the great house of Savoy. Cradled in the Alps, where liberty ever has been held dearer than life itself, the ancient house of Savoy must have gone contrary to all its traditions if it had joined the Germanic league for the suppression of the liberties of Europe. The world knows how Italy was duped by Bismarck into entering the Triple Alliance, and the world knows how, in the supreme hour, Italy nobly subscribed to, again to quote Victor Emmanuel, "the bond of blood in war against a common enemy".

When Italy threw its weight onto the side of right it gave to the Allies the support of the oldest reigning family in Europe. Moreover, it extended to them the aid of a real war lord and one who only drew his sword to uphold justice and to beat down oppression. As a warrior king, Victor Emmanuel stands out in splendid contradistinction to that "mailed fist" of Germany whose overweening ambition to make Europe his footstool provoked the terrible conflict.

The Alpine house of Savoy was a power in middle European politics several centuries before the present imperial dynasty of Prussia was founded. The counts of Savoy won renown years before Rudolf of Hapsburg conquered Austria, and the present descendant of the illustrious family has proved himself to be far more progressive and liberal than the heads of the militarist nations who have brought so much woe upon the earth. King Victor Emmanuel delights little in that pomp and display which is as the breath of his nostrils to the Kaiser. He is a fresh-air prince who loves simplicity.

Victor Emmanuel III. had a Spartan upbringing. Although very delicate as a boy, he was early destined for the army, of which, like his able and Herculean grandfather, the first ruler of United Italy, he took supreme command when "the solemn hour of

the nation's claim struck." In order to fit himself for that command he underwent a training so rigorous that the ordinary Canadian boy of to-day would stand aghast were he asked to subject himself to such a life of hard work and self-denial.

Italy's King, when but a boy of twelve years, was placed in charge of Colonel Osio, a distinguished soldier who had fought against Austria in the campaigns of 1859-60 and 1866. He also followed the British expedition against King Theodore of Abyssinia. Mr. F. M. Underwood, author of "United Italy", gave the world a vivid pen picture of this remarkable man when he said of him: "A cultured man, and a rigid not to say alarming disciplinarian, his stern severity covered a noble and tender nature which gained the love and esteem of his young pupil, who, shortly after he ascended the throne, made Colonel Osio a count, and, when his former governor died, sent a wreath with an inscription expressing his gratitude and friendship."

Colonel Osio always insisted that the prince should be treated exactly like any other boy. Once, when Victor Emmanuel had, just like any other boy, indulged in action which laid him open to reproof, the colonel told him to "remember that the son of a king, or the son of a cobbler, when he is an ass, *is* an ass." Osio didn't believe in flattery. He expected from his pupil the strict fulfilment of every one of his duties. The result was that when the prince's school days came to an end, Colonel Osio was able to write to General Pianelli, who had shared in the task of education, that the prince was prepared "to fight the battle of life in his special position with a resolved soul, a clear and precise conception of his duties, and an elevated comprehension of his difficult and important mission."

In no way would the colonel allow the future king to be pampered. It was an understood thing that he must rise at six o'clock, winter and summer, have a cold bath, and go for a morning ride. One day, when it was pouring with rain and the prince had a cold, Professor Motandi, another of his tutors, suggested that the morning ride might be omitted.

"And if there was a war, would the prince not mount because he had a cold?" demanded Colonel Osio.

The prince mounted, cold or no cold. "With these soldiers one cannot reason," declared the physician of the household who had overheard the exchange of sentiments between the professor and the colonel.

To-day the manly king shows the benefits of his colonel's severity, but one of his early diaries which has been preserved contains the rather pathetic observation that the stern programme he was compelled to adhere to "poisoned all his amusements."

And his outlook on life might also have been poisoned by the manner in which he came to the throne—that dark hour in which his father was assassinated by the American anarchist, Bresci, of Patterson, New Jersey. At that time of tribulation, when the world was horrified at the base and meaningless crime, the training of Colonel Osio stood him in good stead. Victor Emmanuel showed himself resolute and modest and in every way fitted for the exalted position to which he was so hurriedly called.

He himself has known what it is to be the mark of a would-be assassin. On March 14th, 1912, his life was attempted by a young mason named d'Alba. On that day, in company with Queen Elena, he drove through Rome to the Pantheon, where his father and grandfather are buried, to hear a mass for the repose of the soul of his martyred parent. While the royal procession was passing along the Corso, the main thoroughfare of the Eternal City, the would-be assassin fired twice at the carriage in which the King and Queen were seated. Queen Elena proved her de-

votion on that occasion. She saw d'Alba draw his revolver, and crying, "Take care, he is going to shoot!" she clasped her husband in her arms in order to protect him with her own body. Happily their Majesties escaped unhurt, but the commander of the escort, who was riding beside the royal carriage, was seriously wounded.

The demonstrations of loyalty which this event brought out proved how deep was the affection felt by the people for their King and his tall, beautiful, and black-eyed consort. This affection has been increased by the invariable sympathy and aid extended to the people by the royal couple at all times of trouble. Their love and tendernes was shown during the terrible days which followed the earthquakes in Italy in the autumn of 1914, as well as at the time of the catastrophe in January, 1909, which turned the beautiful and prosperous city of Messina into an abode of the dead.

It is, as Mr. Underwood points out, a tradition of the house of Savoy that where suffering and sorrow have stricken their people there is the place for the king to be, giving that personal supervision and human sympathy that does so much to console the sufferers and to urge to further efforts those whose duty it is to afford relief. In the terrible days of the Roman inundation of 1870, the great Victor Emmanuel, then newly come to the throne of United Italy, exhibited this splendid family trait. King Humbert followed his noble example when visitations by fire and flood afflicted some of his people, and there never has been an occasion which has brought sorrow to Italian families but that Victor Emmanuel III. has been foremost in restoring hope and courage by his practical aid, courage, and energy.

So, when the fateful moment came for Italy to array herself on the side of those opposed to Teutonic tyranny, the representative of the house of Savoy faltered not. He placed himself at the head of his army and navy and personally took the field with those whose aim is, as Lord Bryce, former British Ambassador to the United States, has so well said, "to establish peace on a foundation of justice more firm than has been in many centuries." Under Victor Emmanuel III. Italy is following her best traditions, and her ancient friendship with Great Britain, and through the mother country with Canada, has become all the more firmly cemented.

DAWN

By MARGARET HILDA WISE

THE fleeing night-clouds hurried towards the west,
The east grew pink with rosy break of dawn,
The birds awoke, but we were still at rest;
The dew-drops shone like diamonds on the lawn,
A robin chirped, the last small star went out,
The sun arose and put the dark to rout.

THE FOOD SHIP

BY ETHEL HAMILTON HUNTER

ANN BOYLE had spent her last shilling. It was Friday evening. She had been out most of the day, looking for work; her feet were sore and her back ached. The smart skirt and the pretty hat she took such pride in had been wet through and through. Despair gnawed at her heart as she trudged wearily towards home.

For three days she had had scarcely enough to keep body and soul together, and now the last penny had gone, leaving her dependent on charity. For herself she did not care, but for the little life within that was so soon to wake from sleep—what then? What then? How would it all end? Would she have strength to wait and work and struggle until these hard times were over?

It was Ann Boyle's pride that suffered most. The Irish are peculiarly sensitive in this way. The little lamp was kept burning still o' nights, casting its cheerful glow upon the clean and orderly room where Ann had spent many peaceful and happy days. The semblance of comfort remained, but weeks of poverty had left a dark stain behind. The many sacrifices that she had made! The wan endeavours to bridge over the dreadful cavity that day by day grew and grew was apparent, in her eyes at any rate.

She pushed open the door with a dread fear. Was her husband waiting? She had little to bring. Since he had been dismissed because of his adherence to the Transport Union an indolent lazy and utterly unmanly viciousness had taken possession of him. He who had been kind and honest and upright was now loafing, unkempt, demoralized, night after night, with a herd of angry, virulent, passion-wrought followers at street corners or in some lighted den. Sometimes he brought in a shilling or two, (He had not contributed to the Union and so received no relief pay), sometimes a kind word, but more often a volume of abuse that shocked and frightened Ann and made her heartily despise and dread this unhappy strike, which was paralyzing the happiness and serenity of so many homes.

She was not wise enough to understand who was in the right or who was in the wrong; but she dreaded, as the knowing heart of a woman will, the ravages that strife and bloodshed and want incur. It would take long months to make good their monetary loss; it would take long years (hot tears were blinding her) before their respect and pride recovered.

She had no penny left for the gas stove, but she boiled some water over the lamp and sat down to her solitary meal. The dry bread choked her. She tried to think collectedly.

Hark! Somebody was knocking at the door. Hastily she tied on an apron to hide the dampness of her skirt. Then she rose and hid the remnants of food that remained.

Two of the neighbours stepped across the threshold. Both were women in comfortable circumstances. Ann kept herself aloof from all

others, but distress had effected them also. She noted how thin and pale they looked.

"Where have you been, Ann?" one of them asked; "we haven't seen you for days."

Ann was ashamed to say she had been looking for work.

"No more you have," she answered listlessly; "but I've been no place particular. It's turned very wet, hasn't it?"

"Sure; and it's drenched you are, Ann. You're not taking enough care of yourself, and that you're not. These harrd times has left their marrk on you. Kate and me was just sayin' as we cum up, sure there's many a woman in Dublin this night that's dreamin' of th' ship."

Ann affected ignorance.

"What ship?"

"Why, th' food ship that's bein' sent over from England to feed th' hungry, them that's starvin' and haven't a bit to ate or a sup to drink. Of course, th' likes of us don't need it."

"No," said Ann tremulously, "we don't need it."

"It will be a harrd winter surely."

"I see months and months of terrible poverty for the land," said Ann fiercely. Her cheeks were burning, her eyes bright. "Poor creatures brought to the depths of despair be th' strife of them that ought to know better. Rent in arrears. Strength gone. Furniture and clothes in pawn. Idleness to be overcome. I *hate* strikes!" She clenched her hands menacingly. "I hate and despise th' bitter angry words that makes beasts of men and women, and if I could I would go through th' wide world and tell everybody so."

"You do be talkin' very tall, Ann."

"I mean it, every word. Think of th' faces you and I know. Picture them before this strike occurred! Think of them now! Be nights hot and roused. . . . Thoughts of vengeance and hatred. . . . Bated breath and clinched fists. . . . An empty stomach. . . . A drink or two. . . . And then" (Ann lowered her voice and spoke with vehemence), "murder, murder, not alone of body, but of soul. And the women. . . . The little bits of finery they prized, worn out. . . . The few pounds, or perhaps shillings, they had saved gone. . . . Face to face with long weeks of idleness. Oh! honest work is better for us women nor loafing aimlessly round. . . . Little worrds stir up anger then. . . . And be nights the gleam of the picture-houses. . . . The mass meetings. . . . The excitement of the mob maddens the blood that is often times too hot already. It's all wrong."

And had risen and clasped her hands fiercely across her breast.

"It's all wrong, I tell you! Beasts, they're makin' of us, and we ourselves are helpin' them. God help us all! For there is dark times before us surely."

"Just as Kate an' me was sayin'. Whist! Sure I'm comin', Kate. We'll be sayin' good-evenin' now, Ann; you're too wet to talk more."

They both rose.

"Drop in soon, Ann," said the other woman. "Where's himself?"

"He's out."

"With th' strikers?"

"I suppose so."

"Bring himself, too."

"Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

Too weary to rise, her wet clothes clinging to her tired limbs, Ann remained crouched low in the chair. How long she sat there she did not know. A thud upon the flood roused her. A body was lying across the little room. The air was foul with the neuseous odour of liquor. It must have been the noise of the falling that woke her!

He was too heavy to lift, so she unloosed his collar, took off his boots, laid a pallow under his head, and covered him with an old rug.

Then she wept.

She could not sleep. The wet clothes had chilled her through and through. The lamp had burned out. There was no food or money. The man would remain inert for hours, perhaps even days. Her strength was failing.

But there was the ship!

She clenched her hands. She, who had held her head so high! Ann Boyle among the starving rabble! Ann Boyle, raising her suppliant arms to receive gifts from those who had robbed her of peace and happiness and contentment! No! To be seen among the poor! To be recognized with the starving! Watched perhaps by those very women who had sat as friends in her room tonight! She would rather. . . .

She sat up and pressed her poor, cold hands against her worn body, stifling back the echo of a scream.

Such sounds are not uncommon in these surroundings at night; so no one seemed to heed her, and when the pain that only a mother knows had passed, leaving her limp and exhausted, she half unconsciously clasped her hands in prayer.

For the sake of the child she would go for food. Thus the dawn found her.

The man still slept upon the floor. Ann passed out, locking the door behind her. A kindly fog enveloped her figure as she sped furtively along. She would hide in the friendly shelter of a wall or corner and wait unseen for the ship. She tied a dark veil over her face. Perhaps that was why the water looked so dark!

But the fog was lifting. It was drizzling now, slowly but surely. Happily it was too early for many to be around. Oh, the shame, the agony! Ann Boyle receiving charity!

On, on, she went, stumbling, tottering. People were hurrying forward now. Once or twice a child ran past with petulant haste. Above the inert sound of voices rose the shrill siren of a steamer.

She found a quiet corner at last. Others were waiting also, though it was still very early. She slunk away into the background. A little white dog, thin and hungry-looking like herself, pushed his poor, dirty snout into her half-open hand. Ann was glad of his company. Together they waited, warming and comforting each other. And so the hours passed.

Ann raised her head. It was now time to move forward. She listened intently to the babble round her. It had been the topic of conversation for days, this longed-for ship, which was to stay the crying of the little children and the blasphemy of the hungry men and women that were now freely discussing the situation.

A surging mass of hungry forms pressed close against her. She felt faint and sick. The little dog—so many hours her faithful companion—crept as near to her as possible, and then they went on. Blinding tears were in her eyes. She dared not look round. The ticket in her hand was like a menace. A voice kept calling in her ears, "Ann Boyle! Ann Boyle!" until she felt all the world must hear. And thus she stumbled on. She scarcely knew when the moment arrived and the dreaded weight of the food was in her arms. If anyone saw her! If she, Ann Boyle. . . .

Where was the little dog? He had waited so patiently, she would like to feed him now!

She turned to seek him and came face to face with two hurrying forms, two forms thickly veiled like herself and carrying dreaded parcels like her own.

Her head was swimming, but a new peace took possession of her bruised and aching heart, chasing away the dumb agony that had besought her earlier in the day. For the two figures were her friends.

Not a word was spoken, but she understood. Tears were blinding her. If she suffered and tried to hide it, others suffered, too.

Thus Ann took up the sorry burden of her life again.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

ALL goes well at the front, armchair critics notwithstanding. There is no weakening anywhere in the unity of purpose of the Allies, no break in the wall of steel that encircles the central European powers, and that one day will crush the haughty ambitions of the Teutons. Russia has eluded the knock-out blows aimed by Hindenburg and is still able to keep in the ring, dealing out terrific punishment to her powerful adversary.. Every attempt to bring the weaker Russian armies to decisive battle has failed. Enveloping movements have been tried in vain. The main objective of war, the destruction of the enemy, has signally broken down. Germany, by the occupation of the fire-swept plains of Poland, has obtained no adequate compensation for her terrific losses in men and material. From Riga to Bukowina the Austro-German armies on the eastern front are still confronted by the intact armies of the Czar, and are sinking deeper and deeper in the Serbonian bog of marshy Poland, with winter riding hard on their harassed flanks. Russia's reply to German hopes of an early peace is the presence of the Czar at the head of his troops. The superstitious reverence in which the Russian peasant soldier holds his Little Father is a psychological factor in the war which the enemy would be foolish to underrate. Overshadowed by the strong personality and military prestige of the Grand Duke Nicholas, the presence of the Czar at the head of his armies would be shorn of much of its glamour. The strength of the Grand Duke lay not only in his own splendid resource as a brilliant exponent of subtle strategy and the science of war, but also in the men who formed his headquarters staff. The Czar as the head of the Council of War on the field of battle will reap the glory of a victory which no one in Russia doubts. Whatever the ulterior motives for transferring the Grand Duke to the Caucasus, victory for Russian arms, when it does come, will prove to be a powerful unifying influence, binding Throne and People more closely together. War always is a gamble for the dynasties that survive, and no reigning sovereign, most of all the Czar, can ignore the opportunity, presented by a victorious war, of strengthening his hold on the loyalty of his people. The change in the command of the Russian army synchronizes with a rising tide of liberating thought in the great Slavonic Empire. War has given the Russian people the opportunity, eagerly seized, of proving their capacity for more extended powers of self-government. The unreadiness of Russia, following the humiliation of the Russo-Japanese campaign, has driven a nail into the coffin of the Russian Shoguns. Whether blameworthy or not, failure in war is invariably visited on those in power. The Grand Dukes, and Court influence, constitute the last relics of feudalism. The only hope of salvation for the Throne is to throw in its lot with the people. Reform or

revolution stares the Czar in the face whatever the issue of this war. His presence in the field, coupled with the drastic programme of reform presented by the Duma, lend confirmation to the belief that not military policy, but the exigencies of the political situation in Russia, decided the Czar in his resolve to take the field and reap the honours of a crowning victory over the hereditary enemy. Russia's great blunder has been in preferring promises to deeds in her relations with the Poles.

The condition of Poland is desperate. Never in her previous days of suffering has Poland been so awfully scourged. For a year over two millions of Germans and Austrians have been at grips with the Russians upon her territory. The tide of battle has ebbed and flowed over the land, and left a blacker desolation every time. Mgr. Sapièha, Prince-Bishop of Cracow, has issued an appeal for help, and in an article supporting this appeal the *Nova Reforma,* one of the Cracow papers, declares:

"Twelve million Poles are, at the present moment, plunged in the deepest misery. Several millions of them are literally dying of cold and hunger. Not only have they lost everything, but we are doomed daily to see thousands of our fellow-countrymen dying of hunger and exhaustion. Mothers are going mad with sorrow at being unable to feed the hunger of their children. Many people have no home but the trenches that have been abandoned by the armies, and no food but the bark of trees. The country watered by the Dunajec, the Wisloca, the Vistula, the Nida, the Pilica, and the Warta has been transformed into a vast desert, covered with ruined houses and graves. One may go far without meeting a single living being, on the banks of the Dunajec and the San, as well as on those of the Vistula, which in days of peace was a well-populated district."

And yet in the midst of all this desolation Berlin newspapers pretend that the Germans have been welcomed with open arms by the Poles.

On the western fronts there is at present an ominous calm, broken only by the incessant roar of big guns. When the smoke lifts we may get a glimpse of the closing scenes of the great European drama. There are signs and portents that point to the launching of titanic forces pregnant with fate for civilization. But it were unwise to look for immediate victory and the ending of the war. There is no reason to believe that we shall again witness in this campaign the hurricane shocks of contending armies. Germany has nothing to gain by an early capitulation and it may be taken for granted, unless the unexpected happens, that peace terms will be dictated by the Allies in Berlin. This means a desperate war of defence by the Teuton in which artillery and trench will continue to play a prominent part, and in which the advance of troops under any circumstances must be a slow and costly enterprise. What is in the minds of those responsible can only be conjectured, but it were idle to pretend that the enemy is powerless to put up a desperate fight for his existence and that months may yet elapse before the end is in sight.

The Kaiser now wears a triple crown of infamy—*Lusitania, Arabic, Hesperian.* Nothing in the recognized code of international morals can justify the sinking of passenger ships and the murder of innocent civilians. Before The Hague rules of war came into existence such deeds in the eyes of chivalrous people were associated with barbarism. There is no essential difference between the Turkish and German methods of war. The slaughter of the Armenians by the fanatical Turk is not more heinous than the launching of a deadly torpedo at the vitals of a mammoth liner freighted with women and children and unarmed men. This is not war, but cowardly assassination, all the more dastardly in that the crime is committed by a nation that claims to be highly cultured. Are the people of the United States so engrossed in the manufacture of munitions and so

seared by the material gains from a war in which they are not engaged that they cannot spare one day to demonstrate before the world their horror and indignation at the cumulative wrongs done by Germany to civilization?

Aerial raids on English coast towns are growing more frequent. London has been visited by the Zeppelins, but the curiosity of the people led them to brave all risks in their anxiety to see these ships of war that pass in the night, leaving a trail of death in the homes of many citizens.

The work of the women in this war is a marvellous revelation of the strength of the maternal instinct that leads matron and spinster alike to cast their gifts on the altar of national service. An American observer, writing in *The Morning Post* on rural France in war-time, pays the following warm tribute to the work of the women:

"Everywhere one is impressed by the general well-kept and orderly appearance of the country. I have never seen the farms and villages of France so neat and well cared for. The reason for this seems to be that in the absence of the valid manhood of the country 'with the colours' the care of the farms and small properties has devolved upon the women, aided by the old men and the children. In the absence of her 'homme' the peasant woman of France has made it a matter of pride and 'amour propre' to keep the little property of the family in better condition than ever. So general is this sentiment and so well have the French women succeeded in giving it practical expression that the results strike the eye and are immediately remarked by visitors who know the country well. I am told that therein lies one of the greatest sources of moral comfort and courage for the combatants at the front."

Letters from the front are still the most interesting of all human documents. Here are a couple picked at random:

"During the next few days we shall be facing death every minute. If I am taken off, do as the Roman matrons of old—keep your tears for privacy, steel your heart, and try and get a dozen recruits to fill my place. Pray hard for me, and, if God wills it, I shall see it through with a clean heart, and if I emerge I hope I shall have proved myself a man and a leader, and thereby have justified the confidence of my commanders."

Another touching letter, taken from the tunic of a dead Irish soldier by Patrick McGill, the "navvy poet", "somewhere in France", showed that it was from the dead hero's sweetheart in far-away Connemara:

"My dear Patrick,—I got your letter yesterday, and whenever I was my lone the day I was always reading it. I wish the black war was over and you back again—we all at home wish that, and I suppose yourself wishes it as well. I was up at your house last night; there's not much fun in it now. I read the papers to your mother, and me and her was looking at a map. But we didn't know where you were, so we could only make guesses. Your mother and me is taking the Rounds of the Cross for you, and I am always thinking of you in my prayers. You'll be having the parcel I sent you before you get this letter. I hope it's not broken or lost. The socks I sent were knitted by myself, three pairs of them, and I've put the holy water on them. Don't forget to put them on when your feet get wet; at home you never used to bother about anything like that; just tear about the same in wet as dry. But you'll take care of yourself now, won't you, and not get killed? It'll be a grand day when you come back, and God send the day to come soon! Send a letter as often as you can. I myself will write you one every day, and I'll pray to the Holy Mother to take care of you."

A falling birthrate is the most serious menace to Britain at the present moment. The official returns go to show the lowest recorded birthrate in England and Wales since civil registration was established. A falling birthrate, a rising deathrate, and a marriage rate almost stationary raises a serious question of vital concern to the future of the Empire.

Juan Shi Kai, the President of the Republic of China, has been constituted President with succession to his heir. This may be a first step to a Napoleonic coup d'etat. In the opinion of many who know China intimately the fibres of monarchism are too deeply embedded in the soil of

China to admit of the rapid progress toward western ideals for which the revolutionaries are contending. For centuries they have been accustomed to look up to their Emperor as "the Son of Heaven", and the influence of the mandarins is still strong for bureaucratic control. The President is a strong man, and in the present stage of national evolution it is perhaps imperative that there should be continuity of policy until more stable conditions are reached, and the country has recovered from the years of revolution.

The agitation for conscription in the United Kingdom has made little progress in official circles. With a volunteer army of over three million men there does not seen to be any burning need for plunging the country into the throes of an angry controversy. At least this appears to be be the view entertained by Mr. Asquith. If this is going to be a war of trenches and high explosive shells the necessity for a larger army is not so pressing as the manufacture of munitions of war. The maximum strength for a mile of front is five thousand men. The retreat from Mons was executed with an average of about three thousand British troops to the mile. With an average of five thousand men to the mile the entire western front could be held by 1,500,000 men, plus supports and reserves and guards on lines of communication. It is difficult for mere laymen to appreciate the insistent demands for conscription in face of the official figures and assurances given. It will be time enough to talk about conscription when Kitchener insists upon it. It would be a fatal mistake to divide the British people into hostile camps over a question which is not yet one of national necessity. According to Mr. Asquith nearly a million men are now engaged in the manufacture of munitions in the United Kingdom, while the daily war expenditure approximates to twenty million dollars. New sacrifices in men, money, and munitions will be demanded as the war proceeds, but at the present moment the question of chief concern is finance. A new note of credit for war purposes of $1,250,000,000 has been passed by the British House of Commons, which brings the colossal total to $6,310,000,000. Britain has not only raised the money required with apparent inconvenience, but has also advanced to her allies and to the Dominions the enormous total of $1,250,000,000. At the present moment financiers representing Britain and France are in the United States to raise a billion dollars without collateral security. The Morgan interests are behind the British and French proposals, but at the time of writing the banking interests in the United States are sharply divided on the question. The drop in British exchange calls for an immediate understanding between the Republic and the Allies on the whole question of finance. Canada is represented at the conference now proceeding in the United States. The German element is naturally working hard to prevent the loan, but the interest of American manufacturers in the steady supply of munitions to the Allies will undoubtedly be a powerful factor on the side of the Allies in the financial bargaining that is going on.

The speech of Lord Kitchener in the House of Lords was emphatically optimistic. A great deal of harm is being done in Canada by certain pessimists who pay flying visits to Britain. If the truth were known these men have gained their impressions through close association with the Northcliffe circle. It is not likely that Kitchener would appeal to some of these garrulous busybodies as a particularly brilliant or safe man to have at the head of affairs. A brief visit to the War Office would have a very chilly effect on a man who fancies he is about to be entrusted by the Sphinx with the secrets of the British Army Council.

The Library Table

LINES IN MEMORY OF EDMUND MORRIS

By Duncan Campbell Scott. Printed privately.

WHEN the late Edmund Morris the painter was procuring material and subjects for the series of Indian portraits that now hang in the Parliament Buildings in Toronto he had occasion to consult the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa. As a result he was thrown into contact with the poet Duncan Compbell Scott, who at that time was secretary of the department. The two thereafter—poet and painter—travelled together amongst various tribes of Indians in the West, and as a result there grew up between them a warm friendship. Morris had a great fondness for writing letters, but most of his script was illegible. Near the end of his life, which was caused by drowning at Quebec a couple of years ago, he wrote a letter to Scott, and the present poem is Scott's reply. The brochure in which it appears contains therefore an epistle in verse form, and is an unusually lofty piece of literature. Professor Pelham Edgar regards it as one of the finest poems ever written by a Canadian. The theme is unhackneyed, the treatment novel, and the style only such as is commanded by the veritable poet. And while the circumstances of the poem are interesting, they have nothing to do with its merits simply as a poem. The brochure should be read therefore because of its own value. But if Edmund Morris had left nothing to be remembered by but the *raison d'etre* of this poem he still would have left much. There are a few lines than can be appreciated fully only by those who are acquainted with the suggestions. For instance:

> I have your unanswered letter
> Here in my hand.
> This—in your famous scribble,
> It was ever a cryptic fist,
> Cuneiform or Chaldaic,
> Meanings held in a mist,

calls to mind Morris's illegible handwriting, and a few verses farther on we read:

> Is that Phimister Proctor,
> Or something about a doctor?

Phimister Proctor is a Canadian sculptor who is famous in the United States. Morris was greatly interested in his work, and was instrumental in having some of it exhibited in Canada and examples bought for several Canadian collections of art. The poem is divided into several sections. Perhaps the finest is the tragedy of Akoose. We reprint this section in full:

Here, Morris, on the plains that we have loved,
Think of the death of Akoose, fleet of foot,
Who, in his prime, a herd of antelope
From sunrise, without rest, a hundred miles
Drove through rank prairie, loping like a wolf,
Tired them and slew them, ere the sun went down.
Akoose, in his old age, blind from the smoke
Of tepees and the sharp snow light, alone
With his great grandchildren, withered and spent,

THE LATE MR. RUPERT BROOKE (RIGHT) AND MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

From a photograph taken in Mr. Scott's Garden at Ottawa

Crept in the warm sun along a rope
Stretched for his guidance. Once when sharp autumn
Made membranes of thin ice upon the sloughs,
He caught a pony on a quick return
Of prowess and, all his instincts cleared and quickened,
He mounted, sensed the north and bore away
To the Last Mountain Lake, where in his youth
He shot the sand-hill-cranes with his flint arrows,
And for these hours in all the varied pomp
Of pagan fancy and free dreams of foray
And crude adventure, he ranged on entranced,
Until the sun blazed level with the prairie,
Then paused, faltered, and slid from off his pony.
In a little bluff of poplars, hid in the bracken,
He lay down; the populace of leaves
In the lithe poplars whispered together and trembled,
Fluttered before a sunset of gold smoke,
With interspaces, green as sea water,
And calm as the deep water of the sea.

There Akoose lay, silent amid the bracken,
Gathered at last with the Algonquin chieftains,
Then the tenebrous sunset was blown out,
And all the smoky gold turned into cloud wrack.
Akoose slept forever amid the poplars,
Swathed by the wind from the far-off Red Deer,
Where dinosaurs sleep, clamped in their rocky tombs.
Who shall count the time that lies between
The sleep of Akoose and the dinosaurs?
Innumerable time, that yet is like the breath
Of the long wind that creeps upon the prairie
And dies away with the shadows at sundown.

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1914 AND OTHER POEMS

Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons. London: Sidgwick and Jackson.

NO writer of our day has sprung so suddenly as the late Rupert Brooke into the front rank of English poets. A year ago he was known

only to the few who interest themselves in fine aspects of letters. He had been classed with what the anthologists call the "Georgian" poets. He had published a book entitled "Poems," and when the war broke out had just returned from a journey around the world. He was at Antwerp during the bombardment, but returned to accompany the Royal Navy Division to the Dardanelles, where he died under a sunstroke and was buried in the island of Lemnos. He had written some sonnets on the war, or, rather, sonnets inspired by the war. A few of them, one of them in particular, were immediately reprinted all over the world. Critics pronounced them among the very finest gems in the English language, and the superlatives in some instances were actually sweeping. In *The Fortnightly Review*, where there is a fifteen-page review of the poet's life and work, the author, Mr. S. P. B. Mais, places him as the greatest poet of his time. Perhaps greatest is not the best word to use, for Brooke was only twenty-seven when he died, and his output is not great. What there is of it, however, is very fine in quality, superfine, indeed, and full of much beauty. On his journey around the world he visited Canada. At Ottawa he went to see Duncan Campbell Scott, and, singularly, as now it appears, Scott gave him a note of introduction to Edmund Morris, the painter whose letter inspired the poem by Scott about which we have just written. Brooke carried with him to Scott an introduction from the poet John Masefield. The volume containing his last work includes the 1914 sonnets and poems written in the south seas. We shall not here review it, for all who are properly interested will want to get the book for themselves. We shall reprint, however, one sonnet—"The Dead":

These hearts are woven of human joys and cares,
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.
These had seen movement, and heard music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

*

MRS. MARTIN'S MAN

By St. John G. Ervine. Dublin: Maunsell and Company.

THIS is one more volume that will be added to the ever-increasing list of publications following in the wake of the literary revival in Ireland. Until it appeared the author was not widely known outside the United Kingdom. He had written several novels and had had some plays produced at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, but it is the present novel that has brought him into immediate prominence. We cannot say that we like it, nor can we say that we dislike it. It contains two exceedingly fine character studies. Martin himself is one of them—a sailor who goes and comes according to his fancy. Mrs. Martin is the other—a woman who, to use a nautical expression, sticks to the helm in her husband's absence. Martin is the kind of man who sits around the house for months enjoying fare and shelter provided by others and then gets up, takes his cap and announces as a commonplace that he is off to sea. He does not come back in months, perhaps years. But before he goes his sister-in-law is distinguished as his "fancy woman", and his wife knows of it. Here, then, we have these two Ulster women, sisters,

living together, the one the abandoned wife, the other the abandoned mistress. Both know, and both know that they know. On the subject few words pass between them. The wife, who cannot depend on her man sending money, opens a hardware store, and it is a success. Shortly after her husband's leavetaking she bears a second child—a girl—and this child grows into young womanhood before any tidings are received of the father. And the tidings contain the blunt announcement that he is coming home. The household now consists of a grown son, a fine, rollicking lad; the mother, a tall, lean figure with a look of determination; the sister, a pensive, fading spinster, and the daughter, a rosy Irish maiden. Into this household comes the man, who now looks more like a tramp than a sailor. And it is in this household he remains, humbled, but still clinging to a shred of his former arrogance. Many persons would say that Mrs. Martin should have "chucked" her man and be done with him; but we rather think that she is doing what many another woman does every day of her life—tolerates her man simply because she has to tolerate him.

*

A BIT O' LOVE

By John Galsworthy. London: Duckworth and Company.

THIS play in three acts by one of the foremost of British novelists is a splendid example of the reaction from the overly theatrical productions of recent years. If anything, it reacts too far. It is a most interesting study, however, a sketch of a most lovable character. Michael Strangway is the kind of man who does not wish to harm or restrict any living creature. When one of the village girls brings to Confirmation class a skylark in a wooden sage, Michael Strangway seizes the cage and releases the bird. No wild thing, he says, must be caged. He is soon called upon to give his principle a wider extension, for his wife, who has been absent from him all the winter in the south of France, comes back to say that she has given herself to another man, and to ask that he will not ruin her lover by seeking for a divorce. He loves the woman dearly, but his eye falls on the cage, and he consents to her freedom. The interview is overheard by the outraged owner of the skylark, who has come back to look for her sixpence, and, being surprised, has concealed herself behind a curtain in the window. By her the story is put all over the district, so that we next see the village inn sitting in solemn conclave on this man who is less than a man. Michael Strangway is hissed as he comes out of church, and some of his poems that have been discovered are chanted in the darkness. He goes home determined to make away with himself, but when he goes out to the barn for the purpose he is frustrated by a little child whom the dancers have left behind. The little child gives him the "bit o' love" which is necessary for every living thing. Michael Strangway is saved, and determines to go on living.

*

THE SPELL OF SOUTHERN SHORES

By Caroline Atwater Mason. Boston: The Page Company.

THIS is a sumptuous volume dealing with what an observant traveller might encounter in going from sea to sea in Italy. It is, in fact, a sequel to a previous volume entitled "The Spell of Italy". It begins with the Ligurian Riviera, traverses the Ionian and Sicilian Seas, and goes thence to the Adriatic. The style of writing is quite personal, so that after reading the first page or two one feels that one knows the writer well and is beginning to know her companion. One knows at the same time the charming places they visit, a combination to be desired in a book of travel.

It Would Do

Henry Ford, congratulated in Detroit on his splendid movement for the cure of drug fiends, smiled and said:

"We now know that drug fiends are curable. It was wrong in the past to deem the drug fiend as hopeless as the baldhead.

"Once a man who was fast growing bald said to his doctor:

"'My hair is coming out. Please give me something to keep it in.'

"'Well,' said the doctor, 'here's an old pill box. Will that do?'"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

*

Prayed for Enemy

The British Weekly tells of a minister's wife, who, visiting some soldiers' wives in her district, found one speaking, as she thought, somewhat bitterly about the Kaiser. She remonstrated mildly, and reminded the woman that, as a Christian, she ought to pray for her enemies. "So I do," was the reply. "And what do you say?" "Oh, just like this, ma'am! 'Almighty God, keep your e'e on that loon, the Keyser; saften his hert an' damp his pouther'."

Ambidextrous

Very few people are ambidextrous; that is, able to use the left hand as readily and skilfully as the right, remarks *Youth's Companion.* But there is a story of an Irishman who was careful to cultivate that art. When he was signing articles on board a ship he began to sign his name with his right hand, and then changed the pen to the left hand and finished it. "So you can write with either hand, Pat?" asked the officer. "Yis, sorr," replied Pat. "Whin I was a bhoy me father (rest his soul) always said to me, 'Pat, learn to cut yer finger nails with yer left hand, for some day ye might lose yer right!'"

*

A clergyman was discussing with an illerate member of his flock, in an orthodox church in Georgia, religious topics of varied interest. The member said that even the best were none too good in this vale of sin and tribulation.

"You believe, then," interposed the preacher, "in the doctrine of Total Depravity?"

"Yes, I do," responded the member, "that is—er—er—when it's lived up to."—*Christian Register.*

The Doubles

Colonel Roosevelt, as all the world may not know, shaves every evening before he goes to bed. Apropos of this odd fact there is a little story.

Before *The Outlook* office one day a robust man of middle age approached the Colonel and said, displaying a row of strong, white teeth in a smile:

"Colonel, I'm taken for you everywhere. It's most embarrassing."

Colonel Roosevelt looked the man over keenly, then, with a smile that displayed his own strong, white teeth, he said:

"Well, of all my doubles, you resemble me the most. In fact, if I could stand you up before me every evening I'd be able to shave by you."

*

Dinner in the Vestry

In a small country village in Yorkshire on Sunday the villagers observed the following notice posted on the church door: "On Tuesday next the annual meeting will be held in the vestry at 2 o'clock, D. V." "What does D. V. mean?" was the question each man asked himself and his neighbours. No one could solve the difficulty. At last they went in a body to the oldest man in the place. But even he was puzzled. "D. V., D. V.," he kept on saying. "I never heard of D. V. Why, that means 'Dinner in the Vestry,' of course." Imagine the vicar's surprise when on Tuesday all the vestrymen came punctual to the minute and each laden with a mug, knife, fork, and spoon, after the manner in which Yorkshire rustics generally go to a tea-meeting.—*London Tit-Bits.*

*

British Gaiety

"During the raid, Southend," said one eye-witness, "looked more or less as it does in holiday times. The people were out, many of them in their night attire, with an overcoat hastly put on."—*London Morning Post.*

Kansan Quips

Last week's issue of *The Kansas Industrialist,* published by the State Agricultural College, started on "Vol. 41." The first issue appeared April 24, 1875, and its publication was made possible by John A. Anderson, who was then president of the institution. It was a little four-page paper, 6½ by 9½, but even in those days it was interesting. For instance, these paragraphs:

Boston apothecaries advertise their soaps as "cheaper than dirt."

D. W. Wilder is preparing a political history or handbook of Kansas.

A handkerchief of William Penn is to be on exhibition at the Centennial. It is the original Penn wiper.

Delaware has adopted a new flag, six by six and a half feet. It will be spread over the State to keep the frost off.

Single ladies should be at church early so as to be on hand when the minister gives out the hymns. They might get one.

The New York *Herald* thinks that when an Indian is caught who has undoubtedly killed another Indian the true course is to give him a new gun and $5.—*Kansas City Star.*

*

A Blithe Coroner

"Wednesday was a beautiful, bright, sunny day, and in the afternoon we observed that Mr. Richard Mason, the district county attorney, availed himself of these enjoyable conditions to drive out, accompanied by Mrs. Mason, to the Riby Wold Road Farm of Mr. Addison. Here he held an inquest. . . . Mr. Mason must have many pleasant drives in the spring and summer, as his district embraces ninety-one parishes, and many of the wold villages are very beautiful, and well worth a visit."—*The Grimsby News.*

One can almost hear Mr. Mason saying to his wife: "It's a fine day, my dear. Let's hold an inquest."—*Punch.*

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